W. Faithorne Sculp:
Mr: Abraham Cowley

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1607 i.2

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr Abraham Cowley.

Consisting of

Those which were formerly Printed:

AND

Those which he Design'd for the Press,

Now Published out of the Authors

ORIGINAL COPIES.

LONDON,

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An Account of the

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF Mr ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Written to

Mr M. CLIFFORD.

SIR,

R. *Cowley* in his Will recommended to my care the reviſing of all his Works that were formerly printed, and the collecting of thoſe Papers which he had deſign'd for the Preſs. And he did it with this particular Obligation, *That I ſhould be ſure to let nothing paſs, that might ſeem the leaſt offence to Religion or good Manners.* A Caution which you will judge to have been altogether needleſs. For certainly, in all Ancient or Modern Times, there can ſcarce any Authour be found, that has handled ſo many different Matters in ſuch various ſorts of Style, who leſs wants the correction of his Friends, or has leſs reaſon to fear the ſeverity of Strangers.

According to his deſire and his own intention, I have

now ſet forth his Latin and Engliſh Writings, each in a Volume apart; and to that which was before extant in both Languages, I have added all that I could find in his Cloſet, which he had brought to any manner of perfection. I have thus, Sir, performed the Will of the Dead. But I doubt I ſhall not ſatisfie the expectation of the Living, unleſs ſome Account be here premis'd concerning this excellent Man. I know very well, that he has given the World the beſt Image of his own mind in theſe immortal Monuments of his Wit. Yet there is ſtill room enough left, for one of his familiar acquaintance to ſay many things of his Poems, and chiefly of his life, that may ſerve for the information of his Readers, if not not for the encreaſe of his Fame; which without any ſuch helps, is already ſufficiently eſtabliſh'd.

This, Sir, were an Argument moſt proper for you to manage, in reſpect of your great abilities, and the long friendſhip you maintain'd with him. But you have an obſtinate averſion from publiſhing any of your Writings. I gueſs what pretence you have for it, and that you are confirm'd in this reſolution by the prodigious multitude and imperfections of us Writers of this Age. I will not now diſpute, whether you are in the right, though I am confident you would contribute more to our reformation by your example, than reproofs. But however, ſeeing you perſiſt in your purpoſe, and have refus'd to adorn even this very ſubject, which you love ſo well; I beg your aſſiſtance while I my ſelf undertake it. This I do with the greater willingneſs, becauſe I believe there is no man, who ſpeaks of Mr. *Cowley*, that can want either matter or words. I only therefore intreat you to give me leave to make you a party in this Relation, by uſing your Name and your Teſtimony. For by this means, though the memory of our Friend ſhall not be delivered to poſterity, with the advantage of your Wit, which were moſt to be deſir'd; yet his praiſe will be ſtrengthen'd by the conſent of your judgment, and the authority of your approbation.

Mr. *A. Cowley* was born in the City of *London* in the Year One thouſand ſix hundred and eighteen. His Parents

rents were Citizens of a virtuous life and ſufficient Eſtate; and ſo the condition of his Fortune was equal to the temper of his mind, which was always content with moderate things. The firſt years of his youth were ſpent in *Weſtminſter* School, where he ſoon obtain'd and increas'd the noble Genius peculiar to that place. The occaſion of his firſt inclination to Poetry, was his caſual lighting on *Spencer*'s *Fairy Queen*, when he was but juſt able to read. That indeed is a Poem fitter for the examination of men, than the conſideration of a Child. But in him it met with a Fancy, whoſe ſtrength was not to be judged by the number of his years.

In the thirteenth year of his age there came forth a little Book under his Name, in which there were many things that might well become the vigour and force of a manly Wit. The firſt beginning of his Studies, was a familiarity with the moſt ſolid and unaffected Authors of Antiquity, which he fully digeſted not only in his memory but his judgment. By this advantage he learnt nothing while a Boy, that he needed to forget or forſake, when he came to be a man. His mind was rightly ſeaſon'd at firſt, and he had nothing to do, but ſtill to proceed on the ſame Foundation on which he began.

He was wont to relate, that he had this defect in his memory at that time, that his Teachers could never bring it to retain the ordinary Rules of Grammar. However he ſupply'd that want, by converſing with the Books themſelves, from vvhence thoſe Rules had been dravvn. That no doubt vvas a better vvay, though much more difficult, and he aftervvards found this benefit by it, that having got the Greek and Roman Languages, as he had done his ovvn, not by precept but uſe, he practis'd them, not as a Scholar but a Native.

With theſe extraordinary hopes he vvas remov'd to *Trinity* Colledge in *Cambridge*, where by the progreſs and continuance of his Wit, it appear'd that two things were join'd in it, which ſeldom meet together, that it was both early-ripe and laſting. This brought him into the love and eſteem of the moſt eminent members of that famous Society, and principally of your Uncle Mr. *Fotherby*,

therby, whoſe favours he ſince abundantly acknowledg'd, when his Benefactor had quite forgot the obligation. His Exerciſes of all kinds, are ſtill remembred in that Univerſity with great applauſe, and with this particular praiſe, that they were not only fit for the obſcurity of an Academical life, but to have been ſhown on the true Theater of the World. There it was that before the twentieth year of his Age, he laid the deſign of divers of his moſt Maſculine Works, that he finiſh'd long after. In which I know not whether I ſhould moſt commend, that a mind ſo young ſhould conceive ſuch great things, or that it ſhould be able to perfect them with ſuch felicity.

The firſt occaſion of his entring into buſineſs, was the Elegy that he writ on Mr. *Herveys* Death: wherein he deſcribed the higheſt Characters of Religion, Knowledge, and Friendſhip, in an Age when moſt other men ſcarce begin to learn them. This brought him into the acquaintance of Mr. *John Hervey*, the Brother of his deceaſed Friend, from whom he received many Offices of kindneſs through the whole courſe of his life, and principally this, that by his means he came into the ſervice of my Lord St. *Albans*.

When the Civil War broke out, his affection to the Kings Cauſe drew him to *Oxford*, as ſoon as it began to be the chief ſeat of the Royal Party. In that Univerſity he proſecuted the ſame Studies with a like ſucceſs. Nor in the mean time was he wanting to his duty in the War it ſelf, for he was preſent and in ſervice in ſeveral of the Kings Journeys and Expeditions. By theſe occaſions and the report of his high deſerts, he ſpeedily grew familiar to the chief men of the Court and the Gown, whom the Fortune of the War had drawn together. And particularly, though he was then very young, he had the entire friendſhip of my Lord *Falkland* one of the Principal Secretaries of State. That affection was contracted by the agreement of their Learning and Manners. For you may remember, Sir, we have often heard Mr. *Cowley* admire him, not only for the profoundneſs of his knowledge, which was applauded by all the world, but more eſpecially for thoſe qualities which he himſelf more regarded, for

his

his generosity of mind, and his neglect of the vain pomp of humane greatness.

During the heat of the Civil War, he was setled in my Lord St. *Albans* Family, and attended her Majesty the Queen-Mother, when by the unjust persecution of her Subjects, she was forc'd to retire into *France*. Upon this wandring condition of the most vigorous part of his life, he was wont to reflect, as the cause of the long interruption of his Studies. Yet we have no reason to think that he lost so great a space of Time, if we consider in what business he employ'd his banishment. He was absent from his native Country above twelve years; which were wholly spent either in bearing a share in the distresses of the Royal Family, or in labouring in their Affairs. To this purpose he performed several dangerous journeys into *Jersey*, *Scotland*, *Flanders*, *Holland*, or wherever else the Kings Troubles requir'd his attendance. But the chief Testimony of his Fidelity, was the laborious service he underwent in maintaining the constant correspondence between the late King and the Queen his Wife. In that weighty Trust he behaved himself with indefatigable integrity, and unsuspected secrecy. For he cypher'd and decypher'd with his own hand, the greatest part of all the Letters that passed between their Majesties, and managed a vast Intelligence in many other parts: which for some years together took up all his days, and two or three nights every week.

At length upon his present Majesties removal out of *France*, and the Queen-Mothers staying behind, the business of that nature passed of course into other hands. Then it was thought fit by those on whom he depended, that he should come over into *England*, and under pretence of privacy and retirement, should take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this Nation. Upon his return he found his Country groaning under the oppression of an unjust Usurpation. And he soon felt the effects of it. For while he lay hid in *London*, he was seiz'd on by a mistake, the search having been intended after another Gentleman, of considerable note in the Kings Party. Being made a Prisoner, he was often ex-

amined before the Usurpers, who tryed all imaginable ways to make him serviceable to their ends. That course not prevailing, he was committed to a severe restraint; and scarce at last obtained his liberty upon the hard terms of a Thousand pound Bail, which burden D^r *Scarborough* very honourably took upon himself. Under these Bonds he continued till the general redemption. Yet taking the opportunity of the Confusions that followed upon *Cromwels* death, he ventured back into *France*, and there remained in the same Station as before, till neer the time of the Kings return.

This certainly, Sir, is abundantly sufficient to justifie his Loyalty to all the world; though some have indeavoured to bring it in question, upon occasion of a few lines in the Preface to one of his Books. The Objection I must not pass by in silence, because it was the only part of his life, that was lyable to mis-interpretation, even by the confession of those that envyed his Fame. In this case perhaps it were enough, to alledge for him to men of moderate minds, that what he there said was published before a Book of Poetry, and so ought rather to be esteemed as a Probleme of his Fancy and Invention, than as the real Image of his Judgment. But his defence in this matter may be laid on a surer Foundation. This is the true reason that is to be given of his delivering that opinion. Upon his coming over he found the state of the Royal Party very desperate. He perceived the strength of their Enemies so united, that till it should begin to break within it self, all endeavours against it were like to prove unsuccessful. On the other side he beheld their zeal for his Majesties Cause, to be still so active, that it often hurryed them into inevitable ruine. He saw this with much grief. And though he approv'd their constancy, as much as any man living, yet he found their unseasonable shewing it, did only disable themselves, and give their Adversaries great advantages of riches and strength by their defeats. He therefore believed that it would be a meritorious service to the King, if any man who was known to have followed his interest, could insinuate into the Usurpers minds, that men of his Principles were now

willing

willing to be quiet, and could perſwade the poor oppreſſed Royaliſts to conceal their affections, for better occaſions. And as for his own particular, he was a cloſe Priſoner, when he writ that againſt which the exception is made; ſo that he ſaw it was impoſſible for him to purſue the ends for which he came hither, if he did not make ſome kind of declaration of his peaceable intentions. This was then his opinion. And the ſucceſs of things ſeems to prove, that it was not very ill grounded. For certainly it was one of the greateſt helps to the Kings Affairs, about the latter end of that Tyranny, that many of his beſt Friends diſſembled their Counſels, and acted the ſame Deſigns, under the Diſguiſes and Names of other Parties.

This, Sir, you can teſtifie to have been the innocent occaſion of theſe words, on which ſo much clamour was rais'd. Yet ſeeing his good intentions were ſo ill interpreted, he told me, the laſt time that ever I ſaw him, that he would have them omitted in the next Impreſſion: of which his Friend Mr. *Cook* is a witneſs. However, if we ſhould take them in the worſt ſenſe, of which they are capable: yet methinks for his maintaining one falſe Tenent in the Political Philoſophy, he made a ſufficient atonement by a continual ſervice of twenty years, by the perpetual loyalty of his Diſcourſe, and by many of his other Writings, wherein he has largely defended, and adorned the Royal Cauſe. And to ſpeak of him not as our Friend, but according to the common Laws of Humanity; certainly that life muſt needs be very unblamable, which had been tryed in buſineſs of the higheſt conſequence, and practis'd in the hazardous ſecrets of Courts and Cabinets; and yet there can nothing diſgraceful be produc'd againſt it, but only the errour of one Paragraph, and a ſingle Metaphor.

But to return to my Narration which this Digreſſion has interrupted: Upon the Kings happy Reſtauration, Mr. *Cowley* was paſt the fortieth year of his Age; of which the greateſt part had been ſpent in a various and tempeſtuous condition. He now thought he had ſacrificed enough of his life to his curioſity and experience.

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He had enjoyed many excellent occasions of observation. He had been present in many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time disturb'd the peace of all our Neighbour-States, as well as our own. He had nearly beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind. He had lived in the presence of Princes, and familiarly conversst with greatness in all its degrees, which was necessary for one that would contemn it aright: for to scorn the pomp of the World before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill Manners, than a true Magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to Foreign Manners. He was satiated with the Arts of Court: which sort of life, though his virtu had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forego all Public Employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greatest throng of his former business, had still called upon him, and represented to him the true delights of solitary Studies, of temperate Pleasures, and of a moderate Revenue, below the malice, and flatteries of Fortune.

At first he was but slenderly provided for such a retirement, by reason of his Travels, and the Afflictions of the Party to which he adhered, which had put him quite out of all the rodes of gain. Yet, notwithstanding the narrowness of his Income, he remained fixed to his resolution, upon his confidence in the temper of his own mind, which he knew had contracted its desires into so small a compass, that a very few things would supply them all. But upon the setlement of the Peace of our Nation, this hinderance of his design was soon remov'd: for he then obtain'd a plentiful Estate, by the favour of my Lord St. *Albans*, and the bounty of my Lord Duke of *Buckingham*; to whom he was always most dear, and whom he ever respected, as his principal Patrons. The last of which great men, you know, Sir, it is my duty to mention, not only for Mr. *Cowleys* sake, but my own: though I cannot do it, without being asham'd, that having the same Encourager

of

of my Studies, I ſhould deſerve his Patronage ſo much leſs.

Thus he was ſufficiently furniſhed for his retreat. And immediately he gave over all purſuit of Honour and Riches, in a time, when, if any ambitious or covetous thoughts had remain'd in his mind, he might juſtly have expected to have them readily ſatisfied. In his laſt ſeven or eight years he was conceal'd in his beloved obſcurity, and poſſeſs'd that Solitude, which from his very childhood he had always moſt paſſionately deſired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into buſineſs, yet he never gave ear to any perſwaſions of Profit or Preferment. His viſits to the City and Court were very few: his ſtays in Town were only as a Paſſenger, not an Inhabitant. The Places that he choſe for the Seats of his declining life, were two or three Villages on the Bank of the *Thames*. During this receſs his mind was rather exerciſed on what was to come, than what was paſs'd; he ſuffer'd no more buſineſs, nor cares of life to come neer him, than what were enough to keep his Soul awake, but not to diſturb it. Some few Friends and Books, a cheerful heart, and innocent conſcience, were his conſtant Companions His Poetry indeed he took with him, but he made that an Anchorite, as well as himſelf: he only dedicated it to the ſervice of his Maker, to deſcribe the great images of Religion and Virtue wherewith his mind abounded. And he employed his Muſick to no other uſe, than as his own *David* did towards *Saul*, by ſinging the Praiſes of God and of Nature, to drive the evil Spirit out of mens minds.

Of his Works that are Publiſh'd, it is hard to give one general Character, becauſe of the difference of their ſubjects; and the various forms and diſtant times of their writing. Yet this is true of them all, that in all the ſeveral ſhapes of his Style, there is ſtill very much of the likeneſs and impreſſion of the ſame mind: the ſame unaffected modeſty, and natural freedom, and eaſie vigour, and chearful paſſions, and innocent mirth, which appear'd in all his Manners. We have many things that he writ in two very unlike conditions, in the Univerſity and the

Court. But in his Poetry, as well as his Life, he mingled with excellent skill what was good in both ſtates. In his life he join'd the innocence, and ſincerity of the Scholar, with the humanity and good behaviour of the Courtier. In his Poems he united the Solidity and Art of the one, with the Gentility and Gracefulneſs of the other.

If any ſhall think that he was not wonderfully curious, in the choice and elegance of all his words: I will affirm with more truth on the other ſide, that he had no manner of affectation in them: he took them as he found them made to his hands; he neither went before, nor came after the uſe of the Age. He forſook the Converſation, but never the Language, of the City and Court. He underſtood exceeding well all the variety and power of Poetical Numbers; and practis'd all ſorts with great happineſs. If his Verſes in ſome places ſeem not as ſoft and flowing as ſome would have them, it was his choice not his fault. He knew that in diverting mens minds, there ſhould be the ſame variety obſerv'd as in the proſpects of their Eyes: where a Rock, a Precipice, or a riſing Wave, is often more delightful than a ſmooth, even ground, or a calm Sea. Where the matter required it, he was as gentle as any man. But where higher Virtues were chiefly to be regarded, an exact numeroſity was not then his main care. This may ſerve to anſwer thoſe who upbraid ſome of his Pieces with roughneſs, and with more contractions than they are willing to allow. But theſe Admirers of gentleneſſe without ſinews, ſhould know that different Arguments muſt have different Colours of Speech: that there is a kind of variety of Sexes in Poetry, as well as in Mankind: that as the peculiar excellence of the Feminine Kind, is ſmoothneſſe and beauty: ſo ſtrength is the chief praiſe of the Maſculine.

He had a perfect maſtery in both the Languages in which he writ: But each of them kept a juſt diſtance from the other: neither did his Latin make his Engliſh too old, nor his Engliſh make his Latin too modern. He excelled both in Proſe and Verſe; and both together have that perfection, which is commended by ſome of the Antients above all others, that they are very obvious to the conception, but moſt difficult in the imitation.

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His Fancy flow'd with great ſpeed, and therefore it was very fortunate to him, that his Judgment was equal to manage it. He never runs his Reader nor his Argument out of Breath. He perfectly practiſes the hardeſt ſecret of good Writing, to know when he has done enough. He always leaves off in ſuch a manner, that it appears it was in his power, to have ſaid much more. In the particular expreſſions there is ſtill much to be Applauded, but more in the diſpoſition, and order of the whole. From thence there ſprings a new comlineſs, beſides the feature of each part. His Invention is powerful, and large as can be deſir'd. But it ſeems all to ariſe out of the Nature of the ſubject, and to be juſt fitted for the thing of which he ſpeaks. If ever he goes far for it, he diſſembles his pains admirably well.

The variety of Arguments that he has manag'd is ſo large, that there is ſcarce any particular of all the paſſions of Men, or works of Nature, and Providence, which he has paſs'd by undeſcrib'd. Yet he ſtill obſerves the rules of Decency with ſo much care, that whether he inflames his Reader with the ſofter Affections, or delights him with inoffenſive Raillery, or teaches the familiar manners of Life, or adorns the diſcoveries of Philoſophy, or inſpires him with the Heroick Characters of Charity and Religion: To all theſe matters that are ſo wide aſunder, he ſtill proportions a due figure of Speech, and a proper meaſure of Wit. This indeed is moſt remarkable, that a Man who was ſo conſtant and fix'd in the Moral Ideas of his mind, ſhould yet be ſo changable in his Intellectual, and in both to the higheſt degree of Excellence.

If there needed any excuſe to be made, that his Love-Verſes ſhould take up ſo great a ſhare in his Works, it may be alledg'd that they were compos'd, when he was very young. But it is a vain thing to make any kind of Apology for that ſort of Writings. If Devout or Vittuous Men will ſuperciliouſly forbid the minds of the young, to adorn thoſe ſubjects about which they are moſt converſant: They would put them out of all capacity of performing graver matters, when they come to them. For the exerciſes of all Mens Wits, muſt be al-

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ways proper for their Age, and never too much above it: And by practice and uſe in lighter Arguments, they grow up at laſt to excel in the moſt weighty. I am not therefore aſham'd to commend Mr. *Cowley*'s Miſtreſs. I only except one, or two expreſſions, which I wiſh I could have prevail'd with thoſe that had the right of the other Edition, to have left out. But of all the reſt I dare boldly pronounce, that never yet ſo much was written on a ſubject ſo Delicate, that can leſs offend the ſevereſt rules of Morality. The whole Paſſion of Love is intimately deſcrib'd, with all its mighty Train of Hopes, and Joys, and Diſquiets. Beſides this amorous tenderneſs, I know not how in every Copy, there is ſomething of more uſeful Knowledge very naturally and gracefully inſinuated, and every where there may be ſomething found, to inform the minds of wiſe Men, as well as to move the hearts of young Men, or Women.

The occaſion of his falling on the Pindaric way of Writing, was his accidental meeting with *Pindars* works, in a place, where he had no other Books to direct him. Having then conſidered at leiſure the height of his Invention, and the Majeſty of his Style, he try'd immediately to imitate it in *Engliſh*. And he perform'd it without the danger that *Horace* preſag'd to the Man who ſhould dare to attempt it.

If any are diſpleas'd at the boldneſs of his Metaphors, and length of his Digreſſion, they contend not againſt Mr. *Cowley*, but *Pindar* himſelf: who was ſo much reverenc'd by all Antiquity, that the place of his Birth was preſerv'd as Sacred, when his Native City was twice deſtroy'd by the fury of two Conquerours. If the irregularity of the number diſguſt them, they may obſerve that this very thing makes that kind of Poeſie fit for all manner of ſubjects: For the Pleaſant, the Grave, the Amorous, the Heroic, the Philoſophical, the Moral, the Divine. Beſides this they will find, that the frequent alteration of the Rhythm and Feet, affects the mind with a more various delight, while it is ſoon apt to be tyr'd by the ſetled pace of any one conſtant meaſure. But that for which I think this inequality of number is chiefly

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to be preferr'd, is its near affinity with Proſe: From which all other kinds of *Engliſh* Verſe are ſo far diſtant, that it is very ſeldom found that the ſame Man excels in both ways. But now this looſe, and unconfin'd meaſure has all the Grace, and Harmony of the moſt confin'd. And withal, it is ſo large and free, that the practice of it will only exalt, not corrupt our Proſe: which is certainly the moſt uſeful kind of Writing of all others: for it is the ſtyle of all buſineſs and converſation.

Beſides this imitating of *Pindar*, which may perhaps be thought rather a new ſort of Writing, than a reſtoring of an Ancient; he has alſo been wonderfully happy, in Tranſlating many difficult parts of the Nobleſt Poets of Antiquity. To perform this according to the Dignity of the attempt, he had, as it was neceſſary he ſhould have, not only the Elegance of both the Languages; but the true ſpirit of both the Poetries. This way of leaving Verbal Tranſlations, and chiefly regarding the Senſe and Genius of the Author, was ſcarce heard of in *England*, before this preſent Age. I will not preſume to ſay, that Mr. *Cowley* was the abſolute Inventor of it. Nay, I know that others had the good luck to recommend it firſt in Print. Yet I appeal to you Sir, whether he did not conceive it, and diſcourſe of it, and practiſe it as ſoon as any Man.

His *Davideis* was wholly written in ſo young an Age; that if we ſhall reflect on the vaſtneſs of the Argument, and his manner of handling it, he may ſeem like one of the Miracles, that he there adorns, like a Boy attempting *Goliah*. I have often heard you declare, that he had finiſh'd the greateſt part of it, while he was yet a young Student at *Cambridge*. This perhaps may be the reaſon, that in ſome few places, there is more youthfulneſs, and redundance of Fancy, than his riper judgment would have allow'd. I know, Sir, you will give me leave to uſe this liberty of cenſure; For I do not here pretend to a profeſs'd Panegyrick, but rather to give a juſt opinion concerning him. But for the main of it, I will affirm, that it is a better inſtance and beginning of a Divine Poem, than I ever yet ſaw in any Language. The contrivance is perfectly

antient, which is certainly the true form of Heroic Poetry, and such as was never yet outdone by any new Devices of Modern Wits. The subject was truly Divine, even according to Gods own heart. The matter of his invention, all the Treasures of Knowledge and Histories in the Bible. The model of it comprehended all the Learning of the East. The Characters lofty and various: The Numbers firm and powerful: The Digressions beautiful and proportionable: The Design to submit mortal Wit to heavenly Truths: in all there is an admirable mixture of humane Virtues and Passions, with religious Raptures.

The truth is, Sir, methinks in other matters, his Wit excell'd most other mens: but in his Moral and Divine Works it outdid it self. And no doubt it proceeded from this Cause, that in other lighter kinds of Poetry, he chiefly represented the humours and affections of others; but in these he sat to himself, and drew the figure of his own mind. I know it has been objected against him by some morose Zealots, that he has done an injury to the Scripture, by sprinkling all his Works with many Allusions and Similitudes that he took out of the Bible. But to these men it were a sufficient reply, to compare their own Practise with his, in this particular. They make use of Scripture Phrases and Quotations, in all their common Discourse. They employ the words of Holy Writ, to countenance the extravagance of their own opinions and affections. And why then might not he take the liberty to fetch from thence some ornament, for the innocent Passions, and natural Truths, and moral Virtues which he describes?

This is confutation enough to that sort of men. As to the thing it self, it is so far from being a debasing of Divinity, to make some parts of it the subjects of our Fancy, that it is a sure way to establish it familiarly on the hearts of the people, and to give it a durable impression on the minds of wise men. Of this we have a powerful instance amongst the Antients. For their Wit has lasted much longer than the Practise of any of their Religions. And the very memory of most of their Divine Worship had perished,

perished, if it had not been expressed and preserved by their Poets. But Mr. *Cowley* himself did of all men living abhor the abuse of Scripture by licentious Raillery: which ought not only to be esteemed the meanest kind of Wit, but the worst sort of ill Manners. This perhaps some men would be loth to hear proved, who practise it under the false title of a Gentile Quality: But the truth of it is unquestionable. For the ordinary ill breeding is only an indecence and offence against some particular Custom, or Gesture, or Behaviour in use. But this prophaneness is a violation of the very support of humane Society, and a rudeness against the best Manners, that all mankind can practise, which is a just reverence of the Supreme Power of all the World.

In his Latin Poems he has expressed to admiration, all the Numbers of Verse, and Figures of Poesie, that are scattered up and down amongst the Antients. There is hardly to be found in them all, any good fashion of Speech, or colour of Measure, but he has comprehended it, and given instances of it, according as his several Arguments required either a majestick Spirit, or a passionate, or a pleasant. This is the more extraordinary, in that it was never yet performed by any single Poet of the Antient Romans themselves. They had the Language natural to them, and so might easily have moulded it into what form or humour they pleas'd: Yet it was their constant Custom, to confine all their thoughts and practise to one or two ways of Writing, as despairing ever to compass all together. This is evident in those that excelled in Odes and Songs, in the Comical, Tragical, Epical, Elegiacal, or Satyrical way. And this perhaps occasioned the first distinction and number of the Muses. For they thought the task too hard for any one of them, though they fancied them to be Goddesses. And therefore they divided it amongst them all, and only recommended to each of them, the care of a distinct Character of Poetry and Musick.

The occasion of his chusing the subject of his Six Books of Plants, was this; when he returned into *England*, he was advised to dissemble the main intention of his coming over, under the disguise of applying himself to some set-

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tled Profeſſion. And that of Phyſic was thought moſt proper. To this purpoſe, after many Anatomical Diſſertions he proceeded to the conſideration of Simples; and having furniſh'd himſelf with Books of that Nature, he retir'd into a fruitful part of *Kent*, where every Field and Wood might ſhew him the real Figures of thoſe Plants, of which he read. Thus he ſpeedily Maſter'd that part of the Art of Medicine. But then, as one of the Antients did before him in the ſtudy of the Law, inſtead of employing his Skill for practice and profit, he preſently digeſted it into that form which we behold.

The two firſt Books Treat of Herbs, in a ſtyle reſembling the Elegies of *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, in the ſweetneſs and freedom of the Verſe: But excelling them in the ſtrength of the Fancy, and vigour of the Senſe. The third and fourth diſcourſe of Flowers in all the variety of *Catullus* and *Horaces* Numbers: For the laſt of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the ſtately and numerous pace of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, but in the familiar eaſineſs of his Epiſtles, and Speeches. The two laſt ſpeak of Trees, in the way of *Virgils Georgics*. Of theſe the ſixth Book is wholly Dedicated to the Honour of his Country. For making the *Britiſh* Oak to preſide in the Aſſembly of the Forreſt Trees, upon that occaſion he enlarges on the Hiſtory of our late Troubles, the Kings Affliction and Return, and the beginning of the *Dutch* War: and Manages all in a ſtyle, that (to ſay all in a word) is equal to the Greatneſs and Valour of the *Engliſh* Nation.

I told you, Sir, that he was very happy in the way of *Horaces* Speeches. But of this there are but two Inſtances preſerv'd: that part of an Epiſtle to Mr. *Creſwel*, with which he concludes his Preface to his Book of Plants: and that Copy which is written to your ſelf. I confeſs I heartily wiſh he had left more Examples behind him of this kind: becauſe I eſteem it to be one of the beſt and moſt difficult, of all thoſe that Antiquity has taught us. It is certainly the very Original of true Raillery; and differs as much from ſome of the other Latin *Satyrs*, as the pleaſant reproofs of a Gentleman, from the ſeverity

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of a School-master. I know some Men dis approve it, because the Verse seems to be loose, and near to the plainness of common Discourse. But that which was admir'd by the Court of *Augustus*, never ought to be esteem'd flat, or vulgar. And the same judgment should be made of Mens styles, as of their behaviour, and carriage: wherein that is most courtly, and hardest to be imitated, which consists of a Natural easiness, and unaffected Grace, where nothing seems to be studied, yet every thing is extraordinary.

This familiar way of Verse puts me in mind of one kind of Prose wherein Mr. *Cowley* was excellent; and that is his Letters to his private Friends. In these he always expres's'd the Native tenderness, and Innocent gayety of his Mind. I think, Sir, you, and I have the greatest Collection of this sort. But I know you agree with me, that nothing of this Nature should be publish'd: And herein you have always consented to approve of the modest Judgment of our Country-men above the practice of some of our Neighbours, and chiefly of the *French*. I make no manner of question, but the *English* at this time, are infinitely improv'd in this way, above the skill of former Ages, nay, of all Countries round about us, that pretend to greater Eloquence. Yet they have been always judiciously sparing, in Printing such compositures, while some other Witty Nations have tyr'd all their Presses, and Readers with them. The truth is, the Letters that pass between particular Friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can scarce ever be fit to see the light. They should not consist of fulsom Complements, or tedious Polities, or elaborate Elegancies, or general Fancies. But they should have a Native clearness and shortness, a Domestical plainess, and a peculiar kind of Familiarity; which can only affect the humour of those to whom they were intended. The very same passages, which make Writings of this Nature delightful amongst Friends, will loose all manner of taste, when they come to be read by those that are indifferent. In such Letters the Souls of Men should appear undres's'd: And in that negligent habit, they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a Chamber, but not to go abroad into the Streets.

The last Pieces that we have from his hands are Discourses by way of Essays, upon some of the gravest subjects that concern the Contentment of a Virtuous Mind. These he intended as a real Character of his own thoughts, upon the point of his Retirement. And accordingly you may observe, that in the Prose of them, there is little Curiosity of Ornament, but they are written in a lower and humbler style than the rest, and as an unfeigned Image of his Soul should be drawn, without Flattery. I do not speak this to their disadvantage. For the true perfection of Wit is, to be plyable to all occasions, to walk or flye, according to the Nature of every subject. And there is no doubt as much Art, to have only plain Conceptions on some Arguments, as there is in others to have extraordinary Flights.

To these that he has here left scarce finish'd, it was his design to have added many others. And a little before his death he communicated to me his resolutions, to have dedicated them all to my Lord St. *Albans*, as a testimony of his entire respects to him; and a kind of Apology for having left humane Affairs, in the strength of his Age, while he might still have been serviceable to his Country. But though he was prevented in this purpose by his death: yet it becomes the Office of a Friend to make good his intentions. I therefore here presume to make a Present of them to his Lordship. I doubt not but according to his usual humanity, he will accept this imperfect Legacy, of the man whom he long honoured with his domestic conversation. And I am confident his Lordship will believe it to be no injury to his Fame, that in these Papers my Lord St. *Albans* and Mr. *Cowleys* name shall be read together by posterity.

I might, Sir, have made a longer Discourse of his Writings, but that I think it fit to direct my Speech concerning him, by the same rule by which he was wont to judge of others. In his esteem of other men, he constantly prefer'd the good temper of their minds, and honesty of their Actions, above all the excellencies of their Eloquence or Knowledge. The same course I will take in his praise, which chiefly ought to be fixed on his life. For that he deserves more applause from the most virtu-

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ous men, than for his other abilities he ever obtained from the Learned.

He had indeed a perfect natural goodneſs, which neither the uncertainties of his condition, nor the largeneſs of his wit could pervert. He had a firmneſs and ſtrength of mind, that was of proof againſt the Art of Poetry it ſelf. Nothing vain or fantaſtical, nothing flattering or inſolent appeared in his humour. He had a great integrity, and plainneſs of Manners; which he preſerv'd to the laſt, though much of his time was ſpent in a Nation, and way of life, that is not very famous for ſincerity. But the truth of his heart was above the corruption of ill examples: And therefore the ſight of them rather confirm'd him in the contrary Virtues.

There was nothing affected or ſingular in his habit, or perſon, or geſture. He underſtood the forms of good breeding enough to practiſe them without burdening himſelf, or others. He never oppreſt any mans parts, nor ever put any man out of countenance. He never had any emulation for Fame, or contention for Profit with any man. When he was in buſineſs he ſuffer'd others importunities with much eaſineſs: When he was out of it he was never importunate himſelf. His modeſty and humility were ſo great, that if he had not had many other equal Virtues, they might have been thought diſſimulation.

His Converſation was certainly of the moſt excellent kind; for it was ſuch as was rather admired by his familiar Friends, than by Strangers at firſt ſight. He ſurpriz'd no man at firſt with any extraordinary appearance: he never thruſt himſelf violently into the good opinion of his company. He was content to be known by leiſure and by degrees: and ſo the eſteem that was conceiv'd of him, was better grounded and more laſting.

In his Speech, neither the pleaſantneſs excluded gravity, nor was the ſobriety of it inconſiſtent with delight. No man parted willingly from his Diſcourſe: for he ſo ordered it, that every man was ſatisfied that he had his ſhare. He govern'd his Paſſions with great moderation. His Virtues were never troubleſome or uneaſy to any. Whatever he diſliked in others, he only corrected it, by the ſilent reproof of a better practiſe.

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His Wit was ſo temper'd, that no man had ever reaſon to wiſh it had been leſs: he prevented other mens ſeverity upon it by his own: he never willingly recited any of his Writings. None but his intimate friends ever diſcovered he was a great Poet, by his diſcourſe. His Learning was large and profound, well compos'd of all Antient and Modern Knowledge. But it ſat exceeding cloſe and handſomly upon him: it was not imboſſed on his mind, but enamelled.

He never guided his life by the whiſpers, or opinions of the World. Yet he had a great reverence for a good reputation. He hearkened to Fame when it was a juſt Cenſurer: But not when an extravagant Babler. He was a paſſionate lover of Liberty and Freedom from reſtraint both in Actions and Words. But what honeſty others receive from the direction of Laws, he had by native Inclination: And he was not beholding to other mens wills, but to his own for his Innocence.

He perform'd all his Natural and Civil Duties, with admirable tenderneſs. Having been Born after his Fathers Death, and bred up under the Diſcipline of his Mother, he gratefully acknowledg'd her care of his Education, to her Death, which was in the Eightieth year of her Age. For his three Brothers he always maintain'd a a conſtant affection. And having ſurviv'd the two firſt, he made the third his Heir. In his long dependance on my Lord St. *Albans*, there never happened any manner of difference between them: except a little at laſt, becauſe he would leave his ſervice: which only ſhewed the innocence of the Servant, and the kindneſs of the Maſter. His Friendſhips were inviolable. The ſame men with whom he was familiar in his Youth, were his neereſt acquaintance at the day of his Death. If the private Courſe of his laſt years made him contract his Converſation to a few, yet he only withdrew, not broke off from any of the others.

His thoughts were never above nor below his condition. He never wiſhed his Eſtate much larger. Yet he enjoyed what he had with all innocent Freedom, he never made his preſent life uncomfortable, by undue expectations of future things. Whatever diſappointments he met with,

with, they only made him understand Fortune better, not repine at her the more: His Muse indeed once complain'd, but never his Mind. He was accomplish'd with all manner of Abilities, for the greatest business: If he would but have thought so himself.

If any thing ought to have been chang'd in his Temper, and Disposition: It was his earnest Affection for Obscurity and Retirement. This, Sir, give me leave to condemn, even to you, who I know agreed with him in the same humour. I acknowledge he chose that state of Life, not out of any Poetical Rapture, but upon a steady and sober experience of Humane things. But however I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great disparagement to Virtue, and Learning it self, that those very things which only make Men useful in the World, should encline them to leave it. This ought never to be allow'd to good Men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the Wilderness. But if the one shall contend to get out of Employment, while the other strive to get into it, the affairs of Mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good Men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in security.

Yet I confess if any deserv'd to have this priviledge, it ought to have been granted to him, as soon as any Man living, upon consideration of the manner in which he spent the Liberty that he got. For he withdrew himself out of the crowd, with desires of enlightning, and instructing the minds of those that remain'd in it. It was his resolution in that Station to search into the secrets of Divine and Humane Knowledge, and to communicate what he should observe. He always profess'd, that he went out of the world, as it was mans, into the same World as it was Natures, and as it was Gods. The whole compass of the Creation, and all the wonderful effects of the Divine Wisdom, were the constant Prospect of his Senses, and his Thoughts. And indeed he enter'd with great advantage on the studies of Nature, even as the first great Men of Antiquity did, who were generally both Poets and Philosophers. He betook himself to its Contemplation, as well furnish'd with sound Judgment, and diligent Observation, and good Method to discover its Mysteries, as with Abilities to set it forth in all its Ornaments.

This labour about Natural Science was the perpetual, and uninterrupted task of that obscure part of his life. Besides this, we had perswaded him to look back into his former Studies, and to publish a Discourse concerning Style. In this he

had design'd, to give an account of the proper sorts of writing, that were fit for all manner of Arguments, to compare the perfections and imperfections of the Authors of Antiquity, with those of this present Age, and to deduce all down to the particular use of the English Genius, and Language. This subject he was very fit to perform: It being most proper for him to be the Judge, who had been the best Practiser. But he scarce liv'd to draw the first lines of it. All the footsteps that I can find remaining of it, are only some indigested Characters of Antient and Modern Authors. And now for the future, I almost despair ever to see it well accomplished, unless you, Sir, would give me leave to name the man that should undertake it.

But his last and principal Design, was that which ought to be the principal to every wise man; the establishing his mind in the Faith he professed. He was in his practise exactly obedient to the Use and Precepts of our Church. Nor was he inclined to any uncertainty and doubt, as abhorring all contention in indifferent things, and much more in sacred. But he beheld the Divisions of Christendom: he saw how many controversies had been introduced by zeal or ignorance, and continued by Faction. He had therefore an earnest intention of taking a Review of the Original Principles of the Primitive Church: believing that every true Christian had no better means to settle his spirit, than that which was proposed to *Æneas* and his Followers, to be the end of their wandrings, *Antiquam exquirite Matrem.*

This examination he purposed should reach to our Saviours and the Apostles lives, and their immediate Successors, for four or five Centuries; till Interest and Policy prevailed over Devotion. He hoped to have absolutely compassed it in three or four years, and when that was done, there to have fixed for ever, without any shaking or alteration in his judgment. Indeed it was a great dammage to our Church, that he lived not to perform it. For very much of the Primitive Light might have been expected, from a mind that was endued with the primitive meekness and innocence. And besides, such a Work coming from one that was no Divine, might have been very useful for this age; wherein it is one of the principal Cavils against Religion, that it is only a matter of interest, and only supported for the gain of a particular Profession.

But alas! while he was framing these great things in his thoughts, they were unfortunately cut off together with his life. His Solitude from the very beginning, had never agreed

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ſo well with the conſtitution of his Body, as of his Mind. The chief cauſe of it was, that out of haſt to be gone away from the Tumult and Noyſe of the City, he had not prepar'd ſo healthful a ſituation in the Country, as he might have done, if he had made a more leaſurable choice. Of this he ſoon began to find the inconvenience at *Barn Elms*, where he was afflicted with a dangerous and lingring *Fever*. After that he ſcarce ever recover'd his former Health, though his Mind was reſtor'd to its perfect Vigour: as may be ſeen by his two laſt Books of Plants, that were written ſince that time, and may at leaſt be compar'd with the beſt of his other Works. Shortly after his removal to *Chertſea*, he fell into another conſuming Diſeaſe. Having languiſh'd under this for ſome months, he ſeem'd to be pretty well cur'd of its ill Symptomes. But in the heat of the laſt Summer, by ſtaying too long amongſt his Laborers in the Medows; he was taken with a violent Defluxion, and Stoppage in his Breaſt, and Throat. This he at firſt neglected as an ordinary Cold, and refus'd to ſend for his uſual Phyſicians, till it was paſt all remedies; and ſo in the end after a fortnight ſickneſs, it prov'd mortal to him.

Who can here, Sir, forbear exclaiming on the weak hopes, and frail condition of humane Nature? For as long as Mr. *Cowley* was purſuing the courſe of Ambition, in an active life, which he ſcarce eſteem'd his true life: he never wanted a conſtant health, and ſtrength of body. But as ſoon as ever he had found an opportunity of beginning indeed to live, and to enjoy himſelf in ſecurity, his contentment was firſt broken by Sickneſs, and at laſt his death was occaſion'd by his very delight in the Country and the Fields, which he had long fancied above all other Pleaſures. But let us not grieve at this fatal accident upon his account, leſt we ſhould ſeem to repine at the happy change of his condition, and not to know that the loſs of a few years, which he might longer have liv'd, will be recompenc'd by an immortal Memory. If we complain, let it only be for our own ſakes: that in him we are at once depriv'd of the greateſt natural, and improv'd abilities, of the uſefulleſt converſation, of the faithfulleſt Friendſhip, of a mind that practis'd the beſt Virtues it ſelf, and a Wit that was beſt able to recommend them to others.

His Body was attended to *Weſtminſter Abby*, by a great number of Perſons of the moſt eminent quality, and follow'd with the praiſes of all good, and Learned Men. It lies near the Aſhes of *Chaucer* and *Spencer*, the two moſt Famous *Engliſh* Poets;

Poets, of former times. But whoever would do him right, ſhould not only equal him to the Principal Ancient Writers of our own Nation, but ſhould alſo rank his name amongſt the Authors of the true Antiquity, the beſt of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. In that place there is a Monument deſign'd for him, by my Lord Duke of *Buckingham*, in Teſtimony of his Affection. And the King himſelf was pleas'd to beſtow on him the beſt Epitaph, when upon the news of his Death his Majeſty declar'd, *That Mr.* Cowley *had not left a better Man behind him in* England.

This, Sir, is the account that I thought fit to preſent the World concerning him. Perhaps it may be judged, that I have ſpent too many words on a private man, and a Scholar: whoſe life was not remarkable for ſuch a variety of Events, as are wont to be the Ornaments of this kind of Relations. I know it is the cuſtom of the World to prefer the pompous Hiſtories of great Men, before the greateſt Virtues of others, whoſe lives have been led in a courſe leſs illuſtrious. This indeed is the general humour. But I believe it to be an errour in mens judgments. For certainly that is a more profitable inſtruction, which may be taken from the eminent goodneſs of men of lower rank, than that which we learn from the ſplendid repreſentations of the Battels, and Victories, and Buildings, and Sayings of great Commanders and Princes. Such ſpecious matters, as they are ſeldom delivered with fidelity, ſo they ſerve but for the imitation of a very few, and rather make for the oſtentation than the true information of humane life. Whereas it is from the practiſe of men equal to our ſelves, that we are more naturally taught how to command our Paſſions, to direct our Knowledge, and to govern our Actions.

For this reaſon I have ſome hope, that a Character of Mr. *Cowley* may be of good advantage to our Nation. For what he wanted in Titles of Honour, and the Gifts of Fortune, was plentifully ſupplyed by many other Excellencies, which make perhaps leſs noiſe, but are more beneficial for Example. This, Sir, was the principal end of this long Diſcourſe. Beſides this, I had another deſign in it, that only concerns our ſelves; that having this Picture of his life ſet before us, we may ſtill keep him alive in our memories, and by this means may have ſome ſmall reparation, for our inexpreſſible loſs by his death.

Sir, I am
Your moſt humble, and moſt
affectionate Servant
T. SPRAT.

ELEGIA

DEDICATORIA, ad ILLUSTRISSIMAM

Academiam

CANTABRIGIENSEM.

HOc tibi de *Nato ditissima Mater egeno*
Exiguum immensi pignus *Amoris* habe.
Heu meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Astringit gratas parcior arca manus.
Túne tui poteris *vocem* hìc agnoscere *Nati*
Tam malè formatam, dissimilemq; *tuæ?*
Túne hìc *materni* vestigia sacra decoris,
Tu *Speculum* poteris hic reperire tuum?
Post longum, dices, *Coulei*, sic mihi tempus?
Sic mihi speranti, *perfide*, multa redis?
Quæ, dices, *Sagæ Lemuréſq; Déæq; nocentes*,
Hunc mihi in *Infantis* suppositre loco?
At *Tu*, sancta *Parens*, *crudelis tu quoque*, *Nati*
Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi, quid *Fato Genetrix* accedis iniquo?
Sit *Sors*, sed non sis *Ipsa Noverca* mihi.
Si mihi natali *Musarum* adolescere in arvo,
Si benè dilecto luxuriare solo,
Si mihi de doctâ licuisset pleniùs undâ
Haurire, ingentem si satiare sitim,
Non ego degeneri *dubitabilis* ore redirem,
Nec legeres *Nomen* fusa rubore meum.

Scis benè, ſcis quæ me *Tempeſtas publica Mundi*
Raptatrix veſtro ſuſtulit è gremio,
Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
Poſcentem querulo murmure *Lactis* opem.
Sic quondam aërium *Vento* bellante per æquor,
Cum gravidum *Autumnum* ſæva flagellat *Hyems*.
Immatura ſuâ velluntur ab arbore poma
Et vi victa cadunt; *Arbor* & ipſa gemit.
Nondum ſuccus ineſt terræ generoſus avitæ,
Nondum *Sol* roſeo redditur ore *Pater*.
O mihi jucundum *Grantæ* ſuper omnia *Nomen*!
O penitùs toto corde receptus *Amor*!
O pulchræ *ſine Luxu Ædes*, vitæq; beatæ,
Splendida Paupertas, ingenuúſq; decor!
O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine *Regum*
Digna *Domus*! *Trini* nomine digna *Dei*!
O nimium *Cereris* cumulati munere Campi,
Poſthabitis *Ennæ* quos colit illa jugis!
O ſacri *Fontes*! & ſacræ *Vatibus Umbræ*,
Quas recreant *Avium Pieridúmq*; chori!
O *Camus*! *Phœbo* nullus quo gratior amnis!
Amnibus *auriferis* invidioſus *inops*!
Ah mihi ſi veſtræ reddat bona gaudia ſedis,
Detq; Deus doctâ poſſe quiete frui!
Qualis eram cum me tranquillâ mente ſedentem
Vidiſti in ripâ, *Came* ſerene, tuâ;
Mulcentem audiſti puerili flumina cantu;
Ille quidèm immerito, ſed tibi gratus erat.
Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâq;
Dignatum eſt totum verba referre nemus.
Tunc liquidis tacitiſq; ſimul mea vita diebus,
Et ſimilis veſtræ candida fluxit aquæ.
At nunc cænoſæ luces, atq; obice multo
Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
Quid mihi *Sequanâ* opus, *Tameſiſve* aut *Thybridis unda*?
Tu potis es noſtram tollere, *Came*, ſitim.
Fœlix qui nunquam plus *uno* viderit *amne*!
Quiq; eadem *Salicis* littora more colit!
Fœlix cui *non tentatis* ſordeſcere *Mundus*,
Et cui *Pauperies nota* nitere poteſt!

Tempore

Tempore cui nullo miſera *experientia* conſtat,
Ut res humanas ſentiat eſſe *Nihil* !
At nos exemplis *Fortuna* inſtruxit opimis,
Et documentorum ſatq; ſupérq dedit.
Cum *Capite* avulſum *Diadema*, infractáq ; *ſceptra*,
Contuſáſq ; *Hominum Sorte* minante minas,
Parcarum ludos, & *non tractabile Fatum*,
Et verſas fundo vidimus orbis opes.
Quis poterit fragilem poſt talia credere puppim
Infami ſcopulis naufragiiſq; *Mari* ?
Tu quoque in hoc *Terræ* tremuiſti, *Academia*, *Motu*,
(Nec fruſtrà) atq; ædes contremuêre tuæ.
Contremuêre ipſæ *pacatæ Palladis* arces ;
Et timuit *Fulmen Laurea* ſancta novum.
Ah quanquam iratum, peſtem hanc avertere *Numen*,
Nec ſaltem *Bellis iſta* licere, velit !
Nos, tua progenies, pereamus ; & ecce, perimus !
In nos jus habeat : Jus habet omne malum.
Tu ſtabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
Fundes ; nec tibi *Mors* ipſa *ſuperſtes* erit.
Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
Formoſas mittes *ad mare Mortis* aquas.
Sic *Venus* humanâ quondam, *Dea* ſaucia dextrâ,
(Namq ; ſolent ipſis *Bella* nocere *Deis*)
Imploravit opem ſuperûm, queſtúſq; cievit,
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.
Quid quereris ? contemne *breves* ſecura dolores ;
Nam tibi ferre *Necem vulnera* nulla valent.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

THE PREFACE
OF THE AUTHOR.

AT my return lately into *England*, I met by great accident (for ſuch I account it to be, that any Copy of it ſhould be extant any where ſo long, unleſs at his houſe who printed it) a *Book* entituled, *The Iron Age*, and publiſhed under *my name*, during the time of my abſence. I wondred very much how one who could be ſo *fooliſh* to write ſo ill Verſes, ſhould yet be ſo *Wiſe* to ſet them forth as another *Mans* rather then his *own*; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the *Baſtard* upon ſuch a perſon, whoſe ſtock of Reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous *Legitimate Off-ſpring* of that kind. It would have been much leſs injurious, if it had pleaſed the *Author* to put forth ſome of my Writings under his *own name*, rather then his own under *mine*: He had been in that a more pardonable Plagiary, and had done leſs wrong by *Robbery*, then he does by ſuch a *Bounty*; for no body can be *juſtified* by the *Imputation* even of anothers *Merit*; and our own courſe *Cloathes* are like to become us better, then thoſe of another mans, though never ſo *rich*: but theſe, to ſay the truth, were ſo *beggarly*, that I my ſelf was aſhamed to *wear* them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided cenſure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus *Executed in Effigie*; and impoſſible it is for any good *Name* to be in ſafety, if the malice of *Witches* have the power to conſume and deſtroy it in an *Image* of their own making. This indeed was ſo ill made, and ſo *unlike*, that I hope the *Charm* took no effect. So that I eſteem my ſelf leſs prejudiced by it, then by that which has been done to me ſince, almoſt in the ſame kinde, which is the publication of ſome things of mine without my conſent or knowledge, and thoſe ſo mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honeſty quite diſavow them. Of which ſort, was a *Comedy*

called

called *The Guardian*, printed in the year 1650. but made and acted before the *Prince*, in his passage through *Cambridge* towards *York*, at the beginning of the late unhappy War; or rather neither *made* nor *acted*, but *rough-drawn* onely, and *repeated*; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be *revised* or *perfected* by the *Author*, nor *learned without-Book* by the *Actors*, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the *Officers* of the *College*. After the *Representation* (which, I confess, was somewhat of the *latest*) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the *Poet* and the *Souldier*; but I have lost the *Copy*, and dare not think it deserves the pains to writ it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in humane conversation when I made it. But as it is, it is only the hasty *first-sitting* of a *Picture*, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly. From this which has hapned to my self, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all *Writers*, and especially *Poets*, whose *Works* (commonly printed after their deaths) we finde stuffed out, either with *counterfeit pieces*, like *false Money* put in to fill up the *Bag*, though it adde nothing to the *sum*; or with such, which though of their own *Coyn*, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the *Allay*: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their *Friends*, who think a vast *heap* of Stones or Rubbish a better *Monument*, then a little *Tomb* of *Marble*, or by the unworthy avarice of some *Stationers*, who are content to diminish the value of the *Author*, so they may encrease the price of the *Book*; and like *Vintners* with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine, to make it yield more *profit*. This has been the case with *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson*, and many others; part of whose *Poems* I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young *Suckers*, and from others the old withered *Branches*; for *a great Wit* is no more tyed to live in a *Vast Volume*, then in a *Gigantick Body*; on

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the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the leſs ſpace it animates. And as *Statius* ſays of little *Tydeus*,

------*Totos infuſa per artus*
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus. *Stat. 1. Theb.*

I am not ignorant, that by ſaying this of others, I expoſe my ſelf to ſome Raillery, for not uſing the ſame ſevere diſcretion in my own caſe, where it concerns me nearer: But though I publiſh here, more then in ſtrict wiſdom I ought to have done, yet I have ſuppreſt and caſt away more then I *publiſh*; and for the eaſe of my ſelf and others, have *loſt*, I believe too, more then *both*. And upon theſe conſiderations I have been perſwaded to overcome all the juſt repugnances of my own *modeſty*, and to produce theſe *Poems* to the light and view of the World; not as a thing that I approved of in it ſelf, but as a leſs evil, which I choſe rather then to ſtay till it were done for me by ſome body elſe, either ſurreptitiouſly before, or avowedly after my death: and this will be the more excuſable, when the *Reader* ſhall know in what reſpects he may look upon me as a *Dead*, or at leaſt a *Dying Perſon*, and upon my *Muſe* in this action, as appearing, like the *Emperor Charls the Fifth*, and *aſſiſting* at her own *Funeral*.

For to make my ſelf abſolutely dead in a *Poetical* capacity, my reſolution at preſent, is never to exerciſe any more that faculty. It is, I confeſs, but ſeldom ſeen that the *Poet* dyes before the *Man*; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching *Art*, we do not uſe to court it as a *Miſtreſs*, but marry it as a *Wife*, and take it for better or worſe, as an *Inſeparable Companion* of our whole life. But as the *Mariages* of *Infants* do but rarely proſper, ſo no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to *Poeſie*; to which I had contracted my ſelf ſo much under *Age*, and ſo much to my own prejudice in regard of thoſe more profitable matches which I might have made among the *richer Sciences*. As for the *Portion* which this brings of *Fame*, it is an *Eſtate* (if it be any, for men are not oftner deceived in their hopes of *Widows*, then in their opinion of, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilſt we are *Living* to enjoy it,

but

but is a *fantaſtical kind of Reverſion to our own ſelves:* neither ought any man to envy *Poets* this poſthumous and imaginary happineſs, ſince they find commonly ſo little in preſent, that it may be truly applyed to them, which S. *Paul* ſpeaks of the firſt *Chriſtians*, *If their reward be in this life, they are of all men the moſt miſerable.*

And if in quiet and flouriſhing times they meet with ſo ſmall encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? if *Wit* be ſuch a *Plant*, that it ſcarce receives heat enough to preſerve it alive even in the *Summer* of our cold *Clymate*, how can it chooſe but wither in a long and a ſharp *winter*? a warlike, various, and a tragical age is beſt to *write of*, but worſt to *write in*. And I may, though in a very unequal proportion, aſſume that to my ſelf, which was ſpoken by *Tully* to a much better perſon, upon occaſion of the *Civil Wars* and Revolutions in his time, *Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adoleſcentiam per medias laudes quaſi quadrigis vehentem tranſverſa incurrit miſera fortuna Reipublicæ.*

Cic. de Clar. Orator.

Neither is the preſent conſtitution of my *Mind* more proper then that of the *Times* for this exerciſe, or rather divertiſement. There is nothing that requires ſo much ſerenity and chearfulneſs of *Spirit*; it muſt not be either overwhelmed with the cares of *Life*, or overcaſt with the *Clouds of Melancholy* and *Sorrow*, or ſhaken and diſturbed with the ſtorms of injurious *Fortune*; it muſt like the *Halcyon*, have *fair weather* to breed in. The *Soul* muſt be filled with bright and delightful *Idæa's*, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others; which is the main end of *Poeſie*. One may ſee through the ſtile of *Ovid de Triſt.* the humbled and dejected condition of *Spirit* with which he wrote it; there ſcarce remains any footſteps of that *Genius*,

Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.

The *cold* of the Countrey had ſtrucken through all his faculties, and benummed the very *feet* of his *Verſes*. He is himſelf, methinks, like one of the *Stories* of his *own Metamorphoſis*; and though there remain ſome weak *reſemblances* of *Ovid* at *Rome*, It is but as he ſays of *Niobe*,

In

In vultu color eſt ſine ſanguine, lumina mœſtis
Stant immota genis; nihil eſt in Imagine vivum,
Flet tamen------

Ovid. Metam. l. 6.

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is neceſſary to be in good humor; neither is *Wit* leſs eclipſed with the unquietneſs of *Mind*, then *Beauty* with the *Indiſpoſition* of *Body*. So that 'tis almoſt as hard a thing to be a *Poet* in deſpight of *Fortune*, as it is in deſpight of *Nature*. For my own part, neither my obligations to the *Muſes*, nor expectations from them are ſo great, as that I ſhould ſuffer my ſelf on no conſiderations to be *divorced*; or that I ſhould ſay like *Horace*,

Quiſquis erit vitæ, Scribam, color.

Hor. Sat. l. 2. Ser.

I ſhall rather uſe his words in another place,

Vixi Camænis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non ſine gloriâ,
Nunc arma defunctúmq; bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit.

L. 3. Car. Ode 26. Vixi puellis, &c.

And this reſolution of mine does the more befit me, becauſe my deſire has been for ſome years paſt (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does ſtill vehemently continue, to retire my ſelf to ſome of our *American Plantations*, not to ſeek for *Gold*, or inrich my ſelf with the traffick of thoſe parts (which is the end of moſt men that travel thither; ſo that of *theſe Indies* it is truer then it was of the former,

Improbus extremos currit Mercator ad Indos
Panperiem fugiens---)

But to forſake this world for ever, with all the *vanities* and *Vexations* of it, and to bury my ſelf there in ſome obſcure retreat (but not without the conſolation of *Letters* and *Philoſophy*)

Oblitúſq; meorum, obliviſcendus & illis.

As my former *Author* ſpeaks too, who has inticed me here, I know not how, into the *Pedantry* of this heap of *Latine Sentences*. And I think *Doctor Donnes Sun Dyal in a grave*

is not more uſeleſs and ridiculous then *Poetry* would be in that *retirement*. As this therefore is in a true ſenſe a kind of *Death* to the *Muſes*, and a real *literal quitting* of this *World*: So, methinks, I may make a juſt claim to the undoubted priviledge of *Deceaſed Poets*, which is to be read with more *favor*, then the *Living*;

Mart. *Tanti eſt ut placeam tibi, Perire.*

Having been forced for my own neceſſary *juſtification* to trouble the *Reader* with this long Diſcourſe of the *Reaſons* why I trouble him alſo with all the reſt of the *Book*; I ſhall only add ſomewhat concerning the ſeveral Parts of it, and ſome other pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this publication: As firſt, all thoſe which I wrote at *School* from the age of ten years, till after fifteen; for even ſo far backward there remain yet ſome *traces* of me in the little *footſteps* of a *child*; which though they were then looked upon as *commendable extravagances* in a *Boy* (men ſetting a value upon *any kind* of *fruit* before the uſual *ſeaſon* of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over *my ſelf*; and therefore ſhould do ill to expect that patience from *others*. Beſides, they have already paſt through ſeveral *Editions*, which is a longer *Life* then uſes to be enjoyed by *Infants* that are born before the ordinary *terms*. They had the good fortune then to find the world ſo *indulgent* (for conſidering the time of their production, who could be ſo hard-hearted to be *ſevere*?) that I ſcarce yet apprehend ſo much to be cenſured for *them*, as for not having made *advances* afterwards proportionable to the ſpeed of my *ſetting out*, and am obliged too in a manner by Diſcretion to conceal and ſuppreſs them, as *Promiſes* and *Inſtruments* under my own hand, whereby I ſtood *engaged* for more then I have been able to *perform*; in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real excuſe of the *honeſteſt* ſort of *Bankrupts*, which is, to have been made *Unſolvable*, not ſo much by their own *negligence* and *ill-husbandry*, as by ſome notorious accidents and publick diſaſters. In the next place, I have caſt away all ſuch pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that

cauſed

cauſed them; as among others, *three Books of the Civil War it ſelf*, reaching as far as the firſt *Battel* of *Newbury*, where the ſucceeding *misfortunes* of the *party* ſtopt the *work*.

As for the enſuing Book, it conſiſts of four parts: The firſt is a *Miſcellanie* of ſeveral Subjects, and ſome of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps *ſuperfluous* to tell the *Reader*; I know not by what chance I have kept *Copies* of them; for they are but a very few in compariſon of thoſe which I have loſt, and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deſerve more care in preſervation, then was beſtowed upon their *Brethren*; for which I am ſo little concerned, that I am aſhamed of the *arrogancy* of the *word*, when I ſaid, *I had loſt them*.

The *Second*, is called, *The Miſtreſs*, ro *Love-Verſes*; for ſo it is, that *Poets* are ſcarce thought *Free-men* of their *Company*, without paying ſome duties, and obliging themſelves to be true to *Love*. Sooner or later they muſt all paſs through that *Tryal*, like ſome *Mahumetan Monks*, that are bound by their Order, once at leaſt, in their life, to make a *Pilgrimage* to *Meca*,

In furias ignémq; ruunt; Amor omnibus idem.

But we muſt not always make a judgment of their *manners* from their *writings* of this kind; as the *Romaniſts* uncharitably do of *Beza*, for a few laſcivious *Sonnets* compoſed by him in his youth. It is not in this ſenſe that *Poeſie* is ſaid to be a kind of *Painting*; it is not the *Picture* of the *Poet*, but of *things* and *perſons* imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and diſpoſition a *Philoſopher*, nay a *Stoick*, and yet ſpeak ſometimes with the ſoftneſs of an amorous *Sappho*.

Feret & rubus aſper Amomum.

He profeſſes too much the uſe of *Fables* (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his teſtimony taken even againſt himſelf. Neither would I here be miſunderſtood, as if I affected ſo much gravity, as to be aſhamed to be thought really in *Love*. On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not

at leaſt capable of being ſo. But I ſpeak it to excuſe ſome expreſſions (if ſuch there be) which may happen to offend the ſeverity of ſupercilious *Readers*; for much *Exceſs* is to be allowed in *Love*, and even more in *Poetry*; ſo we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are *Obſcenity* and *Prophaneneſs*, of which I am ſure, if my *words* be ever guilty, they have ill repreſented my *thoughts* and *intentions*. And if, notwithſtanding all this, the lightneſs of the matter here diſpleaſe any body; he may find wherewithal to content his more ſerious inclinations in the weight and height of the enſuing Arguments.

For as for the *Pindarick Odes* (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be underſtood by moſt *Readers*; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common Roads, and ordinary Tracks of *Poeſie*. They either are, or at leaſt were meant to be, of that kind of *Stile* which *Dion. Halicarnaſſeus* calls, Μεγαλοφυὴς καὶ ἐκστατικός, and which he attributes to *Alcæus*: The digreſſions are many, and ſudden, and ſometimes long, according to the faſhion of all *Lyriques*, and of *Pindar* above all men living. The *Figures* are unuſual and *bold*, even to *Temeritie*, and ſuch as I durſt not have to do withal in any other kind of *Poetry*: The *Numbers* are various and irregular, and ſometimes (eſpecially ſome of the long ones) ſeem harſh and uncouth, if the juſt meaſures and cadencies be not obſerved in the *Pronunciation*. So that almoſt all their *Sweetneſs* and *Numeroſity* (which is to be found, if I miſtake not, in the roughеſt, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the *Mercy* of the *Reader*. I have briefly deſcribed the nature of theſe Verſes, in the *Ode* entituled, *The Reſurrection*: And though the *Liberty* of them may incline a man to believe them eaſie to be compoſed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwiſe.

---Ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem, multum ſudet fruſtráq; laboret
Auſus idem----.

I come now to the laſt Part, which is *Davideis*, or an *Heroical Poem* of the *Troubles of David*; which I deſigned into *Twelve Books*; not for the *Tribes* ſake, but after the *Pattern* of our Maſter *Virgil*; and intended to cloſe all with that moſt Poetical and excellent *Elegie* of *Davids* on the death of *Saul* and *Jonathan*: For I had no mind to carry him quite on to his *Anointing* at *Hebron*, becauſe it is the cuſtom of *Heroick Poets* (as we ſee by the examples of *Homer* and *Virgil*, whom we ſhould do ill to forſake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their *Story*; but onely ſo near, that every one may ſee it; as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their Cards, and take up what they have won. This, I ſay, was the *whole Deſign*, in which there are many noble and fertile Arguments behind; as, The barbarous cruelty of *Saul* to the *Prieſts* at *Nob*, the ſeveral flights and eſcapes of *David*, with the manner of his living in the *Wilderneſs*, the *Funeral* of *Samuel*, the love of *Abigal*, the ſacking of *Ziglag*, the loſs and recovery of *Davids* wives from the *Amalekites*, the *Witch* of *Endor*, the War with the *Philiſtines*, and the *Battel* of *Gilboa*; all which I meant to interweave upon ſeveral occaſions, with moſt of the illuſtrious *Stories* of the *Old Teſtament*, and to embelliſh with the moſt remarkable *Antiquities* of the *Jews*, and of other Nations before or at that *Age*. But I have had neither *Leiſure* hitherto, nor have *Appetite* at preſent to finiſh the work, or ſo much as to reviſe that part which is done with that care which I reſolved to beſtow upon it, and which the *Dignity* of the *Matter* well deſerves. For what worthier *ſubject* could have been choſen among all the *Treaſuries* of paſt times, then the *Life* of this young *Prince*; who from ſo ſmall beginnings, through ſuch infinite troubles and oppoſitions, by ſuch miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with ſuch incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greateſt *Monarch* that ever ſat on the moſt *famous* Throne of the whole Earth? whom ſhould a *Poet* more juſtly ſeek to *honour*, then the higheſt Perſon who ever *honoured* his Profeſſion? whom a *Chriſtian Poet*, rather then the *man after Gods own heart*, and the

man

man who had that ſacred pre-eminence above all other *Princes*, to be the beſt and mightieſt of that Royal Race from whence *Chriſt* himſelf, according to the fleſh diſdained not to deſcend? When I conſider this, and how many other bright and magnificent ſubjects of the like nature, the *Holy Scripture* affords and *proffers*, as it were, to *Poeſie*, in the wiſe managing and illuſtrating whereof, the *Glory* of *God Almighty* might be joyned with the ſingular utility and nobleſt delight of *Mankind*; It is not without grief and indignation that I behold that *Divine Science* employing all her inexhauſtible riches of *Wit* and *Eloquence*, either in the wicked and beggerly *Flattery* of great perſons, or the unmanly *Idolizing* of *Fooliſh Women*, or the wretched affectation of ſcurril *Laughter*, or at beſt on the confuſed antiquated *Dreams* of ſenſeleſs *Fables* and *Metamorphoſes*. Amongſt all holy and conſecrated things which the *Devil* ever ſtole and and alienated from the ſervice of the *Deity*; as *Altars*, *Temples*, *Sacrifices*, *Prayers*, and the like; there is none that he ſo univerſally, and ſo long uſurpt, as *Poetry*. It is time to recover it out of the *Tyrants* hands, and to reſtore it to the *Kingdom* of *God*, who is the *Father* of it. It is time to *Baptize* it in *Jordan*, for it will never become clean by bathing in the *Water* of *Damaſcus*. There wants, methinks, but the *Converſion* of *That*, and the *Jews*, for the accompliſhment of the *Kingdom of Chriſt*. And as men before their receiving of the *Faith*, do not without ſome carnal reluctancies, apprehend the *bonds* and *fetters* of it, but find it afterwards to be the trueſt and greateſt *Liberty*: It will fare no otherwiſe with this *Art*, after the *Regeneration* of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful *Objects*; neither will it want *Room*, by being *confined to Heaven*. There is not ſo great a *Lye* to be found in any *Poet*, as the vulgar conceit of men, that *Lying* is *Eſſential* to good *Poetry*. Were there never ſo wholeſome *Nouriſhment* to be had (but alas, it breeds nothing but *Diſeaſes*) out of theſe boaſted *Feaſts* of *Love* and *Fables*; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the *Diet* ſhould make us *Nauſeate* it: For it is almoſt impoſſieble to ſerve up any *new Diſh* of that kind. They are all but

the

the *Cold-meats* of the *Antients*, new-heated, and new ſet forth. I do not at all wonder that the old *Poets* made ſome rich crops out of theſe grounds; the heart of the *Soil* was not then wrought out with continual *Tillage*: But what can we expect now, who come a *Gleaning*, not after the firſt *Reapers*, but after the very *Beggars*? Beſides, though thoſe mad ſtories of the *Gods* and *Heroes*, ſeem in themſelves ſo ridiculous; yet they were then the *whole Body* (or rather *Chaos*) of the *Theologie* of thoſe times. They were believed by all but a few *Philoſophers*, and perhaps ſome *Atheiſts*, and ſerved to good purpoſe among the *vulgar*, (as pitiful things as they are) in ſtrengthening the authority of *Law* with the terrors of *Conſcience*, and expectation of certain rewards, and unavoidable puniſhments. There was no other *Religion*, and therefore *that* was better then *none at all*. But to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their *folly*, and are wearied with their *impertinencies*, they ought to appear no better arguments for *Verſe*, then thoſe of their worthy *Succeſſors*, the *Knights Errant*. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of *Wit* or *Learning* in the ſtory of *Deucalion*, then in that of *Noah*? why will not the actions of *Sampſon* afford as plentiful matter as the *Labors* of *Hercules*? why is not *Jeptha's Daughter* as *good a woman* as *Iphigenia*? and the friendſhip of *David* and *Jonathan* more worthy celebration, then that of *Theſeus* and *Perithous*? Does not the paſſage of *Moſes* and the *Iſraelites* into the *Holy Land*, yield incomparably more Poetical variety, then the voyages of *Ulyſſes* or *Æneas*? Are the obſolete thread-bare tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*, half ſo ſtored with great, heroical and ſupernatural actions (ſince *Verſe* will needs *find* or *make* ſuch) as the wars of *Joſhua*, of the *Judges*, of *David*, and divers others? Can all the *Transformations* of the *Gods* give ſuch copious hints to flouriſh and expatiate on, as the true *Miracles* of *Chriſt*, or of his *Prophets*, and *Apoſtles*? what do I inſtance in theſe few particulars? All the *Books* of the *Bible* are either already moſt admirable, and exalted pieces of *Poeſie*, or are the beſt *Materials* in the world for it. Yet, though they be in themſelves ſo proper to be made uſe of for this purpoſe; None but a

good

good *Artiſt* will know how to do it: neither muſt we think to cut and poliſh *Diamonds* with ſo little pains and skill as we do *Marble*. For if any man deſign to compoſe a *Sacred Poem*, by only turning a ſtory of the *Scripture*, like Mr. *Quarles*'s, or ſome other godly matter, like Mr. *Heywood of Angels*, into *Rhyme*; He is ſo far from elevating of *Poeſie*, that he only *abaſes Divinity*. In brief, he who can write a *prophane Poem well*, may write a *Divine one better*; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worſe. The ſame fertility of *Invention*, the ſame wiſdom of *Diſpoſition*; the ſame *Judgment* in obſervance of *Decencies*; the ſame luſtre and vigor of *Elocution*; the ſame modeſty and majeſtie of *Number*; briefly the ſame kind of *Habit*, is required to both; only this latter allows better *ſtuff*, and therefore would look more deformedly, if *ill dreſt* in it. I am far from aſſuming to my ſelf to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking: But ſure I am, that there is nothing yet in our *Language* (nor perhaps in *any*) that is in any degree anſwerable to the *Idea* that I conceive of it. And I ſhall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and induſtry of ſome other perſons, who may be better able to perform it throughly and ſucceſsfully.

Miſcellanies.

THE MOTTO.

Tentanda via eſt, &c.

WHat ſhall I do to be for ever known,
And make the *Age to come* my own?
I ſhall like *Beaſts* or *Common People* dy,
Unleſs you write my *Elegy*;
Whilſt others *Great*, by being *Born* are grown,
Their *Mothers Labour*, not their own.
In this Scale *Gold*, in th'other *Fame* does ly,
The *weight* of *that*, mounts this ſo *high*.
Theſe men are *Fortunes Jewels*, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light.
If I, her *vulgar ſtone* for either look;
Out of *my ſelf* it muſt be *ſtrook*.
Yet I muſt on; what ſound is't ſtrikes mine ear?
Sure I *Fames Trumpet* hear.
It ſounds like the *laſt Trumpet*; for it can
Raiſe up the *bur'ied Man*.
Unpaſt *Alpes* ſtop me, but I'll cut through all,
And march, the *Muſes Hannibal*.
Hence all the *flattering vanities* that lay
Nets of *Roſes* in the way.

Hence the desire of *Honors*, or *Estate*;
And all, that is not above *Fate*.
Hence *Love* himself, that *Tyrant* of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praise.
Come my best *Friends*, my *Books*, and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gon.
Welcome, great *Stagirite*, and teach me now
All I was born to know.
Thy *Scholars vict'ries* thou dost far out-do;
He conquer'd th' *Earth*, the whole *World you*.
Welcome learn'd *Cicero*, whose blest *Tongue* and *Wit*
Preserves *Romes greatness yet*.
Thou art the *first* of *Orators*; only he
Who best can *praise Thee*, *next* must be.
Welcome the *Mantuan Swan*, *Virgil* the *Wise*,
Whose verse *walks highest*, but not flies.
Who brought green *Poesie* to her perfect Age;
And made that *Art* which was a *Rage*.
Tell me, ye mighty *Three*, what shall I do
To be like one of you.
But you have climb'd the *Mountains* top, there sit
On the calm flour'ishing head of it,
And whilst with wearied steps we upward go,
See *Us*, and *Clouds* below.

ODE.

Of Wit.

1.

TEll me, O tell, what kind of thing is *Wit*,
Thou who *Master* art of it.
For the *First matter* loves *Variety* less;
Less *Women* love't, either in *Love* or *Dress*.
A thousand different shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears.
Yonder we saw it plain; and here 'tis now,
Like *Spirits* in *a Place*, we know not *How*.

8.

London that vents of *false Ware* so much store,
In no *Ware* deceives us more.
For men led by the *Colour*, and the *Shape*,
Like *Zeuxes Birds* fly to the painted *Grape*;
Some things do through our Judgment pass
As through a *Multiplying Glass*.
And sometimes, if the *Object* be too far,
We take a *Falling Meteor* for a *Star*.

Hence

3.

Hence 'tis a *Wit* that greateſt *word* of *Fame*
Grows ſuch a common Name.
And *Wits* by our *Creation* they become,
Juſt ſo, as *Tit'lar Biſhops* made at *Rome*.
'Tis not a *Tale*, 'tis not a *Jeſt*
Admir'd with *Laughter* at a feaſt,
Nor florid *Talk* which can that *Title* gain;
The *Proofs* of *Wit* for ever muſt remain.

4.

'Tis not to force ſome lifeleſs *Verſes* meet
With their five gowty feet.
All ev'ry where, like *Mans*, muſt be the *Soul*,
And *Reaſon* the *Inferior Powers* controul.
Such were the *Numbers* which could call
The *Stones* into the *Theban* wall.
Such *Miracles* are ceaſt; and now we ſee
No *Towns* or *Houſes* rais'd by *Poetrie*.

5.

Yet 'tis not to adorn, and gild each part;
That ſhows more *Coſt*, then *Art*.
Jewels at *Noſe* and *Lips* but ill appear;
Rather then *all things Wit*, let *none* be there.
Several *Lights* will not be ſeen,
If there be nothing elſe between.
Men doubt, becauſe they ſtand ſo thick i'th'skie,
If thoſe be *Stars* which paint the *Galaxie*.

6.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noiſe;
Jeſts for *Dutch Men*, and *Engliſh Boys*.
In which who finds out *Wit*, the ſame may ſee
In *An'grams* and *Acroſtiques Poetrie*.
Much leſs can that have any place
At which a *Virgin* hides her face,
Such *Droſs* the *Fire* muſt purge away; 'tis juſt
The *Author bluſh*, there where the *Reader* muſt.

7.

'Tis not ſuch *Lines* as almoſt crack the *Stage*
When *Bajazet* begins to rage.
Nor a tall *Meta'phor* in the [illegible] *way*, *Oxford
Nor the dry chips of ſhort lung'd *Seneca*.
Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force ſome odd *Similitude*.
What is it then, which like the *Power Divine*
We only can by *Negatives* define?

8.

In a true piece of *Wit* all things muſt be,
Yet all things there *agree*.
As in the *Ark*, joyn'd without force or ſtrife,
All *Creatures* dwelt; all *Creatures* that had *Life*.
Or as the *Primitive Forms* of all
(If we compare great things with ſmall)
Which without *Diſcord* or *Confuſion* lie,
In that ſtrange *Mirror* of the *Deitie*.

9.

But *Love* that moulds *One Man* up out of *Two*,
Makes me forget and injure you.
I took *you* for *my ſelf* ſute when I thought
That you in any thing were to be *Taught*.
Correct my error with thy Pen;
And if any ask me then,
What thing right *Wit*, and height of *Genius* is,
I'll onely ſhew your *Lines*, and ſay, *'Tis This*.

To the Lord Falkland.

For his ſafe Return from the Northern Expedition *againſt the* SCOTS.

GReat is thy *Charge*, O *North*; be wiſe and juſt,
England commits her *Falkland* to thy truſt;
Return him ſafe: *Learning* would rather chooſe
Her *Bodley*, or her *Vatican* to looſe.
All things that are but *writ* or *printed* there,
In his unbounded Breaſt *engraven* are.
There all the *Sciences* together meet,
And every *Art* does all her *Kindred* greet,
Yet juſtle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in ſome *Common Principle*.
So in an *Army* govern'd right we ſee
(Though out of ſeveral Countrys rais'd it be)
That all their Order and their Place maintain,
The *Engliſh*, *Dutch*, the *Frenchmen* and the *Dane*.
So thouſand diverſe *Species* fill the aire,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there,
Beaſts, Houſes, Trees, and Men together lye,
Yet enter *undiſturb'd* into the Eye.
And this great *Prince* of *Knowledge* is by Fate
Thruſt into th'noiſe and buſineſs of a State.

All *Virtues*, and ſome *Cuſtoms* of the *Court*,
Other mens *Labour*, are at leaſt his *Sport*.
Whilſt we who can no action undertake,
Whom *Idleneſs* it ſelf might *Learned* make,
Who hear of nothing, and as yet ſcarce know,
Whether the *Scots* in *England* be or no,
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often ſtay,
Yet ſee his nimble *Pegaſus* fly away.
'Tis *Natures* fault who did thus partial grow,
And her *Eſtate* of *Wit* on *One* beſtow.
Whilſt we like *younger Brothers*, get at beſt
But a *ſmall ſtock*, and muſt *mark* out the reſt.
How could he anſwer't, ſhould the State think fit
To queſtion a *Monopoly* of *Wit*?
Such is the *Man* whom we require the ſame
We lent the *North*; untoucht as is his *Fame*.
He is too good for *War*, and ought to be
As far from *Danger*, as from *Fear* he's free.
Thoſe *Men* alone (and thoſe are uſeful too)
Whoſe *Valour* is the onely *Art* they know,
Were for ſad *War* and bloody *Battels* born;
Let *Them* the *State Defend*, and *He Adorn*.

On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton.

WHat ſhall we ſay, ſince *ſilent* now is *He*
Who when he *Spoke*, all things would *Silent* be?
Who had ſo many *Languages* in ſtore,
That onely *Fame* ſhall ſpeak of him in *More*.
Whom *England* now no more return'd muſt ſee,
He's gone to *Heav'n* on his *Fourth Embaſſie*.
On earth he travell'd often; not to ſay
H'had been abroad, or paſs looſe *Time* away.
In whatſoever Land he chanc'd to come,
He read the *Men* and *Manners*, bringing home
Their *Wiſdom*, *Learning*, and their *Pietie*,
As if he went *to Conquer*, not to *See*.
So well he underſtood the moſt and beſt
Of *Tongues* that *Babel* ſent into the *Weſt*,
Spoke them ſo truly, that he had (you'd ſwear)
Not only *Liv'd*, but *been Born* every where.
Juſtly each *Nations* Speech to him was known,
Who for the *World* was made, not *us* alone.
Nor ought the *Language* of that Man be leſs
Who in his Breaſt had *all things* to *expreſs*.
We ſay that *Learning*'s endleſs, and blame Fate
For not allowing Life a longer date.

He

He did the utmoſt *Bounds* of *Knowledge* find,
He found them not ſo large as was his *Mind*.
But, like the brave *Pellæan Youth*, did mone
Becauſe that *Art* had no more *worlds* then *One*.
And when he ſaw that he through all had paſt,
He *dy'd*, leſt he ſhould *Idle* grow at laſt.

On the Death of Mr. Jordan,

Second Maſter *at* Weſtminſter *School*.

HEnce, and make room for me, all you who come
Onely to read the *Epitaph* on this *Tombe*.
Here lies the *Maſter* of my tender years,
The *Guardian* of my *Parents Hope* and *Fears*,
Whoſe *Government* ne'r ſtood me in a *Tear*;
All *weeping* was reſerv'd to ſpend it *here*.
Come hither all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with *Me*: He was *your Tutor* too.
Let's joyn our *Sighes*, till they fly far, and ſhew
His native *Belgia* what ſhe's now to do.
The *League* of grief bids her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth, and hither ſent
In payment of all Men we there had loſt,
And all the *Engliſh Blood* thoſe wars have coſt.
Wiſely did *Nature* this learn'd *Man* divide;
His *Birth* was *Theirs*, his *Death* the mournful pride
Of *England*; and t'avoid the envious ſtrife
Of other *Lands*, all *Europe* had his *Life*,
But we in chief; our Countrey ſoon was grown
A *Debter* more to *Him*, then *He* to'his *Own*.
He pluckt from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up *Men* againſt the future times,
For deeds of *Age* are in their *Cauſes* then,
And though he *taught* but *Boys*, he *made* the *Men*.
Hence 'twas a *Maſter* in thoſe ancient dayes
When men ſought *Knowledge* firſt, and by it *Praiſe*,
Was a thing full of *Reverence*, *Profit*, *Fame*;
Father it ſelf was but a *Second Name*.
He ſcorn'd the profit; his Inſtructions all
Were like the *Science*, *Free* and *Liberal*.
He *deſerv'd Honors*, but *deſpis'd* them too
As much as thoſe who have them, others do.
He knew not that which *Complement* they call;
Could *Flatter* none, but *Himſelf* leaſt of all.
So true, ſo faithful, and ſo juſt as he,
Was nought on earth, but his own *Memorie*.

His *Memory*, where all things written were
As ſure and fixt as in *Fates Books* they are.
Thus he in *Arts* ſo vaſt a treaſure gain'd,
Whilſt ſtill the *Uſe* came in, and *Stock* remain'd.
And having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labor'd with't to enrich others now.
Did thus a new, and harder task ſuſtain,
Like thoſe that work in *Mines* for others gain.
He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
To ſearch the *Vein*, dig, purge, and mint it too.
Though my *Excuſe* would be, I muſt confeſs,
Much better had his *Diligence* been leſs.
But if a *Muſe* hereafter ſmile on me,
And ſay, *Be thou* a *Poet*, men ſhall ſee
That none could a more *grateful Scholar* have;
For what I ow'd his *Life*, I'll pay his *Grave*.

On his Majeſties Return out of Scotland.

1.

WElcome, great Sir, with all the joy that's due
To the return of *Peace* and *You*.
Two greateſt *Bleſſings* which this age can know;
For *that* to *Thee*, for *Thee* to *Heavn* we ow.
Others by *War* their *Conqueſts* gain,
You like a *God* your ends obtain.
Who when rude *Chaos* for his help did call,
Spoke but the *Word*, and ſweetly *Order'd* all.

2.

This happy *Concord* in no *Blood* is writ,
None can grudge heav'n *full thanks* for it.
No *Mothers* here lament their *Childrens* fate,
And like the *Peace*, but think it comes *too late*.
No *Widows* hear the jocond *Bells*,
And take them for their *Husbands Knells*.
No Drop of *Blood* is ſpilt which might be ſaid
To mark our joyful *Holiday* with *Red*.

3.

'Twas only *Heavn* could work this wondrous thing,
And onely work't by ſuch a *King*.
Again the *Northern Hindes* may ſing and plow,
And fear no harm but from the *weather* now.
Again may Tradeſmen love their pain
By knowing now for *whom* they gain.
The *Armour* now may be hung up to fight,
And onely in their *Halls* the *Children* fright.

The

4.

The gain of *Civil Wars* will not allow
Bay to the *Conquerors Brow.*
At ſuch a *Game* what fool would venture in,
Where one muſt *loſe*, yet neither ſide can *win*?
How juſtly would our *Neighbours* ſmile
At theſe mad quarrels of our Iſle
Sweld with proud hopes to ſnatch the whole away,
Whilſt we *Bet all*, and yet for *nothing Play*?

5.

How was the ſilver *Tine* frighted before,
And durſt not kiſs the armed ſhore?
His waters ran more ſwiftly then they uſe,
And haſted to the Sea to tell the News.
The *Sea* it ſelf, how rough ſo ere
Could ſcarce believe ſuch fury here.
How could the *Scots* and we be *Enemies* grown?
That, and its *Maſter Charls* had made us *One.*

6.

No *Blood* ſo loud as that of *Civil War*;
It calls for Dangers from afar.
Let's rather go, and ſeek out *Them*, and *Fame*;
Thus our *Fore-fathers got*, thus *left* a *Name.*
All their rich blood was ſpent with gains,
But that which ſwells their *Childrens Veins.*
Why ſit we ſtill, our *Spir'its* wrapt up in *Lead*?
Not like them whilſt they *Liv'd*, but now they're *Dd*?

7.

This noiſe at home was but *Fates* policie
To raiſe our Spir'its more high.
So a bold *Lyon* ere he ſeeks his prey,
Laſhes his ſides, and roars, and then away.
How would the *German Eagle* fear,
To ſee a new *Guſtavus* there?
How would it ſhake, though as 'twas wont to do
For *Jove* of old, it now bore *Thunder* too!

8.

Sure there are actions of this height and praiſe
Deſtin'd to *Charls* his days.
What will the *Triumphs* of his *Battels* be,
Whoſe very *Peace* it ſelf is *Victorie*?
When *Heav'n* beſtows the beſt of *Kings*,
It bids us think of mighty things.
His *Valour*, *Wiſdom*, *Offspring* ſpeak no leſs;
And *we* the *Prophets Sons*, write not by *Gueſs.*

On

On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandike,

The famous Painter.

Vandike is *Dead*; but what *Bold Muſe* ſhall dare
(Though *Poets* in that word with *Painters* ſhare)
T'expreſs her ſadneſs? *Po'eſie* muſt become
An *Art*, like *Painting* here, an *Art* that's *Dumb.*
Let's all our ſolemn grief in ſilence keep,
Like ſome ſad *Picture* which he made to weep,
Or thoſe who ſaw't, for none his works could view
Unmov'd with the ſame *Paſſions* which he drew.
His pieces ſo with their live *Objects* ſtrive,
That both or *Pictures* ſeem, or both *Alive.*
Nature her ſelf amaz'd, does doubting ſtand,
Which is *her own*, and which the *Painters Hand*,
And does attempt the like with leſs ſucceſs,
When her own work in *Twins* ſhe would expreſs.
His All-reſembling *Pencil* did out-paſs
The mimick *Imag'ry* of *Looking-glaſs.*
Nor was his *Life* leſs perfect then his *Art*,
Nor was his *Hand* leſs *erring* then his *Heart.*
There was no falſe, or fading *Colour* there,
The *Figures* ſweet and well proportion'd were.
Moſt other men, ſet next to him in view,
Appear'd more *ſhadows* then the Men he *drew.*
Thus ſtill he liv'd till heav'n did for him call,
Where reverent *Luke* ſalutes him firſt of all:
Where he beholds new ſights, divinely faire;
And could almoſt wiſh for his *Pencil* there;
Did he not gladly ſee how all things ſhine,
Wondrouſly *painted* in the *Mind Divine*,
Whilſt he for ever raviſht with the ſhow
Scorns his own *Art* which we admire below.
Onely his beauteous *Lady* ſtill he loves;
(The love of heav'nly *Objects Heav'n* improves)
He ſees bright *Angels* in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left ſo like them here.
And you, fair *Widow*, who ſtay here alive,
Since he ſo much rejoyces, ceaſe to grieve.
Your joys and griefs were wont the ſame to be;
Begin not now, bleſt *Pair*, to *Diſagree.*
No wonder *Death* mov'd not his gen'erous mind.
You, and a *new born You*, he left behind.
Even *Fate* expreſt his love to his dear *Wife*,
And let him end *your Picture* with his *Life.*

Prometheus ill-painted.

HOw wretched does *Prometheus* state appear,
Whilst he his *Second Misery* suffers here!
Draw him no more, lest as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great *Jove's* less then the *Painters* hands.
It would the *Vulturs* cruelty outgoe,
If once again his *Liver* thus should *grow*.
Pity him *Jove*, and his bold *Theft* allow,
The *Flames* he once *stole* from thee *grant* him now.

ODE.

1.

HEre's to thee *Dick*; this whining *Love* despise;
Pledge me, my *Friend*, and drink till thou be'st *wise*.
It sparkles brighter far then *she*:
'Tis pure, and right without deceit;
And such no *woman* ere will be:
No; they are all *Sophisticate*.

2.

With all thy servile pains what canst thou win,
But an *ill-favor'd*, and *uncleanly Sin*?
A thing so vile, and so short-liv'd,
That *Venus Joys* as well as she
With reason may be said to be
From the neglected *Foam* deriv'd.

3.

Whom would that painted toy a *Beauty* move,
Whom would it ere perswade to court and love,
Could he a *womans Heart* have seen,
(But, oh, no *Light* does thither come)
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay shut up in her *womb*?

4.

Follies they have so numberless in store,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their *Sighs* nor *Tears* are true;
Those idlely blow, these idlely fall,
Nothing like to ours at all.
But *Sighs* and *Tears* have *Sexes* too.

5.

Here's to thee again; thy senseless sorrows drown'd;
Let the *Glass walk*, till all things too *go round*;

Again

Again; till these *Two Lights* be *Four*;
No error here can dangerous prove;
Thy *Passion*, Man, deceiv'd thee more;
None *Double* see like Men in *Love*.

Friendship in Absence.

1.

WHen chance or cruel business parts us two,
What do our *Souls* I wonder do?
Whilst sleep does our dull Bodies tie
Methinks, at home they should not stay,
Content with *Dreams*, but boldly flie
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

2.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix I know not *How*, nor *Where*.
Their friendly Lights together twine,
Though we perceive't not to be so,
Like loving *Stars* which oft combine,
Yet not themselves their own *Conjunctions* know.

3.

'Twere an ill World, I'll swear, for every friend,
If *Distance* could their *Union* end
But *Love* it self does far advance
Above the power of *Time* and *Space*,
It scorns such outward *Circumstance*,
His *Time's for ever, every where his Place.*

4.

I am there with *Thee*, yet here with *Me thou* art,
Lodg'd in each others heart.
Miracles cease not yet in *Love*,
When he his mighty Power will try
Absence it self does *Bounteous* prove,
And strangely ev'n our *Presence Multiply.*

5.

Pure is the flame of *Friendship*, and divine
Like that which in Heav'ns *Sun* does shine:
He in the upper ayr and sky
Does no effects of Heat bestow,
But as his beams the farther fly
He begets *Warmth*, *Life*, *Beauty* here below.

6.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
Like *Objects*, if they *touch* the *Eye.*

Leſs *Meritorious* then is *Love*,
For when we Friends together ſee
So much, ſo much *Both One* do prove,
That their *Love* then ſeems but *Self-love* to be.

7.

Each day think on me, and each day I ſhall
For thee make *Hours Canonical*.
By every *Wind* that comes this way,
Send me at leaſt a *ſigh* or two,
Such and ſo many I'll repay
As ſhall themſelves make *Winds* to get to you.

8.

A thouſand pretty wayes we'll think upon
To mock our *Separation*.
Alas, ten thouſand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer ſtay,
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks againſt the *Breaſt* to get away

9.

And when no Art affords me help or eaſe,
I ſeek with verſe my griefs t'appeaſe.
Juſt as a *Bird* that flies about
And beats it ſelf againſt the *Cage*,
Finding at laſt no paſſage out
It ſits, and ſings, and ſo orecomes its rage.

To the Biſhop of Lincoln,

Upon his Enlargement out of the Tower.

PArdon, my Lord, that I am come ſo late
T'expreſs my joy for your return of Fate.
So when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of *Liberty*, at firſt I could not grieve;
My thoughts a while, like you, *Impriſon'd* lay;
Great *Joys* as well as *Sorrows* make a *Stay*;
They hinder one another in the *Crowd*,
And none are heard, whilſt all would ſpeak aloud.
Should every mans officious gladneſs haſt,
And be afraid to ſhew it ſelf the laſt;
The throng of Gratulations now would be
Another *Loſs* to you of *Libertie*.
When of your freedom men the news did hear
Where it was wiſht for, that is every where,

'Twas

'Twas like the Speech which from your Lips does fall,
As soon as it was heard it ravisht all.
So *Eloquence Tully* did from exile come;
Thus long'd for he return'd, and cherisht *Rome*,
Which could no more his *Tongue* and *Counsels* miss;
Rome, the *Worlds head*, was nothing without *His*.
Wrong to those sacred Ashes I should do,
Should I compare any to *Him* but *You*;
You to whom *Art* and *Nature* did dispence
The *Consulship* of *Wit* and *Eloquence*.
Nor did your fate differ from his at all
Because the doom of *Exile* was his fall,
For the whole *World* without a native home
Is nothing but a *Pris'on* of larger roome.
But like a melting *Woman* suffer'd He,
He who before out-did *Humanitie*.
Nor could his *Spi'rit* constant and *stedfast* prove,
Whose Art t'had been, and greatest end to *Move*.
You put *ill Fortune* in so good a dress
That it out-shone other mens *Happiness*,
Had your *Prosper'ity* always clearly gon
As your high *Merits* would have led it on,
You'had *Half* been lost, and an *Example* then
But for the *Happy*, the *least part* of men.
Your very sufferings did so graceful shew,
That some straight *envy'd* your *Affliction* too:
For a clear *Conscience* and *Heroick Mind*
In *Ills* their *Business* and their *Glory* find.
So though less worthy stones are drown'd in *night*,
The faithful *Diamond* keeps his native *Light*,
And is oblig'd to *Darkness* for a ray
That would be more *oppress* then *helpt* by *Day*.
Your *Soul* then most shew'd her unconquer'd power,
Was stronger and more armed then the *Tower*.
Sure unkinde fate will tempt your *Spi'rit* no more,
Sh'has try'd her *Weakness* and your *Strength* before.
To'oppose him still who once has *Conquer'd* so,
Were now to be your *Rebel*, not your *Foe*.
Fortune henceforth will more of *Provi'dence* have,
And rather be your *Friend*, then be your *Slave*.

To a Lady who made Posies *for* Rings.

1.

I Little thought the time would ever bee
That I should *Wit* in *Dwarfish Posies* see.
As all *Words* in Few *Letters* live,
Thou to few *Words* all *Sense* dost give.
'Twas *Nature* taught you this rare art
In such a *Little Much* to shew,
Who all the good she did impart
To Womankind *Epitomiz'd* in you.

2.

If as the Ancients did not doubt to sing,
The turning *Tears* be well compar'd to a *Ring*,
We'll write what ere from you we hear,
For that's the *Posie* of the *Tear*.
This difference onely will remain,
That *Time* his former face does shew
Winding into himself again,
But your unweari'd *Wit* is always *New*.

3.

'Tis said that *Conju'rers* have an *Art* found out
To carry *Spi'rits* confin'd in *Rings* about.
The wonder now will less appear
When we behold your *Magick* here.
You by your *Rings* do *Pris'ners* take,
And chain them with your mystick Spells,
And the strong *Witchcraft* full to make,
Love, the great *Dev'il*, charm'd to those *Circles* dwells.

4.

They who above do various *Circles* finde,
Say, like a *Ring* th' *Æquator Heav'n* does bind.
When Heaven shall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more *Heav'n* then 'tis will be)
'Tis thou must write the *Posie* there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Though the *Sun* pass through't twice a year,
The *Sun* who is esteem'd the God of *Wit*.

5.

Happy the Hands which wear thy sacred *Rings*,
They'll teach those Hands to write mysterious things.

Let

Let other *Rings*, with *Jewels* bright,
Caſt around their coſtly light,
Let them want no noble *Stone*
By Nature rich, and Art refin'd,
Yet ſhall thy *Rings* give place to none,
But onely that which muſt thy *Mariage* bind.

Prologue to the Guardian

Before the Prince.

WHo ſays the *Times* do *Learning* diſallow?
'Tis falſe; 'twas never *Honor'd* ſo as *Now*.
When you appear, *Great Prince*, our *Night* is done;
You are our *Morning Star*, and ſhall be our *Sun*.
But our *Scene's London* now; and by the rout
We periſh, if the *Round-heads* be about.
For now no ornament the *Head* muſt wear,
No *Bays*, no *Mitre*, not ſo much as *Hair*.
How can a *Play* paſs ſafely, when ye know
Cheapſide Croſs falls for making but a *Show*?
Our onely *Hope* is this, that it may be
A *Play* may paſs too, made *Extempore*.
Though other *Arts* poor and neglected grow,
They'l admit *Po'eſie* which was *always* ſo.
But we contemn the fury of theſe days,
And ſcorn no leſs their *Cenſure* then their *Praiſe*.
Our *Muſe*, bleſt *Prince*, does onely on you relie;
Would gladly *Live*, but not refuſe to *Dye*.
Accept our *haſty zeal*; a thing that's *play'd*
Ere't is a *Play*, and *Acted* ere'tis *Made*.
Our *Ign'orance*, but our *Duty* too we ſhow;
I would *all Ignorant People* would do ſo!
At other Times expect our *Wit* or *Art*;
This *Comedy* is *Acted* by the *Heart*.

The Epilogue.

THe *Play*, great Sir, is done; yet needs muſt fear,
Though you brought all your *Fathers Mercies* here,
It may offend your *Highneſs*, and we have now
Three hours done *Treaſon* here for ought we know.
But power your grace can above *Nature* give,
It can give power to make *Abortives Live.*
In which if our bold wiſhes ſhould be croſt,
'Tis but the *Life* of one poor week t'has loſt;
Though it ſhould fall beneath your mortal ſcorn,
Scarce could it *Dye* more quickly then 'twas *Born.*

On the Death of Mr. William Hervey.

Immodicis brevis eſt ætas, & rara Senectus. Mart.

1.

IT was a diſmal, and a fearful night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th'unwilling Light,
When *Sleep*, *Deaths Image*, left my troubled breſt,
By ſomething *liker Death* poſſeſt.
My eyes with Tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my Soul hung the dull weight
Of ſome *Intolerable Fate.*
What Bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know.

2.

My ſweet *Companion*, and my gentle *Peere*,
Why haſt thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy *end* for ever, and my *Life* to moan;
O thou haſt left me all alone!
Thy *Soul* and *Body* when *Deaths Agonie*
Beſieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Then *I*, my deareſt *Friend*, do part from *Thee.*

3.

My deareſt *Friend*, would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this *World* henceforth will tedious bee.
Nor ſhall I know hereafter what to do
If once my *Griefs* prove *tedious* too.

Silent

Silent and ſad I walk about all day,
As ſullen *Ghoſts* ſtalk ſpeechleſs by
Where their hid *Treaſures* ly;
Alas, my *Treaſure's* gone, why do I ſtay?

4.

He was my *Friend*, the trueſt *Friend* on earth;
A ſtrong and mighty *Influence* joyn'd our *Birth*.
Nor did we envy the moſt ſounding *Name*
By *Friendſhip* giv'n of old to *Fame*.
None but his *Brethren* he, and *Siſters* knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to Me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above my ſelf I lov'd them too.

5.

Say, for you ſaw us, ye immortal *Lights*,
How oft unweari'd have we ſpent the Nights?
Till the *Ledæan Stars* ſo fam'd for *Love*,
Wondred at us from above.
We ſpent them not in toys, in luſts, or wine;
But ſearch of deep *Philoſophy*,
Wit, *Eloquence*, and *Poetry*,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my *Friend*, were *Thine*.

6.

Ye fields of *Cambridge*, our dear *Cambridge*, ſay,
Have ye not ſeen us walking every day?
Was there a *Tree* about which did not know
The *Love* betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle *Trees*, for ever fade;
Or your ſad branches thicker joyn,
And into darkſome ſhades combine,
Dark as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* is laid.

7.

Henceforth no learned *Youths* beneath you ſing,
Till all the tuneful *Birds* to'your boughs they bring;
No tuneful *Birds* play with their wonted chear,
And call the learned *Youths* to hear,
No whiſtling *Winds* through the glad branches fly,
But all with ſad ſolemnitie,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* does ly.

8.

To him my *Muſe* made haſte with every ſtrain
Whilſt it was new, and *warm* yet from the *Brain*.
He lov'd my worthleſs *Rhimes*, and like a *Friend*
Would find out ſomething to *commend*.

Hence now, my *Muſe*, thou canſt not me delight;
Be this my lateſt verſe
With which I now adorn his *Herſe*,
And this my *Grief*, without *thy* help ſhall write.

9.

Had I a wreath of *Bays* about my brow,
I ſhould contemn that flouriſhing honor now,
Condemn it to the *Fire*, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Inſtead of *Bays*, crown with ſad *Cypreſs* me;
Cypreſs which *Tombs* does beautifie;
Not *Phœbus* griev'd ſo much as I
For him, who firſt was made that mournful *Tree*.

10.

Large was his *Soul*; as large a *Soul* as ere
Submitted to *inform* a *Body* here.
High as the Place 'twas ſhortly in *Heav'n* to have,
But low, and humble as his *Grave*.
So *high* that all the *Virtues* there did come
As to their chiefeſt ſeat
Conſpicuous, and great;
So *low* that for *Me* too it made a room.

11.

He ſcorn'd this buſie world below, and all
That we, *Miſtaken Mortals*, Pleaſure call;
Was fill'd with inn'ocent *Gallantry* and *Truth*,
Triumphant ore the ſins of *Youth*.
He like the *Stars*, to which he now is gone,
That ſhine with beams like *Flame*,
Yet burn not with the ſame,
Had all the *Light* of *Youth*, of the *Fire* none.

12.

Knowledge he only ſought, and ſo ſoon caught,
As if for him *Knowledge* had rather *ſought*.
Nor did more *Learning* ever crowded lie
In ſuch a ſhort *Mortalitie*.
When ere the skilful *Youth* diſcourſt or writ,
Still did the *Notions* throng
About his eloquent Tongue,
Nor could his *Ink* flow faſter then his *Wit*.

13.

So ſtrong a *Wit* did *Nature* to him frame,
As all things but his *Judgement* overcame;
His *Judgement* like the heav'nly *Moon* did ſhow,
Temp'ring that mighty *Sea* below.

Oh

Oh had he liv'd in *Learnings World*, what bound
Would have been able to controul
His over-powering Soul?
We'have loſt in him *Arts* that not yet are *found*.

14.

His *Mirth* was the pure *Spirits* of various Wit,
Yet never did his *God* or *Friends* forget.
And when deep talk and wiſdom came in view,
Retir'd and gave to them their due.
For the rich help of *Books* he always took,
Though his own ſearching mind before
Was ſo with *Notions* written ore
As if wiſe *Nature* had made that her *Book*.

15.

So many *Virtues* joyn'd in him, as we
Can ſcarce pick here and there in *Hiſtorie*.
More then old *Writers Practice* ere could reach,
As much as they could ever *teach*.
Theſe did *Religion*, *Queen* of Virtues ſway,
And all their ſacred *Motions* ſteare,
Juſt like the Firſt and *Higheſt Sphere*
Which wheels about, and turns all *Heav'n* one way.

16.

With as much Zeal, Devotion, Pietie,
He always *Liv'd*, as other Saints do *Dye*.
Still with his ſoul ſevere account he kept,
Weeping all *Debts* out ere he ſlept.
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the *Suns* laborious light,
Which ſtill in *Water* ſets at Night,
Unſullied with his *Journey* of the *Day*.

17.

Wondrous young Man, why wert thou made ſo good,
To be ſnatcht hence ere better *underſtood*?
Snatcht before half of thee enough was ſeen!
Thou Ripe, and yet thy *Life* but *Green*!
Nor could thy Friends take their laſt ſad Farewel,
But Danger and *Infectious Death*
Malitiouſly ſeiz'd on that Breath
Where *Life*, *Spirit*, *Pleaſure* always us'd to dwell.

18.

But happy Thou, ta'ne from this frantick age,
Where *Igno'rance* and *Hypocriſie* does rage!
A fitter *time* for Heav'n no ſoul ere choſe,
The place now onely free from thoſe.

There 'mong the *Bleſt* thou doſt for ever ſhine,
And whereſoere thou caſts thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'ſt not a *Soul* cloath'd with more *Light* then *Thine*.

19.

And if the glorious *Saints* ceaſe not to know
Their wretched Friends who *fight* with *Life* below;
Thy Flame to *Me* does ſtill the ſame abide,
Onely more pure and rarifi'd.
There whilſt immortal Hymns thou doſt reherſe,
Thou doſt with holy pity ſee
Our dull and earthly *Poeſie*,
Where *Grief* and *Mis'ery* can be join'd with *Verſe*.

ODE.

In imitation of Horaces *Ode.*

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in roſâ
Perfuſus, &c. Lib. 1. Od. 5.

1.

TO whom now *Pyrrha*, art thou kind?
To what heart-raviſht Lover,
Doſt thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden ſweets diſcover,
And with large bounty open ſet
All the bright ſtores of thy rich *Cabinet*?

2.

Ah ſimple *Youth*, how oft will he
Of thy chang'd *Faith* complain?
And his own *Fortunes* find to be
So airy and ſo vain,
Of ſo *Cameleon*-like an hew;
That ſtill *their colour* changes with *it* too?

3.

How oft, alas, will he admire
The blackneſs of the Skies?
Trembling to hear the Winds ſound higher,
And ſee the billows riſe;
Poor *unexperienc'ed He*
Who ne're, alas, before had been at *Sea!*

He

4.

He'enjoyes thy calmy *Sun-ſhine* now,
And no breath ſtirring hears,
In the clear heaven of thy brow,
No ſmalleſt *Cloud* appears.
He ſees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And truſts the *faithleſs April* of thy *May*.

5.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy He,
T' whom *Thou untry'ed* doſt ſhine!
But there's no danger now for *Me*,
Since o're *Loretto*'s *Shrine*
In witneſs of the *Shipwrack* paſt
My conſecrated *Veſſel* hangs at laſt.

In imitation of Martials *Epigram.*

Si tecum mihi chare Martialis, &c. L. 5, Ep. 21.

IF, deareſt *Friend*, it my good Fate might be
T'enjoy at once a *quiet Life* and *Thee*;
If we for *Happineſs* could *leiſure* find,
And *wandring Time* into a *Method* bind,
We ſhould not ſure the *Great Mens* favour need,
Nor on long *Hopes*, the *Courts thin Diet*, feed.
We ſhould not *Patience* find daily to hear,
The *Calumnies*, and *Flatteries* ſpoken there.
We ſhould not the *Lords Tables* humbly uſe,
Or talk in *Ladies* Chambers *Love* and *News*;
But *Books*, and wiſe *Diſcourſe*, *Gardens* and *Fields*,
And all the joys that *unmixt Nature* yields.
Thick *Summer* ſhades where *Winter* ſtill does ly,
Bright *Winter* Fires that *Summers* part ſupply.
Sleep not controll'd by *Cares*, confin'd to *Night*,
Or bound in any rule but *Appetite*.
Free, but not ſavage or ungracious *Mirth*,
Rich *Wines* to give it quick and eaſie birth.
A few *Companions*, which our ſelves ſhould chuſe,
A *Gentle Miſtreſs*, and a *Gentler Muſe*.
Such, deareſt Friend, ſuch without doubt ſhould be
Our *Place*, our *Buſineſs*, and our *Companie*.
Now to *Himſelf*, alas, does neither *Live*,
But ſees good *Suns*, of which we are to give
A ſtrict *account*, ſet and march thick away;
Knows a man how to Live, and does he ſtay?

The

The Chronicle.

A Ballad.

1.

Margarita first poſſeſt,
If I remember well, my breſt,
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton Maid
With my reſtleſs Heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball.

2.

Martha ſoon did it reſign
To the beauteous *Catharine*.
Beauteous *Catharine* gave place
(Though loth and angry ſhe to part
With the poſſeſſion of my Heart)
To *Eliſa*'s conqu'ering face.

3.

Eliſa till this Hour might reign
Had ſhe not *Evil Counſels* ta'ne.
Fundamental Laws ſhe broke,
And ſtill new *Favorites* ſhe choſe,
Till up in *Arms* my *Paſſions* roſe,
And caſt away her yoke.

4.

Mary then and gentle *Ann*
Both ro reign at once began.
Alternately they ſway'd,
And ſometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,
And ſometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
And ſometimes *Both* I' obey'd.

5.

Another *Mary* then aroſe
And did rigorous Laws impoſe.
A mighty *Tyrant* ſhe!
Long, alas, ſhould I have been
Under that *Iron-Scepter'd Queen*,
Had not *Rebecca* ſet me free.

When

6.

When fair *Rebecca* ſet me free,
'Twas then a *golden Time* with me.
But ſoon thoſe pleaſures fled,
For the gracious Princeſs dy'd
In her Youth and Beauties pride,
And *Judith* reigned in her ſted.

7.

One Month, three Days, and half an Hour
Judith held the *Soveraign Power.*
Wondrous beautiful her Face,
But ſo weak and ſmall her Wit,
That ſhe to govern was unfit,
And ſo *Suſanna* took her place.

8.

But when *Iſabella* came
Arm'd with a reſiſtleſs flame
And th' Artillery of her Eye;
Whilſt ſhe proudly marcht about
Greater Conqueſts to find out,
She beat out *Suſan* by the By.

9.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd *Beſſe*, her *Viceroy-Maid*,
To whom enſu'd a *Vacancy.*
Thouſand worſe *Paſſions* then poſſeſt
The *Interregnum* of my breſt.
Bleſs me from ſuch an *Anarchy*!

10.

Gentle *Henriette* than
And a third *Mary* next began,
Then *Jone*, and *Jane*, and *Andria.*
And then a pretty *Thomaſine*,
And then another *Katharine*,
And then a *long Et cætera.*

11.

But ſhould I now to you relate,
The ſtrength and riches of their *ſtate*,
The *Powder*, *Patches*, and the *Pins*,
The *Ribbans*, *Jewels*, and the *Rings*,
The *Lace*, the *Paint*, and *warlike things*
That make up all their *Magazins*;

12.

If I should tell the politick Arts
To take and keep mens hearts,
The Letters, Embassies, and Spies,
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
Numberless, *Nameless Mysteries*!

13.

And all the *Little Lime-twigs* laid
By *Matchavil* the *Waiting-Maid*;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All Change of *Weathers* that befell)
Then *Holinshead* or *Stow*.

14.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with Me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present *Empress* does claim,
Heleonora, First o'th' Name;
Whom *God grant long to reign*!

To Sir William Davenant.

Upon his two first Books of Gondibert, *finished before his voyage to* America.

METhinks *Heroick Poesie* till now
Like some fantastick *Fairy Land* did show,
Gods, Devils, Nymphs, Witches and *Gyants race*,
And all but *Man* in *Mans chief work* had place.
Thou like some worthy *Knight* with sacred Arms
Dost drive the *Monsters* thence, and end the *Charms*.
Instead of those dost *Men* and *Manners* plant,
The things which that rich *Soil* did chiefly want.
Yet ev'en thy *Mortals* do their *Gods* excell,
Taught by thy *Muse* to *Fight* and *Love* so well.
By fatal hands whilst *present Empires* fall,
Thine from the Grave *past Monarchies* recall.
So much more thanks from humane kind does merit
The *Poets Fury*, then the *Zelots Spirit*.
And from the *Grave* thou mak'st this *Empire* rise,
Not like some dreadful *Ghost*, t'affright our Eyes,
But with more Luster and triumphant state,
Then when it *crown'd* at proud *Verona* sate.

So

So will our *God rebuild* mans periſht frame,
And raiſe him up much *Better*, yet the *ſame*.
So *God-like Poets* do paſt things reherſe,
Not *change*, but *Heighten* Nature by their Verſe.
With ſhame, methinks, great *Italy* muſt ſee
Her *Conqu'erors* rais'ed to *Life* again by *Thee*.
Rais'd by ſuch pow'erful Verſe, that ancient *Rome*
May bluſh no leſs to ſee her *Wit o'recome*.
Some men their *Fancies* like their *Faith* derive,
And think all Ill but that which *Rome* does give.
The Marks of *Old* and *Catholick* would find,
To the ſame *Chair* would *Truth* and *Fiction* bind.
Thou in thoſe beaten pathes diſdain'ſt to tred,
And ſcorn'ſt to *Live* by robbing of the *Dead*.
Since Time does all things change, thou think'ſt not fit
This latter *Age* ſhould ſee *all New but Wit*.
Thy *Fancy* like a *Flame* its way does make,
And leave bright *Tracks* for following Pens to take.
Sure 'twas this noble boldneſs of the *Muſe*
Did thy deſire to ſeek new *Worlds* infuſe,
And ne're did Heav'n ſo much a *Voyage* bleſs,
If thou canſt *Plant* but *there* with like ſucceſs.

An Anſwer to a Copy of Verſes ſent me to Jerſey.

AS to a *Northern People* (whom the Sun
Uſes juſt as the *Romiſh Church* has done
Her Prophane *Laity*, and does aſſign
Bread only both to ſerve for *Bread* and *Wine*)
A rich *Canary Fleet* welcome arrives;
Such comfort to us here your *Letter* gives,
Fraught with brisk *racy Verſes*, in which we
The *Soil* from whence they came, taſt, ſmell, and ſee:
Such is your *Preſent* to us; for you muſt know,
Sir, that *Verſe* does not in this *Iſland grow*
No more then *Sack*; One lately did not fear
(Without the *Muſes* leave) to plant it here.
But it produc'd ſuch baſe, rough, crabbed, hedge
Rhymes, as ev'en ſet the hearers *Ears* on *Edge*.
Written by——————*Eſquire, the*
Year of our Lord ſix hundred thirty three.
Brave *Jerſey Muſe!* and he's for this high ſtile
Call'd to this day the *Homer* of the *Iſle*.
Alas, to men here no *Words leſs* hard be
To Rhime with, then * *Mount Orgueil* is to me.

* The name of one of the Caſtles in Jerſey

Mount Orgueil, which in ſcorn o'th' *Muſes* law
With no *yoke-fellow Word* will daign to draw.
Stubborn *Mount Orgueil*! 'tis a work to make it
Come into *Rhime*, more hard then 'twere to *take* it.
Alas, to bring your *Tropes* and *Figures* here,
Strange as to bring *Camels* and *Ele'phants* were.
And *Metaphor* is ſo unknown a thing,
'Twould need the *Preface* of, *God ſave the King*.
Yet this I'll ſay for th' honor of the place,
That by Gods extraordinary *Grace*
(Which ſhows the people' have *judgment*, if not *Wit*)
The land is *undefil'd* with *Clinches* yet.
Which in my poor opinion, I confeſs,
Is a moſt ſing'ular bleſſing, and no leſs
Then *Irelands* wanting *Spiders*. And ſo far
From th' *Actual Sin* of *Bombaſt* too they are,
(That other *Crying Sin* o'th' *Engliſh Muſe*)
That even *Satan* himſelf can accuſe
None here (no not ſo much as the *Divines*)
For th' *Motus primò primi* to *Strong Lines*.
Well, ſince the ſoil then does not natu'rally bear
Verſe, who (*a Devil*) ſhould *import* it here?
For that to me would ſeem as ſtrange a thing
As who did firſt *Wild Beaſts* into '*Iſlands* bring.
Unleſs you think that it might taken be
As *Green* did *Gond'ibert*, in a *Prize* at Sea.
But that's a Fortune falls not every day;
'Tis true *Green* was made by it; for they ſay
The *Parl'ament* did a noble bounty do,
And gave him the *whole Prize*, their *Tenths* and *Fifteens* too.

The Tree of Knowledge.

That there is no Knowledge.

Againſt the Dogmatiſts.

I.

THe ſacred *Tree* midſt the fair *Orchard* grew;
The *Phœnix Truth* did on it reſt,
And built his perfum'd Neſt.
That right *Porphyrian Tree* which did true *Logick* ſhew,
Each *Leaf* did learned *Notions* give,
And th' *Apples* were *Demonſtrative*.
So clear their *Colour* and divine,
The very *ſhade* they caſt did other *Lights* out-ſhine.

Taſte

2.

Taſte not, ſaid *God*; 'tis *mine* and *Angels* meat;
A certain *Death* does ſit
Like an ill *Worm* i'th' *Core* of it.
Ye cannot *Know* and *Live*, nor *Live* or *Know* and *Eat*.
Thus ſpoke *God*, yet *Man* did go
Ignorantly on to *Know*;
Grew ſo *more blind*, and *ſhe*
Who tempted him to this, grew yet *more Blind* then *He*.

3.

The onely *Science* Man by this did get,
Was but to *know* he nothing *Knew*:
He ſtraight his *Nakedneſs* did view,
His ign'orant poor eſtate, and was aſham'd of it.
Yet ſearches *Probabilities*,
And *Rhetorick*, and *Fallacies*,
And ſeeks by uſeleſs pride
With ſlight and withering *Leaves* that *Nakedneſs* to hide.

4.

Henceforth, ſaid *God*, the wretched Sons of earth
Shall ſweat for Food in vain
That will not long ſuſtain,
And bring with *Labor* forth each fond *Abortive Birth*.
That *Serpent* too, their *Pride*,
Which aims at things deny'd,
That learn'd and eloquent *Luſt*
Inſtead of *Mounting high*, ſhall creep upon the *Duſt*.

Reaſon.

The uſe of it in Divine *Matters.*

1.

SOme *blind* themſelves, 'cauſe poſſibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on *Sands*, which if unmov'd they find,
'Tis but becauſe there was no *Wind*.
Leſs hard 'tis, not to *Erre our ſelves*, then know
If our *Fore-fathers err'd* or no.
When we truſt *Men* concerning *God*, we then
Truſt not *God* concerning *Men*.

2.

Visions and *Inspirations* some expect
Their course here to direct,
Like senseless *Chymists* their own wealth destroy,
Imaginary Gold t'enjoy.
So *Stars appear* to drop to us from skie,
And gild the passage as they fly:
But when they fall, and meet th'opposing ground,
What but a sordid *Slime* is found?

3.

Sometimes their *Fancies* they 'bove *Reason* set,
And *Fast*, that they may *Dream* of meat.
Sometimes *ill Spirits* their sickly souls delude,
And *Bastard-Forms* obtrude.
So *Endors* wretched *Sorceress*, although
She *Saul* through his disguise did know,
Yet when the *Devil* comes up *disguis'd*, she cries,
Behold, the *Gods* arise.

4.

In vain, alas, these outward Hopes are try'd;
Reason within's our onely *Guide*.
Reason, which (God be prais'd!) still *Walks*, for all
It's old Original *Fall*.
And since it self the boundless *Godhead* joyn'd
With a *Reasonable Mind*,
It plainly shows that *Mysteries Divine*
May with our *Reason* joyn.

5.

The *Holy Book*, like the eighth *Sphere*, does shine
With thousand Lights of *Truth Divine*.
So numberless the *Stars*, that to the Eye,
It makes but all one *Galaxie*.
Yet *Reason* must assist too, for in *Seas*
So vast and dangerous as these,
Our course by *Stars above* we cannot know,
Without the *Compass* too *below*.

6.

Though *Reason* cannot through *Faiths Myst'eries* see,
It sees that *There* and *such* they be;
Leads to *Heav'ens Door*, and there does humbly keep,
And there through *Chinks* and *Key-holes* peep.
Though it, like *Moses*, by a sad command
Must not come in to th' *Holy Land*,
Yet thither it infallibly does *Guid*,
And from afar 'tis all *Descry'd*.

On

On the Death of Mr. Craſhaw.

Poet and *Saint*! to thee alone are given
The two moſt ſacred *Names* of *Earth* and *Heaven*.
The hard and rareſt *Union* which can be
Next that of *Godhead* with *Humanitie*.
Long did the *Muſes* baniſht *Slaves* abide,
And built vain *Pyramids* to mortal pride;
Like *Moſes* Thou (though Spells and Charms withſtand)
Haſt brought them nobly home back to their *Holy Land*.
Ah wretched *We*, *Poets* of *Earth*! but *Thou*
Wert *Living* the ſame *Poet* which thou'rt *Now*.
Whilſt *Angels* ſing to thee their ayres divine,
And joy in an applauſe ſo great as *thine*.
Equal ſociety with them to hold,
Thou need'ſt not make *new Songs*, but ſay the *Old*.
And they (kind Spirits!) ſhall all reioyce to ſee
How little leſs then *They*, *Exalted Man* may be.
Still the old *Heathen Gods* in *Numbers* dwell,
The *Heav'enlieſt* thing on Earth ſtill keeps up *Hell*.
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the *Chriſtian Land*;
Still *Idols* here, like *Calves* at *Bethel* ſtand.
And though *Pans Death* long ſince all *Oracles* broke,
Yet ſtill in Rhyme the *Fiend Apollo* ſpoke:
Nay with the worſt of Heathen dotage We
(Vain men!) the *Monſter Woman Deifie*;
Find *Stars*, and tye our *Fates* there in a *Face*,
And *Paradiſe* in them by whom we *loſt* it, place.
What different faults corrupt our *Muſes* thus?
Wanton as *Girles*, as *old Wives*, *Fabulous*!
Thy ſpotleſs *Muſe*, like *Mary*, did contain
The boundleſs *Godhead*; ſhe did well diſdain
That her *eternal Verſe* employ'd ſhould be
On a leſs ſubject then *Eternitie*;
And for a ſacred *Miſtreſs* ſcorn'd to take,
But her whom *God* himſelf ſcorn'd not his *Spouſe* to make.
It (in a kind) *her Miracle* did do;
A fruitful *Mother* was, and *Virgin* too.
*How well (bleſt Swan) did Fate contrive thy death;
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great *Miſtreſs* Arms? thou moſt divine
And richeſt *Off'ering* of *Loretto's Shrine*!
Where like ſome holy *Sacrifice* t'expire,
A *Fever* burns thee, and *Love* lights the *Fire*.
Angels (they ſay) brought the fam'ed *Chappel* there,
And bore the ſacred Load in Triumph through the air.

* M. *Craſhaw* died of a Fever at *Loretto*, being newly choſen Canon of that Church.

'Tis

'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and *They*,
And *Thou*, their charge, went *singing* all the way.
Pardon, my *Mother Church*, if I consent
That *Angels* led him when from thee he went,
For even in *Error* sure no *Danger* is
When joyn'd with so much *Piety* as *His*.
Ah, mighty *God*, with shame I speak't, and grief,
Ah that our greatest *Faults* were in *Belief*!
And our weak *Reason* were ev'en weaker yet,
Rather then thus our *Wills* too strong for it.
His *Faith* perhaps in some nice Tenents might
Be wrong; his *Life*, I'm sure, was *in the right*.
And I my self a *Catholick* will be,
So far at least, great *Saint*, to *Pray* to thee.
Hail, *Bard Triumphant*! and some care bestow
On *us*, the *Poets Militant* Below!
Oppos'ed by our old En'emy, adverse *Chance*,
Attacqu'ed by *Envy*, and by *Ignorance*,
Enchain'd by *Beauty*, tortur'd by *Desires*,
Expos'd by *Tyrant-Love* to savage *Beasts* and *Fires*.
Thou from low earth in nobler *Flames* didst rise,
And like *Elijah*, mount *Alive* the skies.
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy *Greatness*, and my *Littleness*)
Lo here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove
So humble to *Esteem*, so Good to *Love*)
Not that thy *Spirit* might on me *Doubled* be,
I ask but *Half* thy mighty *Spirit* for Me.
And when my *Muse* soars with so strong a Wing,
'Twill learn of things *Divine*, and first of *Thee* to sing.

Ana-

Anacreontiques:

OR,

Some Copies of Verſes Tranſlated Paraphraſtically out of *Anacreon.*

I.

Love.

I'll ſing of *Heroes*, and of *Kings*;
In mighty Numbers, mighty things,
Begin, my *Muſe*; but lo, the ſtrings
To my great *Song* rebellious prove;
The ſtrings will ſound of nought but *Love.*
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing ſure will do.
Theſe ſure (ſaid I) will me obey;
Theſe ſure *Heroick Notes* will play.
Straight I began with thundring *Jove*,
And all th'immortal Pow'ers, but *Love.*
Love ſmil'd, and from my enfeebled *Lyre*
Came gentle airs, ſuch as inſpire
Melting love, ſoft deſire.
Farewel then *Heroes*, farewel *Kings*,
And mighty *Numbers*, mighty *Things*;
Love tunes my *Heart* juſt to my *ſtrings.*

Drinking.

II.

Drinking.

THe thirſty *Earth* ſoaks up the *Rain*,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The *Plants* ſuck in the *Earth*, and are
With conſtant drinking freſh and fair.
The *Sea* it ſelf, which one would think
Should have but little need of *Drink*,
Drinks ten thouſand *Rivers* up,
So fill'd that they or'eflow the *Cup*.
The buſie *Sun* (and one would gueſs
By's drunken fiery face no leſs)
Drinks up the *Sea*, and when h'as done,
The *Moon* and *Stars* drink up the *Sun:*
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in *Nature*'s *Sober* found,
But an eternal *Health* goes round.
Fill up the *Bowl* then, fill it high,
Fill all the *Glaſſes* there, for why
Should every creature drink but *I*,
Why, *Man* of *Morals*, tell me why?

III.

Beauty.

LIberal *Nature* did diſpence
To all things *Arms* for their defence;
And ſome ſhe arms with ſinewy force,
And ſome with ſwiftneſs in the courſe;
Some with hard Hoofs, or forked claws,
And ſome with Horns, or tuſked jaws.
And ſome with Scales, and ſome with Wings,
And ſome with Teeth, and ſome with Stings.
Wiſdom to *Man* ſhe did afford,
Wiſdom for *Shield*, and *Wit* for *Sword*.
What to beauteous *Woman-kind*,
What *Arms*, what *Armour* has ſhe aſſigne'd?
Beauty is both; for with the *Fair*
What *Arms*, what *Armour* can compare?

What

What *Steel*, what *Gold*, or *Diamond*,
More *Impaſſible* is found?
And yet what *Flame*, what *Lightning* e're
So great an *Active* force did bear?
They are *all weapon*, and they dart
Like *Porcupines* from every part.
Who can, alas, their ſtrength expreſs,
Arm'd, when they themſelves undreſs,
Cap-a-pe with *Nakedneſs*?

IV.

The Duel.

YEs, I will love then, I will love,
I will not now *Loves Rebel* prove,
Though I was once his *Enemy*;
Though ill-adviſ'd and ſtubborn I,
Did to the Combate him defy,
An Helmet, Spear, and mighty ſhield,
Like ſome new *Ajax* I did wield.
Love in one hand his *Bow* did take,
In th'other hand a *Dart* did ſhake.
But yet in vain the *Dart* did throw,
In vain he often drew the *Bow*.
So well my *Armour* did reſiſt,
So oft by flight the blow I miſt.
But when I thought all danger paſt,
His *Quiver* empty'd quite at laſt,
Inſtead of *Arrow*, or of *Dart*,
He ſhot *Himſelf* into my Heart.
The *Living* and the *Killing Arrow*
Ran through the skin, the Fleſh, the *Blood*,
And broke the Bones, and ſcorcht the Marrow,
No *Trench* or *Work* of *Life* withſtood.
In vain I now the *Walls* maintain,
I ſet out *Guards* and *Scouts* in vain,
Since th' *Enemy* does within remain.
In vain a *Breaſtplate* now I wear,
Since in my *Breaſt* the Foe I bear.
In vain my *Feet* their ſwiftneſs try;
For from the *Body* can they fly?

V.

Age.

OFt am I by the Women told,
Poor *Anacreon* thou grow'ſt old.
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor *Anacreon* how they fall?
Whether I grow old or no,
By th'effects I do not know.
This I know without being told,
'Tis Time to *Live* if I grow *Old*,
'Tis time ſhort pleaſures now to take,
Of little *Life* the beſt to make,
And manage *wiſely* the *laſt ſtake*.

VI.

The Account.

WHen all the *Stars* are by thee told,
(The endleſs Sums of heav'nly Gold)
Or when the *Hairs* are reckon'd all,
From ſickly *Autumns Head* that fall,
Or when the drops that make the *Sea*,
Whilſt all her *Sands* thy *Counters* be;
Thou then, and Thou alone maiſt prove
Th' *Arithmetician* of my *Love*.
An hundred Loves at *Athens* ſcore,
At *Corinth* write an hundred more.
Fair *Corinth* does ſuch Beauties bear,
So few is an *Eſcaping* there.
Write then at *Chios* ſeventy three;
Write then at *Lesbos* (let me ſee)
Write me at *Lesbos* ninety down,
Full ninety *Loves*, and half a One.
And next to theſe let me preſent,
The fair *Ionian Regiment*.
And next the *Carian Company*,
Five hundred both *Effectively*.
Three hundred more at *Rhodes* and *Crete*;
Three hundred 'tis I'am ſure *Complete*.
For arms at *Crete* each *Face* does bear,

And

And every *Eye's* an *Archer* there.
Go on; this ſtop why doſt thou make?
Thou thinkſt, perhaps, that I miſtake.
Seems this to thee too great a *Summe*?
Why many *Thouſands* are to come;
The mighty *Xerxes* could not boaſt
Such different *Nations* in his Hoſt.
On; for my Love, if thou be'ſt weary,
Muſt find ſome better *Secretary*.
I have not yet my *Perſian* told,
Nor yet my *Syrian Loves* enroll'd,
Nor *Indian*, nor *Arabian*;
Nor *Cyprian* Loves, nor *African*;
Nor *Scythian*, nor *Italian* flames;
There's a whole *Map* behind of *Names*.
Of gentle Love i'th' *temperate Zone*,
And cold ones in the *Frigid One*,
Cold frozen *Loves* with which I pine,
And parched *Loves* beneath the *Line*.

VII.

Gold.

A Mighty pain *to Love* it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to *miſs*.
But of all pains the greateſt pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now nor noble *Blood*,
Nor *Wit* by *Love* is underſtood,
Gold alone does paſſion move,
Gold Monopolizes love!
A *curſe* on her, and on the Man
Who this traffick firſt began!
A *curſe* on him who found the Ore!
A *curſe* on him who digg'd the ſtore!
A *curſe* on him who did refine it!
A *curſe* on him who firſt did coyn it!
A *Curſe* all curſes elſe above
On him, who us'd it firſt in *Love*!
Gold begets in Brethren hate,
Gold in *Families* debate;
Gold does Friendſhips ſeparate,
Gold does Civil Wars create.
Theſe the ſmalleſt harms of it!
Gold, alas, does *Love beget*.

VIII.

The Epicure.

FIll the *Bowl* with roſie Wine,
Around our temples *Roſes* twine,
And let us chearfully awhile,
Like the *Wine* and *Roſes* ſmile.
Crown'd with Roſes we contemn
Gyge's wealthy *Diadem.*
To day is *Ours*; what do we fear?
To day is *Ours*; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wiſh, at leaſt, with us to ſtay.
Let's baniſh *Buſineſs*, baniſh *Sorrow*;
To the *Gods* belongs *To morrow.*

IX.

Another.

UNderneath this Myrtle ſhade,
On flowry beds ſupinely laid,
With od'orous Oyls my head o're-flowing,
And around it Roſes growing,
What ſhould I do but drink away
The *Heat*, and *troubles* of the Day?
In this more then *Kingly* ſtate,
Love himſelf ſhall on me wait.
Fill to me, *Love*, nay fill it up;
And mingled caſt into the Cup,
Wit, and *Mirth*, and noble *Fires*,
Vigorous *Health*, and gay *Deſires.*
The *Wheel* of Life no leſs will ſtay
In a *ſmooth* then *Rugged* way.
Since it equally does flee,
Let the *Motion* pleaſant be.
Why do we precious *Oyntments* ſhower,
Nobler *wines* why do we pour,
Beauteous *Flowers* why do we ſpread,
Upon the Mon'uments of the *Dead?*
Nothing they but *Duſt* can ſhow,
Or *Bones* that haſten to be ſo.

Crown

Crown me with *Roſes* whilſt I *Live*,
Now your *Wines* and *Oyntments* give.
After *Death* I nothing crave,
Let me *Alive* my pleaſures have,
All are *Stoicks* in the *Grave*.

X.

The Graſhopper.

HAppy *Inſect*, what can be
In happineſs compar'd to Thee?
Fed with nouriſhment divine,
The dewy *Mornings* gentle *Wine*!
Nature waits upon thee ſtill,
And thy verdant Cup does fill,
'Tis fill'd where ever thou doſt tread,
Nature ſelfe's *thy Ganimed.*
Thou doſt drink, and dance, and ſing;
Happier then the happieſt *King!*
All the *Fields* which thou doſt ſee,
All the *Plants* belong to *Thee*,
All that *Summer Hours* produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does ſow and plow;
Farmer He, and *Land-Lord Thou*!
Thou doeſt innocently joy;
Nor does thy *Luxury* deſtroy;
The *Shepherd* gladly heareth thee,
More *Harmonious* then *He.*
Thee Country Hindes with gladneſs hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee *Phœbus* loves, and does inſpire;
Phœbus is himſelf thy *Sire.*
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer then thy *Mirth.*
Happy *Inſect*, happy Thou,
Doſt neither *Age*, nor *Winter* know.
But when thou'ſt drunk, and danc'd, and ſung,
Thy fill, the flowry Leaves among
(*Voluptuous*, and *Wiſe* with all,
Epicuræan Animal!)
Sated with thy *Summer Feaſt*,
Thou retir'eſt to endleſs *Reſt.*

The

XI.

The Swallow.

FOoliſh *Prater*, what do'ſt thou
So early at my window do
With thy tuneleſs *Serenade?*
Well t'had been had *Tereus* made
Thee as *Dumb* as *Philomel*;
There his Knife had done but well.
In thy undiſcover'ed Neſt
Thou doſt all the winter reſt,
And dreameſt o're thy ſummer joys
Free from the ſtormy ſeaſons noiſe:
Free from th'Ill thou'ſt done to me;
Who diſturbs, or ſeeks out *Thee?*
Had'ſt thou all the charming notes
Of the woods *Poetick Throats*,
All thy art could never pay
What thou'ſt ta'ne from me away;
Cruel *Bird*, thou'ſt ta'ne away
A *Dream* out of my arms to day,
A *Dream* that ne're muſt equall'd be
By all that *waking Eyes* may ſee.
Thou this damage to repair,
Nothing half ſo ſweet or fair,
Nothing half ſo good can'ſt bring,
Though men ſay, *Thou bring'ſt the Spring.*

ELEGIE
UPON
ANACREON,
Who was choaked by a GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the God of Love.

HOw ſhall I lament thine end,
My beſt *Servant*, and my *Friend?*
Nay and, if from a *Deity*
So much *Deified* as I,
It ſound not too profane and odd,
Oh my *Maſter*, and my *God*!
For 'tis true, moſt mighty *Poet*,
(Though I like not Men ſhould know it)
I am in naked *Nature* leſs,
Leſs by much then in thy *Dreſs*.
All thy Verſe is ſofter far
Then the downy Feathers are,
Of my Wings, or of my *Arrows*,
Of my Mothers *Doves*, or *Sparrows*.
Sweet as Lovers freſheſt *kiſſes*,
Or their riper following bliſſes,
Graceful, cleanly, ſmooth and round,
All with *Venus Girdle* bound,
And thy *Life* was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy *Stile*.
The ſmooth-pac'd *Hours* of ev'ery day
Glided numerouſly away.
Like thy *Verſe* each *Hour* did paſs,
Sweet and ſhort, like that it was.
Some do but their *Youth* allow me,
Juſt what they by *Nature* owe me,
The Time that's *mine*, and not their *own*,
The certain *Tribute* of my *Crown*,
When they grow old, they grow to be
Too *Buſie*, or too *wiſe* for me.
Thou wert *wiſer*, and did'ſt know
None too *wiſe* for Love can grow,

Love

Love was with thy *Life* entwin'd
Cloſe as *Heat* with *Fire* is joyn'd,
A powerful *Brand* preſcrib'd the date
Of thine, like *Meleagers* Fate.
Th' *Antiperiſtaſis* of *Age*
More enflam'd thy amorous rage,
Thy *ſilver Hairs* yielded me more
Then even *golden curls* before.
Had I the power of *Creation*,
As I have of *Generation*,
Where I the matter muſt obey,
And cannot work *Plate* out of *Clay*,
My *Creatures* ſhould be all like *Thee*,
'Tis *Thou* ſhouldſt their *Idæa* be.
They, like Thee, ſhould throughly hate
Buſ'ineſs, Honor, Title, State.
Other wealth they ſhould not know
But what my *Living Mines* beſtow;
The pomp of *Kings* they ſhould confeſs
At their *Crownings* to be leſs
Then a Lovers humbleſt guiſe,
When at his *Miſtreſs* feet he lies.
Rumour they no more ſhould mind
Then Men ſafe-landed do the *Wind*,
Wiſdom it ſelf they ſhould not hear
When it preſumes to be *Severe*.
Beauty alone they ſhould admire;
Nor look at *Fortunes* vain attire,
Nor ask what *Parents* it can ſhew;
With *Dead* or *Old* t'has nought to do.
They ſhould not love yet *All*, or *Any*,
But very *Much*, and very *Many*.
All their Life ſhould gilded be
With Mirth, and Wit, and Gayety,
Well remembring, and *Applying*
The *Neceſſity* of, *Dying*.
Their chearful Heads ſhould always wear
Alt that crowns the flowry year.
They ſhould always laugh, and ſing,
And dance, and ſtrike th' harmonious ſtring.
Verſe ſhould from their Tongue ſo flow,
As if it in the *Mouth* did *grow*,
As ſwiftly anſwering their command,
As tunes obey the artful *Hand*.
And whilſt I do thus diſcover
Th'ingredients of a happy *Lover*,
'Tis, my *Anacreon*, for thy ſake
I of the *Grape* no mention make.
Till my' *Anacreon* by thee fell,
Curſed Plant, I lov'd thee well.

And 'twas oft my wanton uſe
To dip my *Arrows* in thy juice.
Curſed Plant, 'tis true I ſee,
Th'old report that goes of Thee,
That with *Gyants* blood the Earth
Stain'd and poys'ned gave thee birth,
And now thou wreak'ſt thy ancient ſpight
On *Men* in whom *the Gods* delight.
Thy *Patron Bacchus*, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in *Flames* and *Thunder*,
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worſe then his *Tygers* he delights;
In all our heaven I think there be
No ſuch *ill-natur'd God* as He.
Thou pretendeſt, *Trayt'erous Wine*,
To be the *Muſes* friend and *Mine*.
With *Love* and *Wit* thou doſt begin,
Falſe Fires, alas, to draw us in.
Which, if our courſe we by them keep,
Miſguide to *Madneſs*, or to *Sleep*.
Sleep were well; thou'haſt learnt a way
To *Death* it ſelf now to betray.
It grieves me when I ſee what Fate
Does on the beſt of *Mankind* wait.
Poets or *Lovers* let them be,
'Tis neither *Love* nor *Poeſie*
Can arm againſt *Deaths* ſmalleſt dart
The *Poets Head*, or *Lovers Heart*.
But when their *Life* in its decline,
Touches th' *Inevitable Line*,
All the *Worlds Mortal* to'em then,
And *Wine* is *Aconite* to men.
Nay in *Deaths Hand* the *Grape-ſtone* proves
As ſtrong as *Thunder* is in *Joves*.

FINIS.

BRITISH
4 OCT 71
MUSEUM

THE MISTRESS: OR, SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE-VERSES.

Written by *A. COWLEY.*

VIRG. Æn. 4.

—Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

LONDON:

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange.* 1668.

THE

MISTRESS,

OR,

SEVERAL COPIES

OF

Love-Verſes.

The Requeſt.

1.

I'Have often wiſht to love; what ſhall I do?
Me ſtill the *cruel Boy* does *ſpare*;
And I a double task muſt bear,
Firſt to woo *him*, and then a *Miſtreſs* too.
Come at laſt and ſtrike for ſhame;
If thou art any thing beſides a *name*.
I'le think Thee elſe no *God* to be;
But *Poets* rather *Gods*, who firſt *created Thee*.

2.

I ask not one in whom all beauties grow,
Let me but *love*, what e're ſhe be,
She cannot ſeem *deform'd* to *me*;
And I would have her ſeem to *others* ſo.
Deſire takes wings and ſtrait does fly,
It ſtays not *dully* to inquire the *Why*.
That *Happy* thing a *Lover* grown,
I ſhall not ſee with *others* Eyes, ſcarce with *mine own*.

If

3.

If she be coy and scorn my noble fire,
If her chill heart I cannot move,
Why I'le *enjoy* the very *Love*,
And make a *Mistress* of my own *Desire*.
Flames their most vigorous heat do hold,
And purest light, if compast round with *cold*:
So when sharp *Winter* means most harm,
The springing Plants are by the *Snow* it self kept warm.

4.

But do not touch my heart, and so be gone;
Strike deep thy burning arrows in:
Lukewarmness I account a sin,
As great in *Love*, as in *Religion*.
Come arm'd with flames, for I would prove
All the extremities of mighty Love.
Th' excess of heat is but a fable;
We know the *torrid* Zone is now found *habitable*.

5.

Among the Woods and Forrests thou art found,
There *Bores* and *Lyons* thou dost tame;
Is not my heart a nobler game?
Let *Venus*, *Men*; and *Beasts*, *Diana* wound.
Thou dost the Birds thy *Subjects* make;
Thy nimble *feathers* do their *wings* o'retake:
Thou all the *Spring* their Songs dost hear,
Make *me Love* too, I'll *sing* to' thee all the *year*.

6.

What service can *mute Fishes* do to Thee?
Yet against them thy Dart prevails,
Piercing the armour of their *Scales*;
And still thy *Sea-born Mother* lives i'th' Sea.
Dost thou deny onely to me
The no-great privilege of *Captivitie*?
I *beg* or *challenge* here thy Bow;
Either thy *pity* to me, or else thine *anger* show.

7.

Come; or I'll teach the world to scorn that Bow:
I'll teach them thousand *wholesome arts*
Both to resist and cure thy darts,
More then thy skilful *Ovid* e're did know.
Musick of sighs thou shalt not hear,
Nor drink one wretched *Lovers* tasteful *Tear*:
Nay, unless soon thou woundest me,
My Verses shall not onely *wound*, but *murther* Thee.

The Thraldome.

1.

I *Came*, I *Saw*, and was *undone*;
Lightning did through my bones and marrow run;
A *pointed pain* pierc'd deep my heart;
A ſwift, cold trembling ſeiz'd on every part;
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The *Poiſon* that was enter'd there.

2.

So a *deſtroying Angels breath*
Blows in the *Plague*, and with it haſty *Death*.
Such was the pain, did ſo begin
To the poor wretch, when *Legion* entred in.
Forgive me, *God*, I cry'd; for I
Flatter'd my ſelf I was to *dye*.

3.

But quickly to my *Coſt* I found,
'Twas cruel *Love*, not *Death* had made the wound:
Death a more generous rage does uſe;
Quarter to all he conquers does refuſe.
Whilſt *Love* with barbarous mercy ſaves
The vanquiſht lives to make them *ſlaves*.

4.

I am thy *ſlave* then; let me know,
Hard *Maſter*, the great task I have to do:
Who pride and ſcorn do undergo,
In tempeſts and rough *Seas* thy *Galleys* row;
They pant, and groan, and ſigh, but find
Their ſighs encreaſe the angry wind.

5.

Like an *Egyptian Tyrant*, ſome
Thou wearieſt out, in building but a *Tomb*.
Others with ſad and tedious art,
Labour i'the' *Quarries* of a *ſtony Heart*;
Of all the works thou doſt aſſign,
To all the ſeveral ſlaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty *Love*, to dig the *Mine*.

The Given Lover

1.

I'LL on; for what ſhould hinder me
From *Loving*, and *Enjoying* Thee?
Thou canſt not thoſe exceptions make,
Which vulgar ſordid *Mortals* take,
That my Fate's too mean and low;
'Twere pity I ſhould love thee ſo,
If that dull cauſe could hinder me
In *Loving*, and *Enjoying* thee.

2.

It does not me a whit diſpleaſe,
That the rich all honours ſeize;
That you all *Titles* make your own,
Are *Valiant*, *Learned*, *Wiſe* alone.
But if you claim o're *Women* too
The power which over *Men* ye do;
If you alone muſt *Lovers* be;
For that, Sirs, you muſt pardon me.

3.

Rather then loſe what does ſo near
Concern my *Life* and *Being* here,
I'll ſome ſuch crooked ways invent,
As you, or your *Fore-fathers* went:
I'll flatter or oppoſe the *King*,
Turn *Puritan*, or *Any Thing*;
I'll force my *Mind* to arts ſo new:
Grow *Rich*, and *Love* as well as *You*.

4.

But rather thus let me remain,
As Man in *Paradiſe* did reign;
When perfect *Love* did ſo agree
With *Innocence* and *Povertie*.
Adam did no *Joynture* give,
Himſelf was *Joynture* to his *Eve*:
Untoucht with Av'arice yet or Pride,
The *Rib* came freely back to 'his *ſide*.

5.

A curſe upon the man who taught
Women, that *Love* was to be bought;

Rather

Rather dote only on your *Gold*;
And that with greedy av'arice hold;
For if *Woman* too ſubmit
To that, and ſell her ſelf for it,
Fond Lover, you a *Miſtreſs* have
Of her, that's but your *Fellow-ſlave*.

6.

What ſhould thoſe *Poets* mean of old
That made their *God* to woo in *Gold*?
Of all men ſure *They* had no cauſe
To bind Love to ſuch *coſtly Laws*;
And yet I ſcarcely blame them now;
For who, alas, would not allow,
That *Women* ſhould ſuch gifts receive,
Could They, as He, *Be* what *They give*.

7.

If thou, my Dear, Thy ſelf ſhouldſt prize,
Alas, what value would ſuffize?
The *Spaniard* could not do't, though he
Should to both *Indies joynture thee*.
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou ſhouldſt any *bargain* make;
To *give All* will befit thee well;
But not at *Under-Rates to ſell*.

8.

Beſtow thy *Beauty* then on me,
Freely, as *Nature* gave't to *Thee*;
'Tis an exploded *Popiſh* thought
To think that *Heaven* may be *bought*.
Pray'rs, *Hymns*, and *Praiſes* are the way;
And thoſe my thankful *Muſe* ſhall pay;
Thy *Body* in my verſe enſhrin'd,
Shall grow *immortal* as thy *Mind*.

9.

I'll fix thy title next in fame
To *Sachariſſas* well-ſung name.
So faithfully will I declare
What all thy wondrous beauties are,
That when at the laſt great *Aſſiſe*,
All *Women* ſhall together riſe,
Men ſtrait ſhall caſt their eyes on Thee
And know at firſt that *Thou art She*.

The Spring.

1.

THough you be abſent here, I needs muſt ſay
The *Trees* as beauteous are, and *flowers* as gay,
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay the *Birds* rural muſick too
Is as melodious and free,
As if they ſung to pleaſure you:
I ſaw a *Roſe-Bud* o'pe this morn; I'll ſwear
The bluſhing *Morning* open'd not more fair.

2.

How could it be ſo fair, and you away?
How could the *Trees* be beauteous, *Flowers* ſo gay?
Could they remember but laſt year,
How *you* did *Them*, *They you* delight,
The ſprouting leaves which ſaw you here,
And call'd their *Fellows* to the fight,
Would, looking round for the ſame ſight in vain,
Creep back into their ſilent *Barks* again.

3.

Where ere you walk'd trees were as reverend made,
As when of old *Gods* dwelt in every ſhade.
Is't poſſible they ſhould not know,
What loſs of honor they ſuſtain,
That thus they ſmile and flouriſh now,
And ſtill their former pride retain?
Dull *Creatures!* 'tis not without Cauſe that ſhe,
Who fled the *God of wit*, was made a *Tree*.

4.

In ancient times ſure they much wiſer were,
When they rejoyc'd the *Thracian* verſe to hear;
In vain did *Nature* bid them ſtay,
When *Orpheus* had his ſong begun,
They call'd their wondring *roots* away,
And bad them ſilent to him run.
How would thoſe learned trees have followed you?
You would have drawn *Them*, and their *Poet* too.

5.

But who can blame them now? for, ſince you're gone,
They're here the *only Fair*, and *Shine alone*.

You

You did their *Natural Rights* invade;
Where ever you did walk or ſit,
The thickeſt Boughs could make no *ſhade*,
Although the Sun had granted it:
The faireſt *Flowers* could pleaſe no more, neer you,
Then *Painted Flowers*, ſet next to them, could do.

6.

When e're then you come hither, that ſhall be
The time, which this to others is, to *Me*.
The little joys which here are now,
The name of Puniſhments do bear;
When by their ſight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are.
'Tis you the beſt of *Seaſons* with you bring;
This is for *Beaſts*, and that for *Men* the *Spring*.

Written in Juice of Lemmon.

1.

WHilſt what I write I do not ſee,
I dare thus, even to *you*, write *Poetry*.
Ah fooliſh Muſe, which do'ſt ſo high aſpire,
And know'ſt her judgment well
How much it does thy power excel,
Yet dar'ſt be read by, thy juſt doom, the *Fire*.

2.

Alas, thou think'ſt thy ſelf ſecure,
Becauſe thy form is *Innocent* and *Pure*:
Like *Hypocrites*, which ſeem unſpotted here;
But when they ſadly come to dye,
And the laſt *Fire* their Truth muſt try,
Scrauld o're like thee, and *blotted* they appear.

3.

Go then, but reverently go,
And, ſince thou needs muſt *ſin*, *confeſs* it too:
Confeſs 't, and with humility clothe thy ſhame;
For thou, who elſe muſt burned be
An *Heretick*, if ſhe pardon thee,
May'ſt like a *Martyr* then *enjoy* the *Flame*.

4.

But if her *wiſdom* grow ſevere,
And ſuffer not her *goodneſs* to be there;

If her large mercies cruelly it reſtrain;
Be not diſcourag'd, but require
A more gentle *Ordeal Fire*,
And bid her by *Loves-Flames* read it again.

5.

Strange power of heat, thou yet doſt ſhow
Like winter earth, *naked*, or *cloath'd* with *Snow*,
But, as the quickning *Sun* approaching near,
The *Plants* ariſe up by degrees,
A ſudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind *Natures Characters* appear.

6.

So, nothing yet in Thee is ſeen,
But when a *Genial heat* warms thee within,
A new-born *Wood* of various Lines there grows;
Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here ſprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flouriſhing *Letters* ſtand in *Rows*.

7.

Still, ſilly *Paper*, thou wilt think
That all this might as well be writ with *Ink*,
Oh no; there's ſenſe in this, and *Myſterie*;
Thou now maiſt change thy *Authors* name,
And to her *Hand* lay noble claim;
For as *She Reads*, ſhe *Makes* the words in Thee.

8.

Yet if thine own unworthineſs
Will ſtill, that thou art mine, not Hers, confeſs;
Conſume thy ſelf with Fire before her Eyes,
And ſo her *Grace* or *Pity* move;
The *Gods*, though *Beaſts* they do not Love,
Yet like them when they'r burnt in *Sacrifice*.

Inconſtancy.

FIve years ago (ſays *Story*) I lov'd you,
For which you call me moſt *Inconſtant* now;
Pardon me, Madam, you miſtake the *Man*;
For I am not the ſame that I was than;
No *Fleſh* is now the ſame 'twas then in Me,
And that my *Mind* is chang'd your ſelf may ſee.
The ſame *Thoughts* to retain ſtill, and *Intents*
Were more inconſtant far; for *Accidents*

Muſt

Muſt of all things moſt ſtrangely *Inconſtant* prove,
If from one *Subject* they t' another move;
My *Members* then, the *Father members* were
From whence *Theſe* take their birth, which now are here.
If then this *Body* love what th' other did,
'Twere *Inceſt*; which by Nature is forbid.
You might as well this *Day* inconſtant name,
Becauſe the *Weather* is not ſtill the ſame,
That it was yeſterday: or blame the *Year*,
Cauſe the *Spring*, *Flowers*; and *Autumn*, *Fruit* does bear.
The *World*'s a *Scene* of *Changes*, and to be
Conſtant, in *Nature* were *Inconſtancy*;
For 'twere to break the *Laws* her ſelf has made:
Our *Subſtances* themſelves do fleet and fade;
The moſt fixt Being ſtill does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of *Time* 'tis meaſur'd by.
T' imagine then that *Love* ſhould never ceaſe
(*Love* which is but the *Ornament* of theſe)
Were quite as ſenſeleſs, as to wonder why
Beauty and *Colour* ſtays not when we dye.

Not Fair.

'Tis very true, I thought you once as fair,
As women in th' *Idæa* are.
Whatever here ſeems beauteous, ſeem'd to be
But a faint *Metaphor* of *Thee*.
But then (methoughts) there ſomething ſhin'd within,
Which caſt this *Luſtre* o're thy *skin*.
Nor could I chuſe but count it the *Suns Light*,
Which made this *Cloud* appear ſo bright.
But ſince I knew thy falſhood and thy pride,
And all thy thouſand faults beſide;
A very *Moor* (methinks) plac'd near to Thee,
White, as his *Teeth*, would ſeem to be.
So men (they ſay) by Hells deluſions led,
Have ta'ne a *Succu'bus* to their bed;
Believe it fair, and themſelves happy call,
Till the *cleft Foot* diſcovers all:
Then they ſtart from't, half *Ghoſts* themſelves with fear;
And *Devil*, as 'tis, it does *appear*.
So ſince againſt my will I found Thee *foul*,
Deform'd and crooked in thy *Soul*,
My *Reaſon* ſtrait did to my *Senſes* ſhew,
That *they* might be *miſtaken* too:
Nay when the world but knows how falſe you are,
There's not a man will think you fair.

Thy

Thy ſhape will monſtrous in their fancies be,
They'l call their *Eyes* as *falſe* as *Thee.*
Be what thou wilt; *Hate* will preſent thee ſo,
As *Puritans* do the *Pope*, and *Papiſts Luther* do.

Platonick Love.

1.

INdeed I muſt confeſs,
When *Souls* mix 'tis an *Happineſs*;
But not compleat till *Bodies* too combine,
And cloſely as our minds together join;
But half of Heaven the *Souls* in glory taſt,
'Till by Love in Heaven at laſt,
Their *Bodies* too are plac't.

2.

In thy immortal part
Man, as well as I, thou art.
But ſomething 'tis that differs *Thee* and *Me*;
And we muſt *one* even in that *difference* be:
I Thee, both as a *man*, and *woman* prize;
For a perfect *Love* implies
Love in *all Capacities.*

3.

Can that for true love paſs,
When a fair *Woman* courts her *glaſs*?
Something *unlike* muſt in *Loves likeneſs* be,
His wonder is, *one*, and *Variety.*
For he, whoſe *ſoul* nought but a *ſoul* can move,
Does a new *Narciſſus* prove,
And his own *Image* love.

4.

That *ſouls* do beauty know,
'Tis to the *Bodies* help they owe;
If when they know't, they ſtrait abuſe that truſt,
And ſhut the *Body* from't, 'tis as unjuſt,
As if I brought my deareſt *Friend* to ſee
My *Miſtreſs*, and at th' inſtant *He*
Should ſteal her quite from *Me.*

The Change.

1.

Love in her Sunny Eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant Mazes of her Hair;
Love does on both her Lips for ever stray;
And *sows* and *reaps* a thousand *kisses* there.
In all her outward parts *Love*'s always seen;
But, oh, He never went within.

2.

Within *Love*'s foes, his greatest foes abide,
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride.
So the Earths face, Trees, Herbs, and Flowers do dress,
With other beauties numberless:
But at the *Center*, *Darkness* is, and *Hell*;
There wicked *Spirits*, and there the *Damned* dwell.

3.

With me alas, quite contrary it fares;
Darkness and *Death* lies in my weeping eyes,
Despair and Paleness in my face appears,
And Grief, and Fear, Love's greatest Enemies;
But, like the *Persian-Tyrant*, *Love* within
Keeps his proud *Court*, and ne're is seen.

4.

Oh take *my Heart*, and by that means you'll prove
Within, too stor'd enough of *Love*:
Give me but Yours, I'll by that change so thrive,
That *Love* in all my parts shall live.
So powerful is this change, it render can,
My *outside Woman*, and your *inside Man*.

Clad all in White.

1.

FAirest thing that shines below,
Why in this robe dost thou appear?
Wouldst thou a *white* most perfect show,
Thou must at all *no garment* wear:
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Then *Winter* when 'tis *clad* with snow.

'Tis

2.

'Tis not the *Linnen* ſhews ſo fair:
Her skin ſhines through, and makes it bright;
So *clouds* themſelves like *Suns* appear,
When the *Sun* pierces them with Light:
So *Lillies* in a glaſs encloſe,
The *Glaſs* will ſeem as white as thoſe.

3.

Thou now *one heap* of *beauty* art;
Nought outwards, or within is foul:
Condenſed beams make every part;
Thy *Body*'s *Clothed* like thy *Soul*.
Thy *ſoul*, which does it ſelf diſplay,
Like a *ſtar* plac'd i'th' *Milkie* way.

4.

Such robes the *Saints* departed wear,
Woven all with *Light* divine;
Such their exalted *Bodies* are,
And with ſuch full glory ſhine.
But they regard not mortals pain;
Men *pray*, I fear, to *both* in vain.

5.

Yet ſeeing thee ſo gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue ſtill;
Thou wouldſt not take this garment ſure,
When thou hadſt an intent to *kill*.
Of *Peace* and *yielding* who would doubt,
When the white *Flag* he ſees hung out?

Leaving Me, and then loving Many.

SO Men, who once have caſt the *Truth* away,
Forſook by *God*, do ſtrange wild luſts obey;
So the vain *Gentiles*, when they left t' adore
One Deity, could not ſtop at thouſands more.
Their zeal was ſenſeleſs ſtrait, and boundleſs grown;
They worſhipt many a *Beaſt*, and many a *Stone*.
Ah fair *Apoſtate!* couldſt thou think to flee
From *Truth* and *Goodneſs*, yet keep *Unity*?
I reign'd alone; and my bleſt *Self* could call
The *Univerſal Monarch* of her *All*.
Mine, mine her fair *Eaſt-Indies* were above,
Where thoſe *Suns* riſe that chear the world of Love;

Where

Where beauties ſhine like Gems of richeſt price;
Where *Coral* grows, and every *breath* is *ſpice*:
Mine too her rich *Weſt-Indies* were below,
Where *Mines* of gold and endleſs treaſures grow.
But, as, when the *Pellæan Conquerour* dy'd,
Many ſmall *Princes* did his *Crown* divide,
So, ſince my *Love* his vanquiſht world forſook,
Murther'd by poyſons from her falſhood took,
An hundred petty *Kings* claim each their part,
And rend that glorious *Empire* of her *Heart*.

My Heart diſcovered.

HEr body is ſo gently bright,
Clear, and tranſparent to the ſight,
(Clear as fair *Chriſtal* to the view,
Yet ſoft as that, e're *Stone* it grew,)
That through her fleſh, methinks, is ſeen
The brighter *Soul* that dwells within:
Our eyes the ſubtile *covering* paſs,
And ſee that *Lilly* through its *Glaſs*.
I through her *Breaſt* her *Heart* eſpy,
As *Souls* in *hearts* do *Souls* deſcry,
I ſee't with gentle *Motions* beat;
I ſee *Light* in't, but find no *Heat*.
Within, like *Angels* in the ſky,
A thouſand *guilded thoughts* do fly:
Thoughts of bright and nobleſt kind,
Fair and chaſt, as *Mother-Mind*.
But, oh, what other *Heart* is there,
Which ſighs and crouds to hers ſo neer?
'Tis all on flame, and does like *fire*,
To that, as to its *Heaven*, aſpire,
The wounds are many in't and deep;
Still does it bleed, and ſtill does weep.
Whoſe ever wretched heart it be,
I cannot chuſe but grieve to ſee;
What *pity* in my Breaſt does raign?
Methinks I *feel* too all its pain.
So torn, and ſo defac'd it lies,
That it could ne're be known by th' eyes;
But, oh, at laſt I heard it grone,
And knew by th' *Voyce* that 'twas *mine own*.
So poor *Alcione*, when ſhe ſaw
A ſhipwrackt body tow'ards her draw
Beat by the Waves, let fall a Tear,
Which only then did *Pity* wear:

But when the Corps on ſhore were caſt,
Which ſhe her *Husband* found at laſt;
What ſhould the wretched Widow do?
Grief chang'd her ſtraight; away ſhe flew,
Turn'd to a *Bird*: and ſo at laſt ſhall I,
Both from my *Murther'd Heart*, and *Murth'rer* fly.

Anſwer to the Platonicks.

SO Angels love; ſo let them love for me;
When I'am *all ſoul*, ſuch ſhall *my Love* too be:
Who nothing here but like a *Spirit* would do,
In a ſhort time (believ't) will *be* one too:
But ſhall our Love do what in Beaſts we ſee?
E'ven *Beaſts* eat too, but not ſo well as *We*.
And you as juſtly might in thirſt refuſe
The uſe of *Wine*, becauſe *Beaſts Water* uſe:
They taſte thoſe pleaſures as they do their food;
Undreſt they tak't, devour it *raw* and *crude*:
But to us *Men*, *Love Cooks* it at his fire,
And adds the *poignant ſawce* of ſharp deſire.
Beaſts do the ſame: 'tis true; but ancient fame
Says, *Gods* themſelves turn'd *Beaſts* to do the ſame.
The *Thunderer*, who, without the Female bed,
Could *Goddeſſes* bring forth from out his *head*,
Choſe rather *Mortals* this way to create;
So much he 'eſteemed his *pleaſure*, 'bove his *ſtate*.
Ye talk of Fires which ſhine, but never burn;
In this *cold world* they'll hardly ſerve our turn;
As uſeleſs to deſpairing Lovers grown,
As *Lambent flames*, to men i'th' *Frigid Zone*.
The *Sun* does his pure fires on earth beſtow
With nuptial warmth, to bring forth things below;
Such is *Loves* nobleſt and divineſt heat,
That *warms* like his, and does, like his, *beget*.
Luſt you call this; a name to yours more juſt,
If an *Inordinate Deſire* be *Luſt*:
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More *luſtful* was, than the hot youth of *Troy*.

The vain Love.

Loving one first because she could love no body, afterwards loving her with desire.

WHat new-found *Witchcraft* was in thee,
With thine own *Cold* to *kindle Me*?
Strange art! like him that should devise
To make a *Burning-Glass of Ice*;
When *Winter*, so, the Plants would harm,
Her *snow* it self does keep them *warm*;
Fool that I was! who having found
A rich, and *sunny Diamond*,
Admir'd the *hardness* of the *Stone*,
But not the *Light* with which it shone:
Your brave and haughty scorn of all
Was stately, and *Monarchical*.
All *Gentleness* with that esteem'd
A *dull* and *slavish virtue* seem'd;
Shouldst thou have yielded then to me,
Thou'dst lost what I most lov'd in thee;
For who would *serve* one, whom he sees
That he can *Conquer* if he please?
It far'ed with me, as if a *slave*
In *Triumph* lead, that does perceive
With what a gay majestick pride
His *Conqu'eror* through the streets does ride,
Should be *contented* with his wo,
Which makes up such a comly *show*.
I sought not from thee a return,
But without *Hopes* or *Fears* did burn;
My *Covetous Passion* did approve
The *Hoarding* up, not *Use* of Love.
My *Love* a kind of *Dream* was grown,
A *Foolish*, but a *Pleasant* one:
From which I'm *wakened* now, but, oh,
Prisoners to *dye* are *wakened* so.
For now th' *Effects* of *Loving* are
Nothing, but *Longings* with *despair*.
Despair, whose torments no men sure
But *Lovers*, and the *Damn'd* endure.
Her *scorn* I doted once upon,
Ill *Object* for *Affection*,
But since, alas, too much 'tis prov'd,
That yet 'twas *something* that I lov'd;

Now my desires are worse, and fly
At an *Impossibility*:
Desires, which whilst so high they soar,
Are *Proud* as that I lov'd before.
What *Lover* can like me complain,
Who first *lov'd vainly*, next *in vain*!

The Soul.

1.

IF mine *Eyes* do e're declare
They have seen a second thing that's *fair*;
Or *Ears*, that they have *Musick* found,
Besides thy *Voice*, in any *Sound*;
If my *Taste* do ever meet,
After thy *Kiss*, with ought that's *sweet*;
If my 'abused *Touch* allow
Ought to be *smooth*, or *soft*, but *You*;
If, what seasonable Springs,
Or the Eastern Summer brings,
Do my *Smell* perswade at all,
Ought *Perfume*, but thy *Breath* to call;
If all my *senses Objects* be
Not *contracted* into *Thee*,
And so through *Thee* more powe'rful pass,
As *Beams* do through a *Burning-Glass*;
If all things that in *Nature* are
Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
Be not in Thee so *'Epitomiz'd*,
That nought *material*'s not compriz'd;
May I as worthless seem to *Thee*
As all, but *Thou*, appears to *Me*.

2.

If I ever *Anger* know,
Till some *wrong* be done to *You*;
If *Gods* or *Kings* my *Envy* move,
Without their *Crowns crown'd* by thy *Love*;
If ever I an *Hope* admit,
Without thy *Image* stampt on it;
Or any *Fear*, till I begin
To find that *You'r* concern'd therein;
If a *Joy* e're come to me,
That *Tastes* of any thing but *Thee*;
If any *Sorrow* touch my Mind,
Whilst You are *well*, and not *unkind*;
If I a minutes space debate,
Whether I shall curse and hate

The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the *World*, *My ſelf* and *all*;
And for *Love*, if ever I
Approach to it again ſo nigh,
As to allow a *Toleration*
To the leaſt *glimmering Inclination*;
If thou alone do'ſt not controul
All thoſe *Tyrants* of my Soul,
And to thy Beauties ty'ſt them ſo,
That conſtant they as *Habits* grow;
If any *Paſſion* of my Heart,
By any *force*, or any *art*,
Be brought to move one ſtep from *Thee*,
Mayſt Thou no *Paſſion* have for *Me*.

3.

If my buſie '*Imagination*
Do not *Thee* in all things faſhion;
So that all fair *Species* be
Hieroglyphick marks of *Thee*;
If when She her ſports does keep
(The lower Soul being all aſleep)
She play one *Dream* with all her art,
Where Thou haſt not the longeſt part.
If ought get place in my *Remembrance*,
Without ſome badge of thy reſemblance;
So that thy parts become to me
A kind of *Art* of *Memory*.
If my Underſtanding do
Seek any *Knowledge* but of You,
If ſhe do near thy *Body* prize
Her *Bodies* of *Philoſophies*,
If She to the *Will* do ſhow
Ought *deſirable* but You,
Or if *That* would not *rebel*,
Should ſhe another doctrine tell;
If my *Will* do not reſign
All her *Liberty* to thine;
If ſhe would not follow *Thee*,
Though *Fate* and *Thou* ſhouldſt *diſagree*;
And if (for I a curſe will give,
Such as ſhall force thee to believe)
My *Soul* be not entirely Thine;
May thy dear *Body* ne're be Mine.

The Passions.

1.

FRom Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,
And all the *Passions* else that be,
In vain I boast of *Liberty*,
In vain this *State* a *Freedom* call;
Since I have *Love*, and *Love* is *all*:
Sot that I am, who think it fit to brag,
That I have no *Disease* besides the *Plague*!

2.

So in a zeal the Sons of *Israel*,
Sometimes upon their *Idols* fell;
And they depos'd the powers of Hell,
Baal, and *Astarte* down they threw,
And *Accaron* and *Molock* too:
All this *imperfect Piety* did no good,
Whilst yet, alas, the *Calf* of *Bethel* stood.

3.

Fondly I boast, that I have drest my *Vine*
With painful art, and that the *Wine*
Is of a taste rich and divine,
Since *Love* by mixing *Poyson* there,
Has made it worse than *Vinegere*.
Love even the taste of *Nectar* changes so,
That *Gods* choose rather *water* here below.

4.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all Passions else that be,
Drive this one *Tyrant* out of me,
And practise all your *Tyranny*.
The change of ills some good will do:
Th' oppressed wretched *Indians* so,
Be'ing slaves by the great *Spanish Monarch* made,
Call in the *States* of *Holland* to their aid.

Wiſdom.

'Tis mighty *Wiſe* that you would now be thought
With your grave *Rules* from muſty *Morals* brought:
Through which ſome ſtreaks too of *Divin'ity* ran,
Partly of *Monk*, and partly *Puritan*;
With tedious *Repetitions* too y'ave tane
Often the name of *Vanity in vain.*
Things, which, I take it, friend, you'd ne're recite,
Should ſhe I love, but ſay t' you, *Come at night.*
The *Wiſeſt King* refus'd all pleaſures quite,
Till *Wiſdom* from above did him enlight;
But when that gift his ign'orance did remove,
Pleaſures he choſe, and plac'd them all in *Love.*
And if by 'event the Counſels may be ſeen,
This *wiſdom* 'twas that brought the *Southern Queen.*
She came not, like a good *old Wife*, to know
The wholeſome nature of all *Plants* that grow:
Nor did ſo far from her own Country rome,
To cure ſcall'd heads, and broken ſhins at home;
She came for that, which more befits all *Wives*,
The art of *Giving*, not of *Saving Lives.*

The Deſpair.

1.

BEneath this gloomy ſhade,
By Nature only for my ſorrows made,
I'll ſpend this *voyce* in crys,
In tears I'll waſte theſe *eyes*
By *Love* ſo vainly fed;
So *Luſt* of old the *Delnge* puniſhed.
Ah wretched youth! ſaid I,
Ah wretched youth! twice did I ſadly cry:
Ah wretched youth! the fields and floods reply.

2.

When thoughts of Love I entertain,
I meet no words but *Never*, and *In vain.*
Never (alas) that dreadful name,
Which fewels the infernal flame:

Never,

Never, my time to come must waste;
In vain, torments the present, and the past.
In vain, in vain! said I;
In vain, in vain! twice did I sadly cry;
In vain, in vain! the fields and floods reply.

3.

No more shall fields or floods do so;
For I to shades more dark and silent go:
All this worlds noise appears to me
A dull ill-acted *Comedy*:
No comfort to my wounded sight,
In the *Suns* busie and impertinent Light.
Then down I laid my head;
Down on cold earth; and for a while was *dead*,
And my freed *Soul* to a strange *Somewhere* fled.

4.

Ah foolish *Soul*; said I,
When back to its *Cage* again I saw it fly:
Fool to resume her *broken chain*!
And row her *Galley* here again!
Fool, to that body to return
Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to *burn*!
Once *dead*, how can it be,
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to Thee,
That thou shouldst come to *live it o're again* in *Me*?

The Wish.

1.

WEll then; I now do plainly see,
This busie world and I shall ne're agree;
The very *Honey* of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest *cloy*,
And they (methinks) deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The *Crowd*, and *Buz*, and *Murmurings*
Of this great *Hive*, the *City*.

2.

Ah, yet, e're I descend to th' Grave
May I a *small House*, and *large Garden* have!
And a *few Friends*, and *many Books*, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!

And

And since *Love* ne're will from me flee,
A *Mistress* moderately fair,
And good as *Guardian-Angels* are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

3.

Oh, *Fountains*, when in you shall I
My self, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
Oh *Fields*! Oh *Woods*! when, when shall I be made
The happy *Tenant* of your shade?
Here's the Spring-head of *Pleasures* flood;
Where all the *Riches* lie, that she
Has coyn'd and stampt for good.

4.

Pride and *Ambition* here,
Only in *far fetcht Metaphors* appear;
Here nought but *winds* can hurtful *Murmurs* scatter,
And nought but *Eccho flatter*.
The *Gods*, when they descended, hither
From Heav'en did always chuse their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the *way* too *thither*.

5.

How happy here should I,
And one dear *She* live, and embracing dy?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In *deserts Solitude*.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a *City* here.

My Dyet.

1.

NOw *by my Love*, the greatest *Oath* that is,
None loves you half so well as I:
I do not ask *your Love* for this;
But for Heave'ns sake *believe me*, or I dye.
No *Servant* e're but did deserve
His *Master* should believe that he does serve;
And I'll ask no more *wages*, though I *starve*.

2.

'Tis no *luxurious Diet* this, and ſure
I ſhall not by't too *Luſty* prove;
Yet ſhall it willingly endure,
If't can but keep together *Life* and *Love*,
Being your *Priſoner* and your *ſlave*,
I do not *Feaſts* and *Banquets* look to have,
A little *Bread* and *Water*'s all I crave.

3.

O'n a *Sigh* of Pity I a year can live,
One *Tear* will keep me twenty at leaſt,
Fifty a gentle *Look* will give;
An hundred years on one *kind word* I'll feaſt:
A thouſand more will added be,
If you an *Inclination* have for me;
And all beyond is vaſt *Eternity*.

The Thief.

1.

THou rob'ſt my *Days* of buſ'neſs and delights,
Of ſleep thou rob'ſt my *Nights*;
Ah, *lovely Thief* what wilt thou do?
What? rob me of *Heaven too*?
Thou even my *prayers* doſt ſteal from me.
And I, with wild *Idolatry*,
Begin, to *God*, and end them all, to *Thee*.

2.

Is it a *Sin* to *Love*, that it ſhould thus,
Like an *ill Conſcience* torture us?
What e're I do, where e're I go,
(None *Guiltleſs* e're was haunted ſo)
Still, ſtill, methinks thy face I view,
And ſtill thy *ſhape* does me purſue,
As if, not *you Me*, but *I* had *murthered You*.

3.

From *Books* I ſtrive ſome remedy to take,
But thy *Name* all the *Letters* make;
What e're 'tis writ, I find That there,
Like *Points* and *Commas* every where;
Me bleſt for this let no man hold;
For I, as *Midas* did of old,
Periſh by turning ev'ry thing to *Gold*.

What

4.

What do I ſeek, alas, or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
For making thee my *Deity*,
I gave thee then *Ubiquity*.
My pains reſemble *Hell* in this;
The *Divine preſence* there too is,
But to *torment* Men, not to give them *bliſs*.

All-over, Love.

1.

'TIs well, 'tis well with them (ſay I)
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd *Paſſions* with *themſelves* can dye:
For none can be unhappy, who
'Midſt all his ills a time does know
(Though ne're ſo long) when he ſhall not be ſo.

2.

What ever *parts* of Me remain,
Thoſe *parts* will ſtill the *Love* of thee retain;
For 'twas not only in my Heart,
But like a *God* by pow'rful Art,
'Twas *all* in *all*, and *all* in *every Part*.

3.

My '*Affection* no more periſh can
Than the *Firſt Matter* that compounds a Man:
Hereafter if one *Duſt* of Me
Mixt with anothers *ſubſtance* be,
'Twill *Leaven* that whole *Lump* with Love of Thee.

4.

Let Nature if ſhe pleaſe diſperſe
My *Atoms* over all the *Univerſe*,
At the laſt they eaſi'ly ſhall
Themſelves know, and together call;
For thy *Love*, like a *Mark*, is ſtamp'd on all.

Love and Life.

1.

NOw ſure, within this twelve-month paſt,
I' have *lov'd* at leaſt ſome twenty years or more:
The account of *Love* runs much more faſt
Than that, with which our *Life* does ſcore:
So though my *Life* be *ſhort*, yet I may prove
The great *Methuſalem* of *Love*.

2.

Not that *Loves* Hours or Minutes are
Shorter than thoſe our *Being*'s meaſur'ed by:
But they're more cloſe *compacted* far,
And ſo in leſſer room do lye.
Thin airy things extend themſelves in ſpace,
Things *ſolid* take up little place.

3.

Yet *Love*, alas, and *Life* in Me,
Are not two ſeveral things, but purely one,
At once how can there in it be
A double *different Motion*?
O yes, there may: for ſo the ſelf ſame *Sun*,
At once does ſlow and ſwiftly run.

4.

Swiftly his *daily* journey 'he goes,
But treads his *Annual* with a ſtatelier pace,
And does three hundred Rounds encloſe
Within one yearly Circles ſpace.
At once with *double courſe* in the ſame *Sphære*,
He *runs* the *Day*, and *Walks* the *year*.

5.

When *Soul* does to *my ſelf* refer,
'Tis then my *Life*, and does but ſlowly move;
But when it does relate to her,
It ſwiftly flies, and then is *Love*.
Love's my *Diurnal* courſe, divided right
'Twixt *Hope* and *Fear*, my *Day* and *Night*.

The Bargain.

1.

TAke heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,
Nor be by *glittering ills* betraid;
Thy ſelf for *Money*? oh, let no man know
The *Price* of Beauty faln ſo *low!*
What dangers ought'ſt thou not to dread,
When *Love* that's *Blind* is by *blind Fortune* led?

2.

The fooliſh *Indian* that ſells
His precious Gold for Beads and Bells,
Does a more wiſe and gainful traffick hold,
Then thou who ſell'ſt thy ſelf for *Gold.*
What gains in ſuch a bargain are?
Hee'l in thy *Mines* dig better *Treaſures* far.

3.

Can *Gold*, alas, with *Thee* compare?
The *Sun*, that makes it's not ſo fair;
The *Sun* which can nor *make*, nor ever *ſee*
A thing ſo beautiful as *Thee*,
In all the journeys he does paſs,
Though the Sea ſerv'ed him for a *Looking-glaſs.*

4.

Bold was the wretch that *cheapned* Thee,
Since *Magus*, none ſo bold as he:
Thou'rt ſo divine a thing that *Thee to buy*,
Is to be counted *Simony*;
Too dear he'l find his ſordid price,
H'as forfeited *that*, and the *Beneſice.*

5.

If it be lawful Thee to *buy*,
There's none can pay that rate but *I*;
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
But what on earth's moſt *like* to *Thee.*
And that my *Heart* does only bear;
For there *Thy ſelf*, *Thy very ſelf* is there.

6.

So much *thy ſelf* does in me live,
That when it for *thy ſelf* I give,

'Tis

'Tis but to change that piece of *Gold* for this,
Whose *ſtamp* and *value* equal is.
And that full *Weight* too may be had,
My *Soul* and *Body*; two *Grains* more, I'll add.

The Long Life.

1.

Love from *Times* wings hath ſtoln the *feathers* ſure,
He has, and put them to his *own*;
For *Hours* of late as long as *Days* endure,
And very *Minutes*, *Hours* are grown.

2.

The various *Motions* of the turning *Year*,
Belong not now at all to Me:
Each *Summers Night* does *Lucies* now appear,
Each *Winters* day *St. Barnaby*.

3.

How long a ſpace, ſince firſt I lov'd, it is?
To look into a *glaſs* I fear;
And am ſurpriz'd with wonder when I miſs,
Grey-hairs and *wrinkles* there.

4.

Th' old *Patriarchs age* and not their *happ'ineſs* too,
Why does hard fate to us reſtore?
Why does *Loves Fire* thus to *Mankind* renew,
What the *Flood waſht* away before?

5.

Sure thoſe are happy people that complain,
O' th' *ſhortneſs* of the days of man:
Contract mine, Heaven, and bring them back again
To th' ordinary *Span*.

6.

If when your gift, *long Life*, I diſapprove,
I too ingrateful ſeem to be;
Puniſh me juſtly, Heaven; make Her to love,
And then 'twill be *too ſhort* for me.

Counsel.

1.

GEntly, ah gently, Madam, touch
The wound, which you your self have made;
That pain must needs be very much,
Which makes me of *your hand* afraid.
Cordials of *Pity* give me now;
For I too weak for *Purgings* grow.

2.

Do but a while with patience stay;
For *Counsel* yet will do no good;
'Till *Time*, and *Rest*, and *Heav'n* allay
The vi'olent burnings of my blood,
For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men *drunk*, for being so?

3.

Perhaps the *Physick's* good you give,
But ne're to me can useful prove;
Med'cines may *Cure*, but not *Revive*;
And I am not *Sick*, but *Dead* in Love.
In *Loves Hell*, not his *World*, am I;
At once I *Live*, am *Dead*, and *Dye*.

4.

What new found *Rhetorick* is thine?
Ev'n thy *Dissuasions* me *perswade*,
And thy great power does clearest shine,
When thy *Commands* are *disobey'd*.
In vain thou bidst me to forbear;
Obedience were *Rebellion* here.

5.

Thy *Tongue* comes in, as if it meant
Against thine *Eyes* t'assist my *Heart*;
But different far was his intent:
For straight the *Traitor* took their part.
And by this new foe I'm bereft
Of all that *Little* which was left.

6.

The act I must confess was wise,
As a dishoneſt act could be:

Well

Well knew the *Tongue* (alas) your *Eyes*
Would be too strong for *That*, and *Me*.
And part o'th' *Triumph* chose to *get*,
Rather than *be a part* of it.

Resolved to be beloved.

1.

'Tis true, I have lov'd already three or four,
And shall three or four hundred more;
I'll love each fair one that I see,
Till I find one at last that shall *love me*.

2.

That shall my *Canaan* be, the fatal soil,
That ends my wandrings, and my toil.
I'll settle there and happy grow;
The *Country* does with *Milk* and *Honey* flow.

3.

The *Needle* trembles so, and turns about,
Till it the *Northern Point* find out:
But constant then and fixt does prove,
Fixt, that his dearest *Pole* as soon may *move*.

4.

Then may my *Vessel* torn and shipwrackt be,
If it put forth again to *Sea*:
It never more abroad shall rome,
Though't could next voyage bring the *Indies* home.

5.

But I must sweat in *Love*, and labour yet,
Till I a *Competency* get.
They're slothful fools who leave a Trade,
Till they a moderate Fortune by't have made.

6.

Variety I ask not; give me One
To live perpetually upon.
The person *Love* does to us fit,
Like *Manna*, has the *Taste* of all in it.

The

The Same.

1.

FOr Heavens ſake, what d' you mean to do?
Keep me, or *let me go*, one of the two;
Youth and *warm hours* let me not idlely loſe,
The *little Time* that Love does chooſe;
If always here I muſt not ſtay,
Let me be gone, whilſt yet 'tis *day*;
Leſt I faint, and benighted loſe my way.

2.

'Tis diſmal, *One ſo* long to love
In vain; till to love *more* as vain muſt prove:
To hunt ſo long on nimble prey, till we
Too weary to take others be;
Alas, 'tis folly to remain,
And waſte our *Army* thus in vain,
Before a *City* which will ne're be tane.

3.

At ſeveral hopes wiſely to fly,
Ought not to be eſteem'd *Inconſtancy*;
'Tis more *Inconſtant* always to *purſue*,
A thing that always *flies* from you;
For that at laſt may meet a bound,
But no end can to this be found,
'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitleſs *Round*.

4.

When it does *Hardneſs* meet and *Pride*,
My *Love* does then *rebound* t'another ſide;
But if it ought that's *ſoft* and *yielding* hit;
It lodges there, and ſtays in it.
Whatever 'tis ſhall firſt love me,
That it my *Heaven* may truly be;
I ſhall be ſure to give't *Eternity*.

The Discovery.

1.

BY 'Heaven I'll tell her boldly that 'tis She;
Why should she asham'd or angry be,
To be belov'd by Me?
The Gods may give their Altars o're;
They'll smoak but seldom any more,
If none but *Happy Men* must them adore.

2.

The *Lightning* which tall *Oaks* oppose in vain,
To strike sometime does not disdain
The humble *Furzes* of the Plain.
She being so *high*, and I so *low*,
Her power by this does greater show,
Who at such *distance* gives so *sure* a blow.

3.

Compar'd with her all things so worthless prove,
That nought on earth can tow'ards her move,
Till't be *exalted* by her *Love*.
Equal to her, alas, there's none;
She like a *Deity* is grown;
That must *Create*, or else must be *alone*.

4.

If there be man, who thinks himself so high,
As to pretend *equality*,
He deserves her less then *I*;
For he would *cheat* for his relief;
And one would give with lesser grief,
To'an *undeserving Beggar* than a *Thief*.

Against Fruition.

NO; thou'rt a fool, I'll swear, if e're thou grant:
Much of my *Veneration* thou must want,
When once thy *kindness* puts my *Ign'orance* out;
For a *learn'd Age* is always least devout.
Keep still thy distance; for at once to me
Goddess and *Woman* too, thou canst not be;

Thou'rt

Thou'rt *Queen* of all that ſees thee; and as ſuch
Muſt neither *Tyrannize*, nor *yield* too much;
Such *freedoms* give as may admit *Command*,
But keep the *Forts* and *Magazines* in thine hand.
Thou'rt yet a *whole world* to me, and do'eſt fill
My large ambition; but 'tis dang'rous ſtill,
Leſt I like the *Pellæan Prince* ſhould be,
And weep for *other worlds* hav'ing conquer'd *thee*;
When *Love* has taken all thou haſt away,
His ſtrength by too much *riches* will decay.
Thou in my *Fancy* doſt much higher ſtand,
Than *Women* can be place'd by *Natures* hand;
And I muſt needs, I'm ſure, a loſer be,
To change *Thee*, as *Thou'rt there*, for very *Thee*.
Thy ſweetneſs is ſo much within me plac'd,
That ſhouldſt thou *Nectar* give, 'twould ſpoil the taſt.
Beauty at firſt moves wonder, and delight;
'Tis *Natures juggling trick* to cheat the ſight,
We 'admire it, whilſt unknown, but after more
Admire our ſelves, for liking it before.
Love, like a greedy *Hawk*, if we give way,
Does over-gorge himſelf, with his own *Prey*;
Of very *Hopes* a ſurfeit he'll ſuſtain,
Unleſs by *Fears* he caſt them up again:
His ſpirit and ſweetneſs dangers keep alone;
If once he loſe his *ſting*, he grows a *Drone*.

Love undiſcovered.

1.

SOme, others may with ſafety tell
The moderate Flames, which in them dwell;
And either find ſome *Med'icine* there,
Or cure themſelves ev'en by *Deſpair*;
My Love's ſo great, that it might prove
Dang'erous, to tell her that I Love.
So tender is my wound, it muſt not bear
Any ſalute, though of the kindeſt air.

2.

I would not have *her know* the pain,
The Torments for her I ſuſtain,
Leſt too much *goodneſs* make her throw
Her *Love* upon a *Fate* too low.
Forbid it Heaven my *Life* ſhould be
Weigh'd with her leaſt *Conveniency*:
No, let me *periſh* rather with my grief,
Then to her *diſadvantage* find *relief*.

3.

Yet when I dye, my laſt breath ſhall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all.
Like covetous Men who ne're deſcry,
Their dear hid *Treaſures* till they *dye.*
Ah faireſt Maid, how will it chear
My *Ghoſt*, to get from *Thee* a *tear!*
But take heed; for if me thou *Pitieſt* then,
Twenty to one but I ſhall *live* agen.

The given Heart.

1.

I Wonder what thoſe *Lovers* mean, who ſay,
They have giv'en their *Hearts* away.
Some good kind *Lover* tell me how;
For mine is but a *Torment* to me now.

2.

If ſo it be, one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courteſie can Love do more,
Than to *join Hearts*, that *parted* were before?

3.

Wo to her ſtubborn *Heart*, if once mine come
Into the ſelf ſame room;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a *Granado* ſhot into a *Magazin.*

4.

Then ſhall *Love* keep the aſhes, and torn parts,
Of both our broken *Hearts*:
Shall out of both *one* new one make,
From hers, th' *Allay*; from mine, the *Metal* take.

5.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
But little left behind:
Mine only will remain entire;
No *droſs* was there, to periſh in the *Fire.*

The

The Prophet.

1.

TEach *me* to *Love*? go teach thy ſelf more wit;
I chief *Profeſſour* am of it.
Teach craft to *Scots*, and thrift to *Jews*,
Teach boldneſs to the Stews;
In *Tyrants* Courts teach ſupple *flattery*,
Teach *Jeſuits*, that have *travell*'d far, to Lye.
Teach Fire to burn, and Winds to blow,
Teach reſtleſs Fountains how to flow,
Teach the dull earth, fixt, to abide,
Teach *Woman-kind* inconſtancy and Pride.
See if your diligence here will uſeful prove;
But, pr'ithee, teach not me to *Love*.

2.

The *God* of *Love*, if ſuch a thing there be,
May learn to love from *Me*.
He who does boaſt that he has bin
In every Heart ſince *Adams* ſin,
I'll lay my *Life*, nay *Miſtreſs* on't, that's more;
I'll teach him things he never knew before;
I'll teach him a *Receipt* to make
Words that *weep*, and *Tears* that *ſpeak*,
I'll teach him *Sighs*, like thoſe in *Death*,
At which the *Souls* go out too with the *breath*:
Still the *Soul ſtays*, yet ſtill does from me *run*;
As *Light* and *Heat* does with the *Sun*.

3.

'Tis I who *Love*'s *Columbus* am; 'tis I,
Who muſt new *Worlds* in it deſcry:
Rich *Worlds*, that yield of *Treaſure* more,
Than all that has bin known before.
And yet like *his* (I fear) *my Fate* muſt be,
To find them out for *others*; not for *Me*.
Me Times to come, I know it, ſhall
Loves laſt and greateſt *Prophet* call.
But, ah, what's that, if ſhe refuſe,
To hear the wholeſome *Doctrines* of my *Muſe*?
If to my ſhare the *Prophets fate* muſt come;
Hereafter *Fame*, here *Martyrdome*.

The Resolution.

1.

THe *Devil* take those foolish men,
Who gave you first such pow'rs;
We stood on even grounds till then;
If any *odds*, *Creation* made it *ours*.

2.

For shame let these weak Chains be broke;
Let's our slight bonds, like *Sampson*, tear;
And nobly cast away that yoke,
Which *we* nor our *Forefathers* e're could bear.

3.

French Laws forbid the *Female Raign*;
Yet *Love* does them to *slavery* draw,
Alas, if we'll our rights maintain,
'Tis all *Mankind* must make a *Salique Law*.

Called Inconstant.

1.

HA! ha! you think y'have *kill'd* my *fame*;
By this not *understood*, yet *common Name*:
A Name, that's *full* and *proper* when assign'd
To *Woman-kind*:
But when you call *us* so,
It can at best but for a *Met'aphor* go.

2.

Can you the shore *Inconstant* call,
Which still as *Waves* pass by, embraces *all*;
That had as leif the same Waves always love,
Did they not from him *move*?
Or can you fault with *Pilots* find
For changing course, yet never blame the *wind*?

3.

Since *drunk* with vanity you fell:
The things turn *round* to you that stedfast dwell;

And

And you your ſelf, who *from us* take your flight,
Wonder to find us out of ſight.
So the ſame errour ſeizes you,
As *Men in motion* think the *Trees* move too.

The Welcome.

1.

GO, let the *fatted Calf* be kill'd;
My *Prodigal's* come home at laſt;
With noble reſolutions fill'd,
And fill'd with ſorrow for the paſt.
No more will burn with *Love* or *Wine*:
But quite has left his *Women* and his *Swine*.

2.

Welcome, ah welcome my poor *Heart*;
Welcome; I little thought, I'll ſwear,
('Tis now ſo long ſince we did part)
Ever again to ſee thee here:
Dear *Wanderer*, ſince from me you fled,
How often have I heard that Thou wer't *dead*!

3.

Haſt thou not found each womans breaſt
(The *Lands* where thou haſt travelled)
Either by *Savages* poſſeſt,
Or wild, and *uninhabited*?
What joy couldſt take, or what repoſe
In *Countrys* ſo *unciviliz'd* as thoſe?

4.

Luſt, the ſcorching *Dog-ſtar*, here
Rages with immoderate *heat*;
Whilſt *Pride* the rugged *Northern Bear*,
In others makes the *Cold* too great.
And where theſe are temp'rate known,
The Soyl's all barren *Sand*, or rocky *Stone*.

5.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
A rich, well-govern'd Heart,
Like *China*, it admitted You
But to the *Frontier-part*.
From *Par'adiſe* ſhut for evermore,
What good is't that an *Angel* kept the *Door*?

Well fare

Well fare the *Pride*, and the *Diſdain*,
And *Vanities* with *Beauty* joyn'd,
I ne're had ſeen this Heart again,
If any *Fair one* had been kind:
My *Dove*, but once let looſe, I doubt
Would ne're return, had not the *Flood* been out.

The Heart fled again.

1.

FAlſe, fooliſh *Heart*! didſt thou not ſay,
That thou wouldſt never leave me more?
Behold again 'tis fled away,
Fled as far from me as before.
I ſtrove to bring it back again,
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

2.

Even ſo the gentle *Tyrian Dame*,
When neither *Grief* nor *Love* prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th' ingrateful *Trojan* hoiſt his ſail:
Aloud ſhe call'd to him to ſtay;
The wind bore *him*, and her loſt *words* away.

3.

The doleful *Ariadne* ſo,
On the wide ſhore forſaken ſtood:
Falſe Theſeus, *whither doſt thou go?*
Afar falſe *Theſeus* cut the flood.
But *Bacchus* came to her relief;
Bacchus himſelf's too weak to eaſe my grief.

4.

Ah ſenſeleſs *Heart*, to take no reſt,
But travel thus eternally!
Thus to be *froz'n* in every *breaſt*!
And to be *ſcorcht* in every *Eye*!
Wandring about like wretched *Cain*,
Thruſt out, *ill us'd* by all, but by none *ſlain*!

5.

Well; ſince thou wilt not here remain,
I'll ev'en to live without Thee try;
My *Head* ſhall take the greater pain,
And all *thy duties* ſhall ſupply;
I can more eaſily live I know
Without *Thee*, then without a *Miſtreſs Thou*.

Womens Superſtition.

1.

OR I'm a very *Dunce*, or *Womankind*
Is a moſt unintelligible thing:
I can no *Senſe*, nor no *Contexture* find,
Nor their looſe parts to *Method* bring,
I know not what the *Learn'd* may ſee,
But they're ſtrange *Hebrew things* to *Me*.

2.

By *Cuſtoms* and *Traditions* they live,
And fooliſh *Ceremonies* of antique date,
We *Lovers*, new and better *Doctrines* give.
Yet they continue obſtinate;
Preach we, *Loves Prophets*, what we will,
Like *Jews*, they keep their *old Law* ſtill.

3.

Before their *Mothers Gods*, they fondly fall,
Vain *Idol-Gods* that have no Senſe nor Mind:
Honour's their *Aſhtaroth*, and *Pride* their *Baal*,
The *Thundring Baal* of Woman-kind.
With twenty other *Devils* more,
Which *They*, as We do *Them*, adore.

4.

But then, like Men both *Covetous* and *Devout*,
Their coſtly *Superſtition* loth t'omit,
And yet more loth to iſſue Moneys out,
At their own charge to furniſh it.
To theſe expenſive *Deities*,
The *Hearts* of Men they *Sacrifice*.

The Soul.

1.

SOme dull *Philoſ'opher* when he hears me ſay,
My *Soul* is from me fled away;
Nor has of late inform'd my *Body* here,
But in anothers breaſt does ly,
That neither *Is*, nor *will* be *I*,
As a *Form Servient* and *Aſſiſting* there.

2.

Will cry, *Abſurd* ! and ask me, how I live:
And *Syllogiſms* againſt it give;
A curſe on all your vain *Philoſophies*,
Which on weak *Natures Law* depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and *Religion*, thoſe great *Myſteries*.

3.

Her *Body* is my *Soul*; laugh not at this,
For by my *Life* I ſwear it is.
'Tis that preſerves my *Being* and my *Breath*,
From that proceeds all that I *do*,
Nay all my *Thoughts* and *ſpeeches* too,
And *ſeparation* from it is my *Death*.

Eccho.

1.

TIr'ed with the rough denials of my Prayer,
From that hard ſhe whom I obey,
I come, and find a *Nymph*, much gentler here,
That gives *conſent* to all I ſay.
Ah gentle *Nymph* who lik'ſt ſo well,
In hollow, *ſolitary Caves* to dwell,
Her *Heart* being ſuch, into it go,
And do but once from thence anſwer me *ſo*.

2.

Complaiſant Nymph, who do'eſt thus kindly ſhare
In griefs, whoſe cauſe thou do'eſt not know !
Hadſt thou but *Eyes*, as well as *Tongue* and *Ear*,
How much *compaſſion* wouldſt thou ſhow !
Thy *flame*, whilſt *living*, or a *flower*,
Was of leſs beauty, and leſs rav'iſhing power;
Alas, I might as eaſilie,
Paint thee to *her*, as *deſcribe Her* to *Thee*.

3.

By repercuſſion *Beams* engender *Fire*,
Shapes by reflexion *ſhapes* beget;
The *voyce* it ſelf, when ſtopt, does back retire,
And a new *voice* is made by it.
Thus things by *oppoſition*
The gainers grow; my barren *Love* alone,
Does from her ſtony breaſt rebound,
Producing neither *Image*, *Fire*, nor *Sound*.

The rich Rival.

1.

THey say you're angry, and rant mightilie,
Because I love the same as you;
Alas! you're very *rich*; 'tis true;
But prithee Fool, what's that to *Love* and *Me?*
You' have *Land* and *Money*, let that serve;
And know you' have more by that than you *deserve.*

2.

When next I see my *fair One*, she shall know,
How worthless thou art of her bed;
And wretch, I'll strike thee *dumb* and *dead*,
With noble *verse* not understood by you;
Whilst thy sole *Rhetorick* shall be
Joynture, and *Jewels*, and *Our Friends agree.*

3.

Pox o' your friends, that dote and Domineere:
Lovers are better *Friends* than they:
Let's those in other things obey;
The *Fates*, and *Stars*, and *Gods* must govern here.
Vain names of *Blood*! in *Love* let none
Advise with any *Blood*, but with their *own.*

4.

'Tis that which bids me this bright *Maid* adore;
No other thought has had access!
Did she now *beg* I'd love no *less*,
And were she an *Empress*, I should love no *more*;
Were she as just and true to Me,
Ah, simple soul, what would become of *Thee!*

Against Hope.

1.

HOpe, whose weak *Being* ruin'd is,
Alike if it *succeed*, and if it *miss*;
Whom *Good* or *Ill* does equally confound,
And both the *Horns* of *Fates Dilemma* wound.
Vain *shadow!* which dost vanish quite,
Both at full *Noon*, and perfect *Night!*

The Stars have not a *possibility*
Of blessing Thee;
If things then from their *End* we happy call,
'Tis *Hope* is the most *Hopeless* thing of all.

2.

Hope, thou bold *Taster* of Delight,
Who whilst thou shouldst but *tast*, *devour'st* it quite!
Thou bringst us an *Estate*, yet leav'st us *Poor*,
By clogging it with *Legacies* before!
The *Joys* which we *entire* should wed,
Come *deflowr'd Virgins* to our bed;
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty *Custom*'s paid to Thee.
For *Joy*, like *Wine*, kept close does better taste;
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

3.

Hope, Fortunes cheating *Lottery*!
Where for one *prize* an hundred *blanks* there be;
Fond *Archer*, *Hope*, who tak'st thy aim so far,
That still or *short*, or *wide* thine arrows are!
Thin, empty *Cloud*, which th'eye deceives
With shapes that our own *Fancy* gives!
A *Cloud*, which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in *tears*!
When thy false beams o're *Reasons* light prevail,
By *Ignes fatui* for *North-Stars* we sail.

4.

Brother of *Fear*, more gaily clad!
The *merr'ier Fool* o'th' two, yet quite as *Mad*:
Sire of *Repentance*, *Child* of fond *Desire*!
That blow'st the *Chymicks*, and the *Lovers* fire!
Leading them still insensibly on
By the strange *witchcraft* of *Anon*!
By *Thee* the one does changing *Nature* through
Her endless *Labyrinths* pursue,
And th'other chases *Woman*, whilst She goes
More ways and turns than *hunted Nature* knows.

For Hope.

1.

Hope, of all Ills that men endure,
The only cheap and *Universal Cure*!
Thou *Captives freedom*, and Thou *sick Mans Health*!
Thou *Losers Victo'ry*, and thou *Beggars wealth*!
Thou *Manna*, which from Heav'n we eat,
To every *Taſt* a ſeveral *Meat*!
Thou ſtrong *Retreat*! thou ſure *entail'd Eſtate*,
Which nought has power to *alienate*!
Thou pleaſant, *honeſt Flatterer*! for none
Flatter unhappy Men, but thou alone!

2.

Hope, thou *Firſt-fruits* of *Happineſs*!
Thou gentle *Dawning* of a bright *Succeſs*!
Thou good *Prepar'ative*, without which our Joy
Does *work* too ſtrong, and whilſt it cures, deſtroy;
Who out of *Fortunes* reach doſt ſtand,
And art a bleſſing *ſtill in hand*!
Whilſt *Thee*, her *Earneſt-Money* we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether ſhe 'her *bargain* break, or elſe fulfill;
Thou only *good*, not worſe, for *ending* ill!

3.

Brother of *Faith*, 'twixt whom and Thee
The joys of *Heav'en* and *Earth* divided be!
Though *Faith* be *Heir*, and have the *fixt eſtate*,
Thy *Portion* yet in *Moveables* is great.
Happineſs it ſelf's all one
In *Thee*, or in *poſſeſſion*!
Only the *Future's Thine*, the *preſent His*!
Thine's the more hard and noble bliſs;
Beſt *apprehender* of our joys, which haſt
So long a *reach*, and yet canſt hold ſo *faſt*!

4.

Hope, thou ſad *Lovers* only *Friend*!
Thou *Way* that mayſt diſpute it with the *End*!
For *Love* I fear's a fruit that does delight
The *Taſt* it ſelf leſs than the *Smell and Sight*.
Fruition more deceitful is
Than *Thou* canſt be, when thou doſt *miſs*;

Men

Men leave thee by *obtaining*, and ſtrait flee
Some other way again to *Thee*;
And that's a pleaſant *Country*, without doubt,
To which all ſoon return that travel out.

Loves Ingratitude.

1.

I Little thought, thou fond *ingrateful Sin*,
When firſt I let thee in,
And gave thee but a part
In my unwary *Heart*,
That thou wouldſt e're have grown,
So *falſe* or *ſtrong* to make it all thine own.

2.

At mine own *breaſt* with care I fed thee ſtill,
Letting thee ſuck thy fill,
And daintily I nouriſht Thee
With *Idle thoughts* and *Poetrie!*
What ill returns doſt thou allow?
I *fed thee* then, and thou doſt *ſtarve* me now.

3.

There was a time, when thou waſt *cold* and *chill*,
Nor hadſt the power of doing ill;
Into my *boſom* did I take,
This frozen and benummed *Snake*,
Not fearing from it any harm;
But now it *ſtings* that breaſt which made *it warm*.

4.

What curſed *weed*'s this *Love* but one *grain* ſow,
And the whole *field* 'twill overgrow;
Strait will it choak up and devour
Each wholeſome *herb* and beauteous *flour!*
Nay unleſs ſomething ſoon I do,
'Twill kill I fear my very *Lawrel* too.

5.

But now all's gone, I now, alas, complain,
Declare, proteſt, and threat in vain.
Since by my own *unforc'd conſent*,
The *Traytor* has my *Government*,
And is ſo ſettled in the *Throne*,
That 'twere *Rebellion* now to claim *mine own*.

The Frailty.

1.

I Know 'tis *ſordid*, and 'tis *low*;
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I ſo hotly now purſue;
(I know all this as well as you)
But whilſt this curſed fleſh I bear,
And all the *Weakneſs*, and the *Baſeneſs* there,
Alas, alas, it will be always ſo.

2.

In vain, exceedingly in vain
I rage ſometimes, and bite my *Chain*;
For to what purpoſe do I bite
With Teeth which ne're will break it quite?
For if the chiefeſt *Chriſtian Head*,
Was by this ſturdy *Tyrant buffeted*,
What wonder is it, if *weak I* be *ſlain?*

Coldneſs.

1.

AS *water* fluid is, till it do grow
Solid and fixt by *Cold*;
So in *warm Seaſons Love* does looſely flow,
Froſt only can it hold.
A *Womans rigour*, and diſdain,
Does his ſwift courſe reſtrain.

2.

Though *conſtant*, and *conſiſtent* now it be,
Yet, when kind beams appear,
It melts, and glides apace into the Sea,
And loſes it ſelf there.
So the *Suns* amorous play,
Kiſſes the *Ice* away.

3.

You may in *Vulgar Loves* find always this;
But my *Subſtantial Love*
Of a more firm, and perfect *Nature* is;
No weathers can it move:
Though *Heat* diſſolve the *Ice again*,
The *Chryſtal* ſolid does remain.

1.

THen like ſome wealthy *Iſland thou* ſhalt ly;
And like the *Sea* about it, *I*;
Thou like fair *Albion*, to the Sailors Sight,
Spreading her beauteous Boſom all in *White*:
Like the kind *Ocean* I will be,
With loving *Arms* for ever claſping Thee.

2.

But I'll embrace Thee gentli'er far than ſo;
As their freſh *Banks* ſoft *Rivers* do,
Nor ſhall the *proudeſt Planet* boaſt a power
Of making my *full Love* to *ebb* one hour;
It never *dry* or *low* can prove,
Whilſt thy unwaſted *Fountain* feeds my Love.

3.

Such Heat and Vigour ſhall our *Kiſſes* bear,
As if like *Doves* we' engendred there.
No *bound* nor *rule* my pleaſures ſhall endure,
In Love there's none too much an *Epicure*.
Nought ſhall my hands or Lips controul;
I'll kiſs Thee *through*, I'll kiſs thy *very Soul*.

4.

Yet nothing, but the *Night* our ſports ſhall know;
Night that's both *blind* and *ſilent* too.
Alphæus found not a more ſecret trace,
His lov'd *Sicanian Fountain* to embrace,
Creeping ſo far beneath the Sea,
Than I will do t' *enjoy*, and *feaſt* on Thee.

5.

Men, out of *Wiſdom*; *Women*, out of *Pride*,
Hoy The pleaſant Thefts of Love do *hide*.

That

That may ſecure thee; but thou haſt yet from Me
A more *infallible Securitie.*
For there's no danger I ſhould tell
The Joys, which are to Me *unſpeakable.*

Sleep:

1.

IN vain, thou drouſie God, I thee invoak;
For thou, who doſt from fumes ariſe,
Thou, who *Mans Soul* doſt overſhade
With a thick *Cloud* by Vapours made,
Canſt have no power to ſhut his eyes,
Or paſſage of his *Spirits* to choak,
Whoſe *flame's* ſo pure, that it ſends up no *ſmoak.*

2.

Yet how do *Tears* but from ſome *Vapours* riſe?
Tears, that bewinter all my Year?
The fate of *Egypt* I ſuſtain,
And never feel the dew of *Rain,*
From *Clouds* which in the Head appear,
But all my too much *Moyſture* ow,
To *overflowings* of the *Heart* below.

3.

Thou, who doſt *Men* (as Nights to *Colours* do)
Bring all to an *Equality*:
Come, thou *juſt God*, and *equal me*
A while to my diſdainful *She*;
In that condition let me ly;
Till *Love* does the favour ſhew;
Love equals all a better way than *You.*

4.

Then never more ſhalt thou be invokt by me;
Watchful as *Spirits*, and *Gods* I'll prove:
Let her but grant, and then will I,
Thee and thy *Kinſman Death* defy.
For betwixt *Thee* and them that *love*,
Never will an agreement be;
Thou ſcorn'ſt th' *Unhappy*; and the *Happy*, Thee.

Beauty.

1.

Beauty, thou wild fantaſtick Ape,
Who doſt in ev'ry Country change thy ſhape!
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;
Thou *Flatt'rer* which compli'ſt with every ſight!
Thou *Babel* which confound'ſt the Ey
With unintelligible *variety*!
Who haſt no certain *What*, nor *Where*,
But vary'ſt ſtill, and doſt thy ſelf declare
Inconſtant, as thy *ſhe-Profeſſors* are.

2.

Beauty, *Loves Scene* and *Maskerade*,
So gay by *well-plac'd Lights*, and *Diſtance* made;
Falſe *Coyn*, with which th' *Impoſtor* cheats us ſtill;
The *Stamp* and *Colour* good, but *Metal* ill!
Which *Light*, or *Baſe* we find, when we
Weigh by *Enjoyment*, and examine Thee!
For though thy *Being* be but *ſhow*,
'Tis chiefly *Night* which men to Thee allow:
And chuſe *t'enjoy* Thee, when *Thou leaſt art Thou.*

3.

Beauty, Thou *active*, *paſſive* Ill!
Which *dy'ſt* thy ſelf as faſt as thou doſt *kill!*
Thou *Tulip*, who thy ſtock in paint doſt waſte,
Neither for *Phyſick* good, nor *Smell*, nor *Taſt.*
Beauty, whoſe *Flames* but *Meteors* are,
Short-liv'd and low, though thou wouldſt ſeem a *Star*,
Who dar'ſt not thine own *Home* deſcry,
Pretending to dwell richly in the *Eye*,
When thou, alas, doſt in the *Fancy* lye.

4.

Beauty, whoſe *Conqueſts* ſtill are made
O're Hearts by *Cowards* kept, or elſe *betray'd!*
Weak Victor! who thy ſelf deſtroy'd muſt be
When *ſickneſs ſtorms*, or *Time beſieges* Thee!
Thou unwholeſome *Thaw* to *frozen Age!*
Thou ſtrong *wine*, which youths *Feaver* doſt enrage,
Thou *Tyrant* which leav'ſt no man free!
Thou ſubtle *thief*, from whom nought ſafe can be!
Thou *Murth'rer* which haſt *kill'd*, & *Devil* which wouldſt *Damn me.*

The Parting.

1.

AS Men in *Groen-land* left beheld the *Sun*
From their *Horizon* run;
And thought upon the ſad half year
Of *Cold* and *Darkneſs* they muſt ſuffer there.

2.

So on my parting *Miſtreſs* did I look,
With ſuch ſwoln eyes my farewel took;
Ah, my fair *Star*! ſaid I;
Ah thoſe bleſt Lands to which *bright Thou* doſt fly!

3.

In vain the Men of *Learning* comfort me;
And ſay I'm in a warm *degree*;
Say what they pleaſe; I ſay and ſwear
'Tis beyond *eighty* at leaſt, if you're not here.

4.

It is, it is; I tremble with the *Froſt*,
And know that I the *Day* have loſt;
And thoſe wild things which *Men* they call,
I find to be but *Bears* or *Foxes* all.

5.

Return, return, gay *Planet* of mine *Eaſt*,
Of all that ſhines Thou much the *Beſt*!
And as thou now *deſcend'ſt to Sea*;
More fair and freſh *riſe* up from thence to Me.

6.

Thou, who in many a Propriety,
So truly art the *Sun* to Me,
Adde one more *likeneſs*, which I'm ſure you can,
And let *Me* and *my Sun* beget a *Man*.

My Picture.

1.

HEre, take my *Likeneſs* with you, whilſt 'tis ſo;
For when from hence you go,
The next Suns riſing will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old.
The Man who did this *Picture* draw,
Will ſwear next day my face he never ſaw.

2.

I really believe, within a while,
If you upon this *ſhadow* ſmile,
Your *preſence* will ſuch vigour give,
(Your *preſence* which makes all things live)
And *abſence* ſo much alter *Me*,
This will the *ſubſtance*, *I* the *ſhadow* be.

3.

When from your well-wrought *Cabinet* you take it,
And your bright looks *awake it*;
Ah be not frighted, if you ſee,
The *new-ſoul'd Picture* gaze on Thee,
And hear it breath a ſigh or two;
For thoſe are the firſt things that it will do.

4.

My *Rival-Image* will be then thought bleſt,
And laugh at me as diſpoſſeſt;
But *Thou*, who (if I know thee right)
I'th' *ſubſtance* doſt not much delight,
Wilt rather ſend again for *Me*,
Who then ſhall but my *Pictures Picture* be.

The Concealment.

1.

NO; to what purpoſe ſhould I ſpeak?
No, wretched *Heart*, ſwell till you *break!*
She cannot love me if ſhe *would*;
And to ſay truth, 'twere pity that ſhe *ſhould*.
No, to the *Grave* thy ſorrows bear,
As *ſilent*, as they will be *there*:

Since

Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handſomly the thing contrive,
That ſhe may *guiltleſs* of it live.
So periſh, that her killing Thee
May a *Chance-Medley*, and no *Murther* be.

2.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
By'her *Beauty*, not her *Anger* dy;
This will look juſtly, and become
An *Execution*; that, a *Martyrdome.*
The cenſuring world will ne're refrain
From judging men by *Thunder ſlain.*
She muſt be angry ſure, if I ſhould be
So bold to ask her to make me
By being *hers*, *happ'ier than She.*
I will not; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her *not Loving*, than her *Hate.*

3.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will *ominous* to her appear:
When, ſound in every other part,
Her *Sacrifice* is found without an *Heart.*
For the laſt *Tempeſt* of my death
Shall ſigh out *that* too, with my *breath.*
Then ſhall the world my noble ruine ſee,
Some *pity*, and ſome *envy* Me,
Then *She* her ſelf, the *mighty She*,
Shall grace my fun'rals with this truth;
'Twas only Love deſtroy'd the gentle Youth.

The Monopoly.

1.

WHat *Mines* of *Sulphur* in my breaſt do ly,
That feed th' eternal burnings of my heart?
Not *Ætna* flames more fierce or conſtantly,
The ſounding ſhop of *Vulcans* ſmoaky art;
Vulcan his ſhop has placed there,
And *Cupids Forge* is ſet up here.

2.

Here all thoſe *Arrows* mortal Heads are made,
That flye ſo thick unſeen through yielding air;
The *Cyclops* here, which labour at the trade
Are Jealouſie, Fear, Sadneſs, and Deſpair.

Ah

Ah cruel *God!* and why to me
Gave you this curſt *Monopolie?*

3.

I have the *trouble*, not the *gains* of it;
Give me but the *diſpoſal* of one *Dart*;
And then (I'll ask no other benefit)
Heat as you pleaſe your furnace in my *Heart*.
So ſweet's *Revenge* to me, that I
Upon my foe would gladly dy.

4.

Deep into 'her boſom would I ſtrike the dart;
Deeper than *Woman* e're was ſtruck by *Thee*;
Thou giv'ſt them ſmall wounds, and ſo far from th' *Heart*,
They *flutter* ſtill about, inconſtantly,
Curſe on thy *Goodneſs*, whom we find
Civil to none but *Woman-kind*!

5.

Vain God! who *women* doſt thy ſelf *adore!*
Their wounded Hearts do ſtill retain the powers
To travel, and to wander as before;
Thy broken Arrows 'twixt that ſex and ours
So 'unjuſtly are diſtributed;
They take the *Feathers*, *we* the *Head*.

The Diſtance.

1.

I'Have followed thee a year at leaſt,
And never ſtopt my ſelf to reſt.
But yet can thee o'retake no more,
Than this *Day* can the *Day* that went before.

2.

In this our *fortunes* equal prove
To *Stars*, which govern them above;
Our *Stars* that move for ever round,
With the ſame *Diſtance* ſtill betwixt them found.

3.

In vain, alas, in vain I ſtrive
The *wheel* of *Fate* faſter to drive;
Since if a round it ſwiftlier fly
She in it mends her pace as much as *I*.

Hearts

4.

Hearts by *Love*, ſtrangely *ſhuffled* are,
That there can never meet a *Pare*!
Tamelier than *Worms* are *Lovers* ſlain;
The *wounded Heart* ne're turns to *wound* again.

The Encreaſe.

1.

I Thought, I'll ſwear, I could have lov'd no more
Then I had done before;
But you as eaſi'ly might account
'Till to the *top* of *Numbers* you amount,
As caſt up my *Loves* ſcore.
Ten thouſand millions was the ſum;
Millions of endleſs *Millions* are to come.

2.

I'm ſure her *Beauties* cannot greater grow;
Why ſhould my *Love* do ſo?
A *real* cauſe at firſt did move;
But mine own *Fancy* now drives on my Love,
With *ſhadows* from it ſelf that flow.
My *Love*, as we in *Numbers* ſee,
By *Cyphers* is encreaſt eternallie.

3.

So the new-made, and untride *Spheres* above,
Took their firſt turn from th' hand of *Jove*;
But are ſince that beginning found
By their own Forms to move for ever round.
All *violent Motions* ſhort do prove,
But by the length 'tis plain to ſee
That Love's a *Motion Natural* to Me.

Loves Visibility.

1:

WIth much of *pain*, and all the *Art* I knew
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To *hide* my *Love*, and yet all will not do.

2.

The world perceives it, and it may be, *she*;
Though so discreet and good she be,
By hiding it, to teach that skill to *Me*.

3.

Men without *Love* have oft so cunning grown,
That something like it they have shown,
But none who had it ever seem'd t'have *none*.

4.

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
Can no arts or disguises find,
But thinks none *sees* it 'cause it *self* is *blind*.

5.

The very *Eye* betrays our inward smart;
Love of himself left there a part,
When thorow it he past into the *Heart*.

6.

Or if by chance the *Face* betray not it,
But keep the secret wisely, yet,
Like *Drunkenness*, into the *Tongue* t'will get.

Looking on, and discoursing with his Mistress.

1.

THese full two hours now have I gazing been,
What comfort by it can I gain?
To look on *Heav'en* with *mighty Gulfs* between
Was the great *Misers* greatest pain;
So neer was he to *Heavens* delight,
As with the blest converse he might,
Yet could not get one *drop* of water by't.

Ah

2.

Ah wretch! I ſeem to *touch* her now; but, oh,
What boundleſs ſpaces do us part?
Fortune, and *Friends*, and all earths empty ſhow
My *Lowneſs*, and her high *Deſert*:
But theſe might conquerable prove;
Nothing does me ſo far remove,
As her hard *Souls averſion* from my *Love*.

3.

So *Travellers*, that loſe their way by night,
If from afar they chance t'eſpy
Th' uncertain glimmerings of a *Tapers* light,
Take flattering hopes, and think it *nigh*;
Till wearied with the fruitleſs pain,
They ſit them down, and weep in vain,
And there in *Darkneſs* and *Deſpair* remain.

Reſolved to Love.

1.

I Wonder what the *Grave* and *Wiſe*
Think of all us that *Love*;
Whether our *Pretty Fooleries*
Their *Mirth* or *Anger* move;
They underſtand not *Breath*, that *Words* does want;
Our *Sighs* to them are *unſignificant*.

2.

One of them ſaw me th' other day,
Touch the dear hand, which I admire;
My *Soul* was melting ſtrait away,
And *dropt* before the *Fire*.
This *ſilly Wiſeman*, who pretends to *know*,
Askt why I look'd ſo pale, and trembled ſo?

3.

Another from my Miſtreſs' dore
Saw me with eyes all watry come;
Nor could the hidden cauſe explore,
But thought ſome *ſmoak* was in the room;
Such *Ign'orance* from *unwounded Learning* came;
He knew *Tears* made by *Smoak*, but not by *Flame*.

If *learn'd* in other things you be,
And have in *Love* no skill,
For Gods ſake keep your arts from me,
For I'll be *ign'orant* ſtill.
Study or *Action* others may embrace;
My *Love*'s my *Buſineſs*, and my *Books* her *Face*.

3.

Theſe are but *Trifles*, I confeſs,
Which me, weak Mortal, move;
Nor is your *buſie Serioufneſs*
Leſs trifling than my Love.
The wiſeſt *King* who from his ſacred breſt
Pronounc'd *all Van'ity*, choſe it for the *beſt*.

My Fate.

1.

GO bid the *Needle* his dear *North* forſake,
To which with trembling rev'erence it does bend;
Go bid the *Stones* a journey upwards make;
Go bid th' ambitious *Flame* no more aſcend:
And when theſe falſe to their *old Motions* prove,
Then ſhall I ceaſe *Thee*, *Thee alone* to *Love*.

2.

The faſt-link'd *Chain* of everlaſting *Fate*
Does nothing tye more ſtrong, than *Me* to *You*;
My fixt *Love* hangs not on your *Love* or *Hate*;
But will be ſtill the ſame, what e're you do.
You cannot *kill* my Love with your *diſdain*,
Wound it you may, and make it *live in pain*.

3.

Me, mine example let the *Stoicks* uſe,
Their ſad and cruel doctrine to maintain,
Let all *Prædeſtinators* me produce,
Who ſtruggle with *eternal bonds* in vain.
This *Fire* I'm *born* to, but 'tis ſhe muſt tell,
Whether't be *Beams* of *Heav'en*, or *Flames* of *Hell*.

4.

You, who mens *fortunes* in their faces read,
To find out *mine*, look not, alas, on *Me*;
But mark *her Face*, and all the features heed;
For only there is writ my *Deſtiny*.

Or

Or if Stars ſhew it, gaze not on the Skies;
But ſtudy the *Aſtrol'ogy* of her *Eyes*.

5.
If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
What *Mars* or *Saturn* threaten I'll not fear;
I well believe the *Fate* of mortal days
Is writ in *Heav'en*; but, oh *my heav'en* is there.
What can men learn from *ſtars* they ſcarce can *ſee*?
Two great Lights rule the *world*; and *her two, Me*.

The Heart-breaking.

1.
IT gave a piteous *groan*, and ſo it broke;
In vain it ſomething would have ſpoke:
The Love within too ſtrong for't was,
Like *Poyſon* put into a *Venice-Glaſs*.

2.
I thought that *this* ſome *Remedy* might prove,
But, oh, the mighty *Serpent Love*,
Cut by this chance in pieces ſmall,
In all ſtill *liv'd*, and ſtill it *ſtung* in all.

3.
And now (alas) each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my *Heart*:
And every ſmalleſt corner ſtill
Lives with that torment which the *Whole* did *kill*.

4.
Even ſo rude *Armies* when the field they quit,
And into ſeveral *Quarters* get;
Each *Troop* does ſpoil and ruine more,
Then all joyn'd in one *Body* did before.

5.
How many *Loves* raign in my boſom now?
How many *Loves*, yet all of you?
Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
My *Monarch-Love* into a *Tyrant-State*.

The Usurpation.

1.

THou'hadst to my *Soul* no *title* or *pretence*;
I was mine own, and *free*,
Till I had *giv'n* my self to Thee;
But thou hast kept me *Slave* and *Prisoner* since.
Well, since so insolent thou'rt grown,
Fond *Tyrant*, I'll *depose* thee from thy Throne;
Such outrages must not admitted be
In an *Elective Monarchy*.

2.

Part of my *Heart* by *Gift* did to Thee fall;
My Country, Kindred, and my best
Acquaintance were to share the rest;
But thou, their *Cov'etous Neighbour*, drav'est out all:
Nay more; thou mak'st me worship *Thee*,
And would'st the rule of my *Religion* be;
Was ever *Tyrant* claim'd such power as you,
To be both *Emp'rour*, and *Pope* too?

3.

The *publick Mise'ries*, and my *private fate*
Deserve some tears: but greedy Thou
(*Insatiate Maid!*) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee should *alienate*.
Nor wilt thou grant my sins a part,
Though the sole cause of most of them thou art,
Counting my *Tears* thy *Tribute* and thy *Due*,
Since first mine *Eyes* I gave to *You*.

4.

Thou all my *Joys* and all my *Hopes* dost claim,
Thou ragest like a *Fire* in me,
Converting all things into *Thee*;
Nought can resist, or *not encrease* the *Flame*.
Nay every *Grief* and every *Fear*,
Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear.
Thy presence, like the crowned *Basilisks* breath,
All other *Serpents* puts to death.

5.

As men in *Hell* are from *Diseases* free,
So from all other ills am I;
Free from their known *Formality*:

But

But all pains *Eminently* lye in *Thee*:
Alas, alas, I hope in vain
My conquer'd Soul from out thine hands to gain.
Since all the *Natives* there thou'ſt overthrown,
And planted *Gar'iſons* of thine own.

Maidenhead.

1.

THou *worſt eſtate* even of the *ſex* that's *worſt*;
Therefore by *Nature* made at firſt,
T'attend the weakneſs of our birth!
Slight, outward *Curtain* to the *Nuptial Bed*!
Thou *Caſe* to buildings not yet finiſhed!
Who like the *Center* of the Earth,
Doſt heavieſt things attract to thee,
Though Thou a *point imaginary* be.

2.

A thing *God* thought for *Mankind* ſo unfit,
That his *firſt Bleſſing* ruin'd it.
Cold *frozen Nurſe* of fierceſt *fires*!
Who, like the parched plains of *Africks* ſand,
(A ſteril, and a wild unlovely Land)
Art always ſcortcht with hot deſires,
Yet *barren* quite, didſt thou not bring
Monſters and *Serpents* forth thy ſelf to ſting!

3.

Thou that bewitcheſt men, whilſt thou doſt dwell
Like a cloſe *Conj'urer* in his *Cell*!
And fear'ſt the days diſcovering Eye!
No wonder 'tis at all that thou ſhouldſt be
Such tedious and unpleaſant *Company*,
Who liv'ſt ſo *Melancholily*!
Thou thing of ſubtile, ſlippery kind,
Which *Women loſe*, and yet no *Man* can *find*.

4.

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I'm reſolv'd to ſearch for thee;
The ſearch it ſelf rewards the pains.
So, though the *Chymick* his great *ſecret* miſs,
(For neither it in *Art* nor *Nature* is)
Yet things well worth his toyle he gains:
And does his Charge and Labour pay
With good *unſought exper'iments* by the way.

Say

5.

Say what thou wilt, *Chaſtity* is no more,
Thee, than a *Porter* is his *Door*.
In vain to honour they pretend,
Who guard themſelves with *Ramparts* and with *Walls*,
Them only fame the truly valiant calls,
Who can an *open breach* defend.
Of thy quick loſs can be no doubt,
Within ſo *Hated*, and ſo *Lov'd without*.

Impoſſibilities.

1.

I *Mpoſſibilities?* oh no, there's none;
Could mine bring thy *Heart Captive* home;
As eaſi'ly other dangers were *o'rethrown*,
As *Cæſar* after vanquiſht *Rome*,
His little *Aſian* foes did overcome.

2.

True Lovers oft by *Fortune* are envy'd,
Oft *Earth* and *Hell* againſt them ſtrive;
But *Providence* engages on their ſide,
And a good end at laſt does give;
At laſt *Juſt Men* and *Lovers* always thrive.

3.

As *ſtars* (not powerful elſe) when they *conjoin*,
Change, as they pleaſe, the Worlds eſtate;
So thy *Heart* in *Conjunction* with mine,
Shall our own fortunes regulate;
And to our *Stars themſelves* preſcribe a *Fate*.

4.

'Twould grieve me much to find ſome bold *Romance*,
That ſhould two kind *examples* ſhew,
Which before us in wonders did advance;
Not, that I thought that *ſtory true*,
But none ſhould *Fancy more*, then *I would Do*.

5.

Through ſpight of our *worſt Enemies*, *thy Friends*,
Through *Local Baniſhment* from *Thee*;
Through the loud thoughts of leſs-concerning *Ends*,
As eaſie ſhall my paſſage be,
As was the *Amo'rous Youth's* o're *Helles Sea*.

In

6.

In vain the *Winds*, in vain the *Billows* rore;
In vain the *Stars* their aid deny'd:
He saw the *Sestian Tower* on th'other shore;
Shall th' *Hellespont* our Loves divide?
No, not th' *Atlantick Oceans* boundless Tide.

7.

Such *Seas* betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are;
But, gentle *Maid*, do not deny
To let thy *Beams* shine on me from afar;
And still the *Taper* let me espy:
For when *thy Light* goes out, I sink and dye.

Silence.

1.

CUrse on this *Tongue*, that has my *Heart* betray'd,
And his great *Secret* open laid!
For of all persons chiefly *She*,
Should not the ills I suffer know;
Since 'tis a thing might dang'rous grow,
Only in *Her* to *Pity Me*:
Since 'tis for *Me* to *lose* my *Life* more fit,
Than 'tis for *Her* to *save* and ransome it.

2.

Ah, never more shall thy unwilling ear
My helpless story hear.
Discourse and *talk* awake does keep
The rude unquiet pain,
That in my Breast does raign;
Silence perhaps may make it *sleep*:
I'll bind that *Sore* up, I did ill reveal;
The *Wound*, if once it *Close*, may chance to *Heal*.

3.

No, 'twill ne're heal; my *Love* will never *dye*,
Though it should *speechless lye*.
A *River*, e're it meet the *Sea*,
As well might stay its source,
As my Love can his course,
Unless it join and mix with *Thee*.
If any end or stop of it be found,
We know the *Flood* runs still, though *under ground*.

The

The Dissembler.

1.

UNhurt, *untoucht* did I complain;
And terrifi'd all others with the pain:
But now I feel the *mighty evil*;
Ah, there's no *fooling* with *the Devil*!
So wanton men, whilst others they would fright,
Themselves have met a real *Spright*.

2.

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome ly
Had been no *sin* at all in *Poetry*:
But now I suffer an *Arrest*,
For words were spoke by me in *jest*.
Dull, sottish *God* of *Love*, and can it be
Thou understand'st not *Raillery*?

3.

Darts, and *Wounds*, and *Flame*, and *Heat*,
I nam'd but for the *Rhime*, or the *Conceit*.
Nor meant my Verse should raised be,
To this sad fame of *Prophesie*;
Truth gives a *dull propriety* to my stile,
And all the *Metaphors* does spoil.

4.

In things, where *Fancy* much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to *feign*.
The *Play* at last a *Truth* does grow,
And *Custom* into *Nature* go.
By this curst art of begging I became
Lame, with *counterfeiting Lame*.

5.

My Lines of amorous desire
I wrote to kindle and blow others fire:
And 'twas a *barbarous delight*
My *Fancy* promis'd from the sight;
But now, by *Love*, the mighty *Phalaris*, I
My *burning Bull* the first do try.

The

The Inconstant.

1.

I Never yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years, to fifties space,
They all victorious be.
Love thou'rt *a Devil*; if I may call thee *One*,
For sure in Me thy name is *Legion*.

2.

Colour, or *Shape*, good *Limbs*, or *Face*,
Goodness, or *Wit* in all I find.
In *Motion* or in *Speech* a grace,
If all fail, yet 'tis *Woman-kind*;
And I'm so weak, the *Pistol* need not be
Double, or *treble charg'd* to murder *Me*.

3.

If *Tall*, the Name of *Proper* slays;
If *Fair*, she's pleasant as the *Light*;
If *Low*, her *Prettiness* does please;
If *Black*, what *Lover* loves not *Night*?
If *Yellow-hair'd*, I Love, lest it should be
Th' excuse to others for not loving *Me*.

4.

The *Fat*, like *Plenty*, fills my heart;
The *Lean*, with *Love* makes me too so.
If *Streight*, her *Body's Cupid's Dart*
To me; if *Crooked*, 'tis his *Bow*.
Nay *Age* it self does me to rage encline,
And strength to *Women* gives, as well as *Wine*.

5.

Just half as large as *Charity*
My richly-landed *Love's* become;
And judg'd aright is *Constancy*,
Though it take up a larger room:
Him, who loves *always one*, why should they call
More *Constant*, than the Man loves *Always All*?

6.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Through all *Loves Gardens* and his *Fields*;
And, like the wise, industrious *Bee*,

No *Weed* but *Honey* to me yields!
Honey ſtill ſpent this dil'igence ſtill ſupplies,
Though I return not home with *laden Thighs.*

7.

My *Soul* at firſt indeed did prove
Of pretty ſtrength againſt a Dart;
Till I this *Habit* got of *Love*;
But my conſum'd and waſted Heart
Once burnt to *Tinder* with a ſtrong Deſire,
Since that by every *Spark* is ſet on Fire.

The Conſtant.

1.

GReat, and wiſe *Conqu'rour*, who where e're
Thou com'ſt, doſt *fortifie*, and *ſettle* there!
Who canſt *defend* as well as *get*;
And never hadſt one *Quarter* beat up yet;
Now thou art in, Thou ne're wilt part
With one inch of my vanquiſht Heart;
For ſince thou took'ſt it by aſſault from Me,
'Tis *Gariſon'd* ſo ſtrong with *Thoughts* of *Thee*,
It fears no *beauteous Enemy.*

2.

Had thy charming ſtrength been leſs,
I'had ſerv'd e're this an hundred *Miſtreſſes.*
I'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my *Pris'on* to be a *Vagabound.*
A *Pris'on* in which I ſtill would be,
Though every *door* ſtood ope to Me.
In ſpight both of thy *Coldneſs* and thy *Pride*,
All Love is *Marriage* on thy *Lovers ſide*,
For only *Death* can them *divide.*

3.

Cloſe, narrow *Chain*, yet ſoft and kind,
As that which *Spi'rits* above to *good* does bind,
Gentle, and ſweet *Neceſſity*,
Which does not *force*, but *guide* our *Liberty!*
Your love on Me were ſpent in vain,
Since *my Love* ſtill could but remain
Juſt as it is; for what, alas can be
Added to that which hath *Infinity*
Both in *Extent* and *Quality?*

Her Name.

1.

With more than *Jewish Reverence* as yet
Do I the *Sacred Name* conceal;
When, ye kind *Stars*, ah when will it be fit
This *Gentle Myst'ery* to reveal?
When will our Love be *Nam'd*, and we poſſeſs
That *Chriſtning* as a *Badge* of *Happineſs*?

2.

So bold as yet no Verſe of mine has been,
To wear that *Gem* on any *Line*;
Nor, till the happy *Nuptial Muſe* be ſeen,
Shall any *Stanza* with it ſhine.
Reſt, mighty *Name*, till then; for thou muſt be
Laid down by *Her*, e're *taken up* by *Me*.

3.

Then all the fields and woods ſhall with it ring;
Then *Ecchoes* burden it ſhall be;
Then all the *Birds* in ſev'eral notes ſhall ſing,
And all the *Rivers* murmur Thee;
Then ev'ery *wind* the Sound ſhall upwards bear,
And ſoftly whiſper't to ſome *Angels* Ear.

4.

Then ſhall thy *Name* through all my *Verſe* be ſpread;
Thick as the *flowers* in *Meadows* lye,
And, when in future times they ſhall be read,
(As ſure, I think, they will not dye)
If any *Critick* doubt that *They be mine*,
Men by that *Stamp* ſhall quickly know the *Coyn*.

5.

Mean while I will not dare to *make* a *Name*
To repreſent thee by;
Adam (*Gods Nomenclator*) could not frame
One that enough ſhould *ſignifie*.
Aſtræa or *Cælia* as unfit would prove
For *Thee*, as 'tis to call the *Deity*, *Jove*.

Weeping.

1.

SEE where she sits, and in what comely wise,
Drops *Tears* more fair then others *Eyes*!
Ah, charming Maid, let not *ill Fortune* see
Th'attire thy *sorrow* wears,
Nor know the *beauty* of thy *Tears*:
For shee'l still come to dress her self in *Thee*.

2.

As *stars* reflect on *waters*, so I spy
In every drop (methinks) her *Eye*.
The *Baby*, which lives there, and alwayes plays
In that illustrious *sphære*,
Like a *Narcissus* does appear,
Whilst in his *flood* the lovely *Boy* did gaze.

3.

Ne're yet did I behold so glorious weather,
As this *Sun-shine* and *Rain* together.
Pray Heav'en her *Forehead*, that pure *Hill* of *snow*,
(For some such *Fountain* we must find,
To waters of so fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous *stream* below.

4.

Ah, mighty Love, that it were *inward Heat*
Which made this precious *Limbeck* sweat!
But what, alas, ah what does it avail
That she weeps Tears so wondrous *cold*,
As scarce the *Asses hoof* can hold,
So *cold*, that I admire they fall not *Hail*.

Discretion.

1.

Discreet? what means this word *Discreet*?
A Curse on all *Discretion*!
This *barbarous term* you will not meet
In all *Loves-Lexicon*.

Joynture

2.

Joynture, Portion, Gold, Eſtate,
Houſes, Houſhold-ſtuff, or Land,
(The *Low Conveniences* of Fate)
Are *Greek* no *Lovers underſtand.*

3.

Believe me, beauteous one, when Love
Enters into a breſt,
The two firſt things it does remove,
Are *Friends* and *Intereſt.*

4.

Paſſion's half blind, nor can endure
The careful, ſcrup'lous *Eyes*,
Or elſe I could not love, I'm ſure,
One who in *Love* were *wiſe.*

5.

Men, in ſuch tempeſts toſt about,
Will without grief or pain,
Caſt all their *goods* and *riches* out,
Themſelves their *Port* to gain.

6.

As well might *Martyrs*, who do chooſe,
That *ſacred Death* to take,
Mourn for the *Clothes* which they muſt loſe,
When they're bound *naked* to the *Stake.*

The Waiting-Maid.

1.

THy *Maid?* ah, find ſome nobler theame
Whereon thy doubts to place;
Nor by a low ſuſpect *blaſpheme*
The glories of thy face.

2.

Alas, ſhe makes Thee ſhine ſo fair,
So exquiſitely bright,
That her dim *Lamp* muſt diſappear
Before thy potent *Light.*

Three

3.

Three hours each morn in dreſſing Thee,
Maliciouſly are ſpent;
And make that *Beauty Tyranny*,
That's elſe a *Civil Government*.

4.

The 'adorning thee with ſo much art,
Is but a barb'arous skill;
'Tis like the *poys'ouing* of a *Dart*
Too apt before to kill.

5.

The *Min'iſtring Angels* none can ſee;
'Tis not their beauty 'or face,
For which by men they worſhipt be;
But their high *Office* and their *place*.
Thou art my *Goddeſs*, my *Saint*, *She*;
I pray to *Her*, only to pray to *Thee*.

Counſel.

1.

AH! what advice can I receive?
No, ſatisfie me firſt;
For who would *Phyſick*-potions give
To one that dyes with *Thirſt*?

2.

A little puff of breath we find,
Small fires can *quench* and *kill*;
But when they're great, the adverſe wind
Does make them *greater* ſtill.

3.

Now whilſt you ſpeak, it moves me much;
But ſtrait I'm juſt the ſame;
Alas, th'effect muſt needs be ſuch
Of *Cutting* through a *Flame*.

The Cure.

1.

COme, *Doctor*, uſe thy roughest art,
Thou canſt not cruel prove;
Cut, burn, and torture every part,
To heal me of my *Love*.

2.

There is no danger, if the pain
Should me to 'a *Feaver* bring;
Compar'd with *Heats* I now ſuſtain,
A *Feaver* is ſo *Cool* a thing,
(Like *drink* which feaveriſh men deſire)
That I ſhould hope 'twould almoſt *quench* my *Fire*.

The Separation.

1.

ASk me not what my *Love* ſhall do or be
(*Love* which is *Soul* to *Body*, and *Soul* of Me)
When I am *ſep'arated* from thee;
Alas, I might as eaſily ſhow,
What after *Death* the *Soul* will do;
'Twill *laſt*, I'm ſure, and that is all we know.

2.

The thing call'd *Soul* will never ſtir nor move,
But all that while a liveleſs *Carkaſs* prove,
For 'tis the *Body* of my *Love*;
Not that my *Love* will fly away,
But ſtill continue, as, they ſay,
Sad troubled *Ghoſts* about their *Graves* do ſtray.

The Tree.

1.

I Chose the flouri'shingst *Tree* in all the Park,
With freshest Boughs, and fairest head;
I cut my Love into his gentle Bark,
And in three days, behold, 'tis *dead*;
My very *written flames* so vi'olent be
They'have burnt and wither'd up the Tree.

2.

How should I live my self, whose *Heart* is found
Deeply graven every where
With the large *History* of many a *wound*,
Larger than thy *Trunk* can bear?
With art as strange, as *Homer* in the *Nut*,
Love in my *Heart* has *Volumes* put.

3.

What a few words from thy rich stock did take
The *Leaves* and *Beauties* all?
As a strong *Poyson* with one *drop* does make
The *Nails* and *Hairs* to fall:
Love (I see now) a kind of *Witchcraft* is,
Or *Characters* could ne're do this.

4.

Pardon ye *Birds* and *Nymphs* who lov'd this *Shade*;
And pardon me, thou gentle *Tree*;
I thought her *name* would thee have happy made,
And blessed *Omens* hop'd from Thee;
Notes of my *Love*, thrive here (said I) and *grow*;
And with ye let my *Love* do so.

5.

Alas poor youth, thy love will never thrive!
This blasted *Tree Predestines* it;
Go tye the dismal *Knot* (why shouldst thou live?)
And by the Lines thou there hast writ
Deform'dly hanging, the *sad Picture* be
To that unlucky *History*.

Her Unbelief.

1.

'Tis a ſtrange kind of *Ignorance* this in you!
That you your *Victories* ſhould not ſpy,
Victories gotten by your *Eye!*
That your bright *Beams*, as thoſe of *Comets* do,
Should kill, but not know *How*, nor *Who*.

2.

That truly you my *Idol* might appear,
Whilſt all the *People* ſmell and ſee
The odorous flames I offer thee,
Thou fit'ſt, and doſt not ſee, nor ſmell, nor hear
Thy conſtant zealous *worſhipper*.

3.

They ſee't too well who at my fires repine,
Nay th' unconcern'd themſelves do prove
Quick-Ey'd enough to ſpy my Love;
Nor does the *Cauſe* in *thy Face* clearlier ſhine,
Then the *Effect* appears *in mine*.

4.

Fair Infidel! by what unjuſt decree
Muſt I, who with ſuch reſtleſs care
Would make this truth to thee appear,
Muſt I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
Damn'd by thy *incredulitie?*

5.

I by thy *Unbelief* am guiltleſs ſlain;
Oh have but *Faith*, and then that you
May know that *Faith* for to be true,
It ſhall it ſelf by 'a *Miracle* maintain,
And *raiſe* me from the *Dead* again.

6.

Mean while my *Hopes* may ſeem to be o'rethrown;
But *Lovers Hopes* are full of *Art*,
And thus diſpute, that ſince my heart
Though in *thy Breaſt*, yet is not by thee known,
Perhaps thou may'ſt not know thine *Own*.

The Gazers.

1.

COme let's go on, where *Love* and *Youth* does call;
I've ſeen *too* much, if this be *all.*
Alas, how far more *wealthy* might I be
With a contented *Ign'orant Povertie?*
To ſhew ſuch ſtores, and nothing grant,
Is to enrage and *vex* my want.
For Love to *Dye an Infant*'s leſſer ill,
Than to live long, yet *live in Child-hood* ſtill.

2.

We'have both ſate gazing only hitherto,
As *Man* and *Wife* in *Picture* do.
The richeſt crop of *Joy* is ſtill behind,
And He who only *Sees*, in *Love* is *Blind:*
So at firſt *Pigmalion* lov'd.
But th' *Amour* at laſt improv'd:
The *Statue'* it ſelf at laſt a *woman* grew,
And ſo at laſt, my Dear, ſhould you do too.

3.

Beauty to man the greateſt *Torture* is,
Unleſs it lead to farther bliſs
Beyond the tyran'ous pleaſures of the *Eye.*
It grows too *ſerious a Crueltie,*
Unleſs it *Heal*, as well as *ſtrike*;
I would not, *Salamander*-like,
In ſcortching heats always to *Live* deſire,
But like a *Martyr*, paſs to *Heav'en* through *Fire.*

4.

Mark how the luſty *Sun* ſalutes the *Spring,*
And gently kiſſes every thing.
His loving *Beams* unlock each maiden flower,
Search all the *Treaſures*, all the *Sweets* devour:
Then on the earth with *Bridegroom*-Heat,
He does ſtill new *Flowers* beget.
The *Sun* himſelf, although *all Eye* he be,
Can find in *Love* more Pleaſure than to *ſee.*

The

The Incurable.

1.

I Try'd if *Books* would cure my *Love*, but found
Love made them *Non-ſenſe* all.
I apply'd *Receipts* of *Buſineſs* to my wound,
But ſtirring did the pain recall.

2.

As well might men who in a Feaver fry,
Mathematique doubts debate,
As well might men, who *mad* in *darkneſs* ly,
Write the *Diſpatches* of a *State*.

3.

I try'd *Devotion*, *Sermons*, *frequent Prayer*,
But thoſe did worſe than *uſeleſs* prove;
For *Pray'rs* are turn'd to *Sin* in thoſe who are
Out of *Charity*, or *in Love*.

4.

I try'd in *Wine* to drown the mighty care;
But *Wine*, alas, was *Oyl* to th' fire.
Like *Drunkards* eyes, my troubled *Fancy* there
Did *double* the *Deſire*.

5.

I try'd what *Mirth* and *Gayety* would do,
And mixt with pleaſant *Companies*;
My *Mirth* did graceleſs and *inſipid* grow,
And 'bove a *Clinch* it could not riſe.

6.

Nay, God forgive me for't, at laſt I try'd
'Gainſt this ſome *new deſire* to ſtir,
And lov'd again, but 'twas where I eſpy'd
Some faint *Reſemblances* of *Her*.

7.

The *Phyſick* made me worſe with which I ſtrove
This *Mortal Ill* t'expell,
As wholeſome *Medicines* the *Diſeaſe* improve,
There where they *work* not well.

Honour.

1.

SHE *Loves*, and she *confesses* too;
There's then at last, no more to do.
The happy *work*'s entirely done;
Enter the *Town* which thou hast *won*;
The *Fruits* of *Conquest* now begin;
Io Triumph! Enter in.

2.

What's this, ye *Gods*, what can it be?
Remains there still an *Enemie*?
Bold *Honour* stands up in the Gate,
And would yet *Capitulate*;
Have I o'recome all *real foes*,
And shall this *Phantome* me oppose?

3.

Noisy Nothing! stalking Shade!
By what *Witchcraft* wert thou made?
Empty cause of *Solid* harms!
But I shall find out *Counter-charms*
Thy airy *Devilship* to remove
From this *Circle* here of *Love*.

4.

Sure I shall rid my self of *Thee*
By the *Nights* obscurity,
And obscurer *secresie*.
Unlike to every other *spright*,
Thou attempt'st not men t'affright,
Nor *appear'st* but in the *Light*.

The Innocent Ill.

1.

THough all thy gestures and discourses be
Coyn'd and stamp't by *Modestie*,
Though from thy *Tongue* ne're slipt away
One word which *Nuns* at th' *Altar* might not say,

Yet

Yet ſuch a ſweetneſs, ſuch a grace
In all thy *ſpeech* appear,
That what to th' *Eye* a beauteous *face*,
That thy *Tongue* is to th' *Ear*.
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It ſtrikes ſuch heat through every part,
That thou a *Tempter* worſe than *Satan* art.

2.

Though in thy thoughts ſcarce any Tracks have bin
So much as of *Original* Sin,
Such charms thy *Beauty* wears as might
Deſires in dying confeſt *Saints* excite.
Thou with ſtrange *Adulterie*
Doſt in each breaſt a *Brothel keep*;
Awake all men do *luſt* for thee,
And ſome *enjoy* Thee when they *ſleep*.
Ne're before did *Woman* live,
Who to ſuch *Multitudes* did give
The *Root* and *cauſe* of *Sin*, but only *Eve*.

3.

Though in thy breaſt ſo quick a Pity be,
That a *Flies Death's a wound* to thee.
Though ſavage, and rock-hearted thoſe
Appear, that weep not ev'en *Romances* woes.
Yet ne're before was *Tyrant* known,
Whoſe rage was of ſo large extent,
The ills thou doſt are *whole* thine own,
Thou'rt *Principal* and *Inſtrument*,
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the *treble Office* do
Of *Judge*, of *Tort'urer*, and of *Weapon* too.

4.

Thou *lovely Inſtrument* of *angry Fate*,
Which *God* did for our faults create!
Thou *Pleaſant*, *Univerſal Ill*,
Which *ſweet* as *Health*, yet like a *Plague* doſt *kill*!
Thou kind, well-natur'ed *Tyrannie*!
Thou *chaſt* committer of a *Rape*!
Thou *voluntary Deſtinie*,
Which no man *Can*, or *Would* eſcape!
So gentle, and ſo glad to ſpare,
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) e'ven the *Deſtroying Angels* are.

DIALOGUE.

1.

She. WHat have we done? what cruel paſſion mov'd thee,
Thus to ruine her that lov'd Thee?
Me thou 'haſt *robb'ed*, but what art thou
Thy *Self* the *richer* now?
Shame ſucceeds the ſhort-liv'd *pleaſure*;
So ſoon is ſpent, and gone, this thy *Ill-gotten Treaſure.*

2.

He. We'have done no harm; nor was it *Theft* in *me*,
But nobleſt *Charity* in *Thee.*
I'll the well-gotten *Pleaſure*
Safe in my *Mem'ory* Treaſure;
What though the *Flower* it ſelf do waſt,
The *Eſſence* from it drawn does long and ſweeter laſt.

3.

She. No: I'm undone; my *Honour* Thou haſt ſlain,
And nothing can reſtore't again.
Art and Labour to beſtow,
Upon the *Carcaſe* of it now,
Is but t'embalm a body *dead*,
The *Figure* may remain, the *Life* and *Beauty's* fled.

4.

He. Never, my dear, was *Honour* yet undone,
By *Love*, but *Indiſcretion.*
To th' *wiſe* it all things does allow;
And cares not *What* we do; but *How.*
Like *Tapers* ſhut in ancient *Urns*,
Unleſs it let in *air*, for ever *ſhines* and *burns.*

5.

She. *Thou firſt* perhaps who didſt the fault commit,
Wilt make thy wicked boaſt of it.
For *Men*, with *Roman pride*, above
The *Conqueſt*, do the *Triumph* love:
Nor think a perfect *Victo'ry* gain'd,
Unleſs they through the *ſtreets* their *Captive* lead enchain'd.

Who

6.

Who e're his ſecret joys has open laid, *He.*
The *Baud* to his own *Wife* is made.
Beſide what boaſt is left for me,
Whoſe whole wealth's a *Gift* from *Thee*?
'Tis you the *Conqu'erour* are, 'tis you
Who have not only *ta'ne*, but *bound*, and *gag'd* me too.

7.

Though publick pun'iſhment we eſcape, the *Sin* *She.*
Will rack and *torture* us within:
Guilt and *Sin* our boſom bears;
And though fair, yet the *Fruit* appears,
That *Worm* which now the *Core* does waſt,
When long t'has gnaw'd within will break the *skin* at laſt.

8.

That *Thirſty Drink*, that *Hungry Food* I ſought, *He.*
That *wounded Balm*, is all my fault.
And thou in pity didſt apply,
The kind and only *remedy*:
The *Cauſe* abſolves the *Crime*; ſince *Me*
So mighty *Force* did move, ſo mighty *Goodneſs Thee.*

9.

Curſe on thine *Arts!* methinks I *Hate* thee now; *She.*
And yet I'm ſure I *love Thee* too!
I'm *angry*, but my *wrath* will prove,
More *Innocent* than did thy *Love.*
Thou haſt *this day* undone me quite;
Yet wilt undo me more, ſhould'ſt thou not come at *night.*

Verſes loſt upon a Wager.

1.

AS ſoon hereafter will I *wagers* lay,
'Gainſt what an *Oracle* ſhall ſay,
Fool, that I was, to venture to deny
A *Tongue* ſo us'd to *Victory!*
A *Tongue* ſo bleſt by *Nature* and by *Art*,
That never yet it ſpoke but gain'd an *Heart*:
Though what you ſaid, had not been *true*
If ſpoke by any elſe but *you.*
Your ſpeech will govern *Deſtiny*,
And *Fate* will *change* rather than *you* ſhould *Ly.*

'Tis

2.

'Tis true if *Humane Reaſon* were the *Guide*,
Reaſon, methinks, was on my ſide,
But that's a *Guide*, alas, we muſt reſign,
When th' *Authority's Divine.*
She ſaid, ſhe ſaid *her ſelf* it would be ſo;
And I, *bold unbeliever*, anſwer'd *No*,
Never ſo juſtly ſure before
Errour the name of *Blindneſs* bore,
For whatſoe're the *Queſtion* be,
There's no man that has *eyes* would *bet* for *Me.*

3.

If *Truth* it ſelf (as other *Angels* do
When they deſcend to humane view)
In a *Material Form* would daign to ſhine,
'Twould *imitate* or *borrow Thine*,
So daz'eling bright, yet ſo tranſparent clear,
So well proportion'd would the parts appear;
Happy the eye which *Truth* could ſee
Cloath'd in a *ſhape* like *Thee*,
But happier far the eye
Which could thy *ſhape naked like Truth* eſpy!

4.

Yet this loſt *wager* coſts me nothing more
Than what I ow'ed to thee before.
Who would not venture for that debt to *play*
Which He were bound howe're to *pay*?
If *Nature* gave me power to write in verſe,
She gave it me thy praiſes to reherſe.
Thy wondrous Beauty and Thy Wit
Has ſuch a *Sov'ereign Right* to it,
That no Mans *Muſe* for *publique vent* is free,
Till ſhe has paid *her Cuſtoms* firſt to *Thee.*

Bathing in the River.

1.

THE *fiſh* around her crowded, as they do
To the falſe light that treach'erous Fiſhers ſhew,
And all with as much eaſe might taken be,
As ſhe at firſt took me.
For ne're did *Light* ſo clear
Among the *waves* appear,
Though ev'ery night the *Sun* himſelf ſet there.

Why

2.

Why to *Mute Fish* should'st thou thy self discover,
And not to me thy no less *silent Lover*?
As some from *Men* their buried *Gold* commit
To *Ghosts* that have no use of it!
Half their rich treasures so
Maids bury; and for ought we know
(Poor *Ignorants*) *they're Mermaids all below.*

3.

The amo'rous *Waves* would fain about her stay,
But still new am'orous *waves* drive them away.
And with swift current to those joys they haste,
That do as swiftly waste,
I laught the wanton play to view,
But 'tis, alas, at *Land* so too,
And still *old Lovers* yield the place to *new.*

4.

Kiss her, and as you part, you am'orous Waves
(My happier *Rivals*, and my *fellow slaves*)
Point to your flowry banks, and to her shew
The good your *Bounties* do;
Then tell her what your *Pride* doth cost,
And, how your *use* and *beauty*'s lost,
When rig'orous *Winter* binds you up with *Frost.*

5.

Tell her, her *Beauties* and her *Youth*, like *Thee*
Haste without stop to a *devouring Sea*;
Where they will mixt and *undistinguisht* ly
With all the meanest things that *dy.*
As in the *Ocean* Thou
No priviledge dost know
Above th' *impurest streams* that thither flow.

6.

Tell her, kind *flood*, when this has made her sad,
Tell her there's yet one *Rem'edy* to be had;
Shew her how thou, though long since *past*, dost find
Thy self yet still *behind*,
Marriage (say to her) will bring
About the self-same thing,
But she, fond *Maid*, *shuts* and *seals* up the *spring.*

Love given over.

1.

IT is *enough*; enough of time, and pain
Haſt thou conſum'd in vain;
Leave, wretched *Cowley*, leave
Thy ſelf with *ſhadows* to deceive;
Think that *already loſt* which thou muſt *never gain.*

2.

Three of thy luſtieſt and thy freſheſt years,
(Toſt in ſtorms of *Hopes* and *Fears*)
Like helpleſs *Ships* that be
Set on fire i'th' midſt o'the *Sea*,
Have all been *burnt in Love*, and all been *drown'd in Tears.*

3.

Reſolve then on it, and by force or art
Free thy unlucky *Heart*;
Since *Fate* does diſapprove
Th' ambition of thy *Love.*
And not one *Star* in heav'n offers to take thy part.

4.

If e're I clear my *Heart* from this deſire,
If e're it home to its breaſt retire,
It ne're ſhall wander more about,
Though thouſand beauties call'd it out:
A *Lover Burnt* like me for ever *dreads the fire.*

5.

The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and ev'ry *ſmall diſeaſe*,
May come as oft as *ill Fate* pleaſe;
But *Death* and *Love* are never found
To give a *Second Wound*,
We're by thoſe *Serpents bit*, but we're *devour'd by theſe.*

6.

Alas, what comfort is't that I am grown
Secure of be'ing *again* o'rethrown?
Since ſuch an *Enemy* needs not fear
Leſt any elſe ſhould quarter there,
Who has not only *Sack't*, but quite *burnt down* the *Town.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 4 OC 71

FINIS.

Pindarique
ODES,

Written in Imitation of the

STILE & MANNER
OF THE
ODES
OF
PINDAR.

By *A. COWLEY.*

HOR. EP. L. 1. 3.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.

LONDON:

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1668.

Pindarique
ODES,
OF
PINDAR.

By Mr. COWLEY.

Hon. Fr. Lee.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.

LONDON:

Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Sign of the Blew
Anchor in the Lower Walk of the
New Exchange. 1656.

PREFACE.

IF a man ſhould undertake to tranſlate *Pindar* word for word, it would be thought that one *Mad man* had tranſlated *another*; as may appear, when he that underſtands not the *Original*, reads the verbal Traduction of him into *Latin Proſe*, than which nothing ſeems more *Raving*. And ſure, *Rhyme*, without the addition of *Wit*, and the *Spirit* of *Poetry* (*quod nequeo monſtrare & ſentio tantum*) would but make it ten times more *Diſtracted* than it is in *Proſe*. We muſt conſider in *Pindar* the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in *Pictures*, at leaſt the *Colours* of *Poetry*, the no leſs difference betwixt the *Religions* and *Cuſtoms* of our Countrys, and a thouſand particularities of places, perſons, and manners, which do but confuſedly appear to our Eyes at ſo great a diſtance. And laſtly, (which were enough alone for my purpoſe) we muſt conſider that our Ears are ſtrangers to the Muſick of his *Numbers*, which ſometimes (eſpecially in *Songs* and *Odes*) almoſt without any thing elſe, makes an excellent *Poet*; for though the *Grammarians* and *Criticks* have laboured to reduce his Verſes into regular feet and meaſures (as they have alſo thoſe of the *Greek* and *Latine Comedies*) yet in effect they are little better than *Proſe* to our Ears. And I would gladly know what applauſe our beſt pieces of *Engliſh Poeſie* could expect from a *Frenchman* or *Italian*, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into *French* or *Italian Proſe*. And when we have conſidered all this, we muſt needs confeſs, that after all theſe loſſes ſuſtained by *Pindar*, all we can adde to him by our wit or invention (not deſerting ſtill his ſubject) is not like to make him a *Richer man* than he was in his *own Country*. This is in ſome meaſure to be applyed to all *Tranſlations*; and the not obſerving of it, is the cauſe that all which ever I yet ſaw, are ſo much inferiour to their *Originals*. The like happens too in *Pictures*, from the ſame root of exact *Imitation*; which being a vile and unworthy kind of *Servitude*, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have ſeen *Originals* both in *Painting* and *Poeſie*, much more beautiful than their *natural Objects*; but I never ſaw a *Copy* better than the *Original*, which indeed cannot be otherwiſe; for men reſolving in no caſe to ſhoot *beyond* the *Mark*, it is a thouſand

to

to one if they ſhoot not *ſhort* of it. It does not at all trouble me that the *Grammarians* perhaps will not ſuffer this libertine way of rendring forreign Authors, to be called *Tranſlation*; for I am not ſo much enamoured of the *Name Tranſlator*, as not to wiſh rather to be *Something better*, though it want yet a *Name*. I ſpeak not ſo much all this, in defence of my manner of *Tranſlating*, or *Imitating* (or what other Title they pleaſe) the two enſuing *Odes* of *Pindar*; for that would not deſerve half theſe words, as by this occaſion to rectifie the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The *Pſalms* of *David*, (which I believe to have been in their *Original*, to the *Hebrews* of his time, though not to our *Hebrews* of *Buxtorfius*'s making, the moſt exalted pieces of *Poeſie*) are a great example of what I have ſaid; all the *Tranſlators* of which (even Mr. *Sands* himſelf; for in deſpight of popular errour, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reaſon, that they have not ſought to ſupply the loſt Excellencies of another *Language* with new ones in their own; are ſo far from doing honour, or at leaſt juſtice to that *Divine Poet*, that, methinks, they revile him worſe than *Shimei*. And *Bucanan* himſelf (though much the beſt of them all, and indeed a great Perſon) comes in my opinion no leſs ſhort of *David*, than his *Country* does of *Judæa*. Upon this ground, I have in theſe two *Odes* of *Pindar* taken, left out, and added what I pleaſe; nor make it ſo much my aim to let the Reader know preciſely what he ſpoke, as what was his *way* and *manner* of ſpeaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into *Engliſh*, though it be the nobleſt and higheſt kind of writing in Verſe; and which might, perhaps, be put into the Liſt of *Pancirollus*, among the *loſt Inventions* of *Antiquity*. This *Eſſay* is but to try how it will look in an *Engliſh habit*: for which experiment, I have choſen one of his *Olympique*, and another of his *Nemeæan Odes*; which are as followeth.

The

THE SECOND

Olympique Ode

OF

PINDAR.

Written in praise of Theron *Prince of* Agrigentum (*a famous City in* Sicily *built by his* Ancestors) *who in the seventy seventh* Olympique *won the* Chariot-prize. *He is commended from the* Nobility *of his Race* (*whose story is often toucht on*) *from his great* Riches (*an ordinary* Common-Place *in* Pindar) *from his* Hospitality, Munificence, *and other* Virtues. *The* Ode (*according to the constant custom of the* Poet) *consists more in* Digressions, *than in the main* subject: *And the* Reader *must not be chocqued to hear him speak so often of his own* Muse; *for that is a* Liberty *which this kind of* Poetry *can hardly live without.*

O D E.

I.

1 Queen of all Harmonious things,
Dancing Words, and *Speaking Strings*,
2 What *God*, what *Hero* wilt thou sing?
What happy *Man* to *equal* glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the Hills around reflect the *Image* of thy *Voice*.
3 *Pisa* does to *Jove* belong,
Jove and *Pisa* claim thy Song.

The

4 The fair *First-fruits* of *War*, th' *Olympique Games*,
Alcides offered up to *Jove*;
Alcides too thy strings may move;
But, oh, what *Man* to join with these can worthy prove!
Join *Theron* boldly to their sacred *Names*;
Theron the next honour claims;
Theron to no *man* gives place,
Is first in *Pisa*'s, and in *Virtue*'s *Race*;
Theron there, and he alone,
Ev'n his own swift *Forefathers* has outgone.

2.

1 They through rough ways, o're many stops they past,
Till on the fatal bank at last
2 They *Agrigentum* built, the beauteous *Eye*
Of *fair-fac'ed Sicilie*,
Which does it self i'th' *River* by
With *Pride* and *Joy* espy.
Then chearful *Notes* their *Painted Tears* did sing,
And *Wealth* was one, and *Honour* th' other *Wing*.
Their genuine *Virtues* did more sweet and clear,
In *Fortunes* graceful dress appear.
3 To which great *Son* of *Rhea*, say
The *Firm Word* which forbids things to *Decay*.
If in *Olympus Top*, where Thou
Sit'st to behold thy Sacred *Show*,
4 If in *Alpheus* silver flight,
If in *my Verse* thou dost delight,
My Verse, O *Rhea*'s *Son*, which is
Lofty as *that*, and *smooth* as *This*.

3.

For the past sufferings of this noble Race
(Since things once *past*, and fled out of thine hand,
Hearken no more to thy command)
Let *present joys* fill up their place,
1 And with *Oblivions silent stroke* deface
Of foregone Ills the very *trace*.
In no illustrious line
Do these happy changes shine
More brightly *Theron* than in thine.
2 So in the *Chrystal Palaces*
Of the blew-ey'd *Nereides*
Ino her endless youth does please,
And *thanks* her fall into the Seas.
3 Beauteous *Semele* does no less
Her cruel *Midwife Thunder* bless,
Whilst sporting with the *Gods* on high,
4 She' enjoys *secure* their Company,
Plays with *Lightnings* as they fly,
Nor trembles at the *bright Embraces* of the *Deity*.

But

4.

But *Death* did them from future dangers free,
What God (alas) will *Caution* be
For *Living* Mans ſecuritie,
Or will *enſure* our *Veſſel* in this faithleſs *Sea*?
Never did the *Sun* as yet
So healthful a fair *day* beget,
1 That *Travelling Mortals* might rely on it.
But Fortunes *favour* and her *Spight*
Rowl with alternate *Waves* like *Day* and *Night*.
Viciſſitudes which thy great race purſue,
2 Ere ſince the *fatal Son* his Father ſlew,
And did old *Oracles* fulfill
Of *Gods* that cannot *Lye*, for they foretel but their own *Will*.

5.

1 *Erynnis* ſaw't, and made in her own ſeed
The *innocent Parricide* to bleed,
2 She ſlew his wrathful Sons with mutual blows;
But better things did then ſucceed,
3 And brave *Therſander* in amends for what was paſt aroſe.
Brave *Therſander* was by none
In war, or warlike ſports out-done.
4 Thou *Theron* his great virtues doſt revive,
He in *my Verſe* and *Thee* again does *live*.
Loud *Olympus* happy Thee,
5 *Iſthmus* and *Nemea* does twice happy ſee.
For the *well-natur'ed* honour there
Which with thy *Brother* thou didſt ſhare,
Was to thee *double* grown
By not being all thine *Own*.
And thoſe kind pious glories do deface
The old *Fraternal* quarrel of thy *Race*.

6.

1 Greatneſs of *Mind* and *Fortune* too
The'*Olympique Trophees* ſhew.
Both their ſeveral parts muſt do
In the noble *Chaſe* of *Fame*,
This without that is *Blind*, that without this is *Lame*.
Nor is fair *Virtues Picture* ſeen aright
But in *Fortunes* golden light.
Riches alone are of uncertain date,
And on *ſhort-Man long* cannot wait.
The Vertuous make of them the beſt,
And put them out to *Fame* for *Intereſt*.
With a *frail* good they wiſely buy
The ſolid *Purchaſe* of *Eternity*.

They whilst Lifes air they breath, consider well and know
Th'account they must hereafter give below.
Whereas th'unjust and Covetous above,
In deep unlovely vaults,
By the just decrees of *Jove*
2 Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy *Necessary effects* of *Voluntary Faults*.

7.

1 Whilst in the Lands of unexhausted *Light*
O're which the *God-like Suns* unwearied fight,
Ne're *winks* in *Clouds*, or *Sleeps* in *Night*,
An endless *Spring* of Age the Good enjoy,
Where neither *Want* does *pinch*, nor *Plenty cloy*.
There neither *Earth* nor *Sea* they *plow*,
Nor ought to *Labour* ow
For *Food*, that whil'st it *nour'ishes* does *decay*,
And in the *Lamp* of *Life* consumes away.
2 *Thrice* had these men through mortal bodies past,
Did *thrice* the tryal undergo,
Till all their *little Dross* was purg'd at last,
The *Furnace* had no more to do.
Then in rich *Saturns* peaceful state
3 Were they for sacred *Treasures* plac'ed,
The *Muse-discovered World* of *Islands Fortunate*.

8.

Soft-footed Winds with tuneful voyces there
Dance through the perfum'd Air.
There *Silver Rivers* through *enamell'd Meadows* glide,
And *golden Trees* enrich their side.
Th'*illustrious Leaves* no dropping *Autumn* fear,
And *Jewels* for their *fruit* they bear.
Which by the *Blest* are gathered
For *Bracelets* to the Arm, and *Garlands* to the Head.
Here all the *Hero's*, and their *Poets* live,
1 Wise *Rhadamanthus* did the Sentence give,
Who for his justice was thought fit
With *Soveraign Saturn* on the *Bench* to sit.
Peleus here, and *Cadmus* reign,
Here great *Achilles* wrathful now no more,
Since his blest *Mother* (who before
Had try'd it on his *Body'* in vain)
Dipt now his *Soul* in *Stygian Lake*,
Which did from thence a *divine Hardness* take,
That does from *Passion* and from *Vice Invulnerable make*.

To

9.

To *Theron*, *Muſe*, bring back thy wandring Song,
Whom thoſe bright Troops expect impatiently;
And may they do ſo long.
1 How, noble *Archer*, do thy wanton *Arrows* fly
At all the *Game* that does but croſs thine Eye?
Shoot, and ſpare not, for I ſee
Thy ſounding *Quiver* can ne're emptied be;
Let *Art* uſe *Method* and good *Husbandry*,
Art lives on *Natures Alms*, is weak and poor;
Nature herſelf has unexhauſted ſtore,
Wallows in *Wealth*, and runs a turning *Maze*,
That no *vulgar Eye* can trace.
Art inſtead of mounting high,
About her *humble Food* does hov'ering fly,
2 Like the ignoble *Crow*, *rapine* and *noiſe* does love,
Whilſt *Nature*, like the ſacred *Bird* of *Jove*,
3 Now bears loud *Thunder*, and anon with *ſilent joy*
The beauteous *Phrygian Boy*,
Defeats the *Strong*, o'retakes the *Flying* prey;
4 And ſometimes basks in th'open *Flames* of *Day*,
And ſometimes too he ſhrowds,
His ſoaring *wings* among the *Clouds*.

10.

Leave, wanton *Muſe*, thy roving flight,
To thy loud *String* the well-fletcht *Arrow* put,
Let *grigentum* be the *Eut*,
And *Theron* be the *White*.
And leſt the Name of *Verſe* ſhould give
Malitious men pretext to *misbelieve*,
By the *Caſtalian waters* ſwear,
(A ſacred *Oath* no *Poets* dare
To take in vain,
1 No more then *Gods* do that of *Styx* prophane)
Swear in no City e're before,
A better man, or greater-ſoul'd was born,
Swear that *Theron* ſure has *ſworn*
No man *near* him ſhould *be poor*.
Swear that none e're had ſuch a graceful art,
Fortunes *free* gifts as *freely* to impart
With an *Unenvious hand*, and an *unbounded Heart*.

11.

But in this thankleſs *world* the *Givers*
Are *envi'ed* ev'en by the *Receivers*.
'Tis now the *cheap* and *frugal* faſhion,
Rather to *Hide* then *Pay* the *Obligation*.

Nay 'tis much worſe than ſo,
It now an *Artifice* does grow,
Wrongs and *outrages* to do,
Leſt men ſhould think we *ow*.
Such *Monſters*, *Theron*, has thy *Vertue* found,
But all the malice they profeſs,
Thy *ſecure Honour* cannot wound:
For thy vaſt *Bounties* are ſo *numberleſs*,
That them or to *Conceal*, or elſe to *Tell*,
Is equally *Impoſſible*.

NOTES.

1.

PInd. Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες ὕμνοι, Τίνα θεὸν, τίν' Ἥρωα, τίν' ἄνδρα κελαδήσομεν; Ἦτοι Πίσα μὲν Διός, Ὀλυμπιάδα δ' ἔστα---σεν Ἡρακλέης Ἀκρόθινα πολέμου, Θήρωνα δ' τεθροτρόφων Ἕνεκα νικαφόρου Στεφάνου δίκαιον ξένον Ἐρεισμὸν Ἀκράγαντος Εὐανόρων τε πατέρων Ἄστυ, ὀρθόπολιν.

Hymni-dominantes Cytharæ, quem Deum, *quem* Heroem, *quem* Virum *celebrabimus*? Piſa *quidem* Jovis *eſt*, Olympicum *autem certamen inſtituit* Hercules, primitias *belli*, *ſed* Theronem *ob curſum in quadrigis victorem ſonare oportet voce, juſtum & hoſpitalem, columen* Agrigenti, *laudatorum progenitorum florem, rectorem urbium.*

1. Whereas *Pindar* addreſſes himſelf to his *Song*, I change it to his *Muſe*; which, methinks, is better called Ἀναξιφόρμιγξ, then the *Ode* which ſhe makes. Some interpret Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες paſſively (*i.*) as ſubjects of the *Harp*; but the other ſenſe is more *Grammatical.*

2. *Horace* tranſlates this beginning, *Lib.* 1. *Ode* 12. *Quem virum aut Heroa Lyrâ vel acri Tibiâ ſumes celebrare Clio. Quem Deum cujus reſonet* jocoſa *Nomen* Imago? The latter part of which I have added to *Pindar*. *Horace* inverts the order; but the other is more natural, to begin with the *God*, and end with the *Man.*

3. *Piſa*, a Town in *Elis*, where the *Olympique Games* were celebrated every fifth year by the *Inſtitution* of *Hercules*, after he had ſlain *Augias* Prince of *Elis*, in honour of *Jupiter*, ſirnamed *Olympicus* from the Mountain *Olympus*, which is juſt by *Piſa*.

4. Ἀκρόθινα. *Firſt-fruits*, from ἄκρον the *Top*, and Θὶς an *Heap*, becauſe they were taken from the Top of the *Heap* of Corn, *&c.* Some interpret it, the ſpoils of war dedicated to the *Gods*; ſo the old Greek Scholiaſt. I think the Olympique Games are ſo called, becauſe they were ſacred exerciſes that diſpoſed and improved men for the war, a *Sacred bloodleſs War*, dedicated to the Gods.

2.

Καμόντες, ὅς πολλὰ θυμῷ Ἱερὸν ἔσχον ἀνίαμα Πόλεμον, Σικελίας τε ἔσαν Ὀφθαλμός, ἀϊόντ' ἔρε---τε μόρσιμόν πλόον---τε κυβερνῆται ἀγὼν Γενοίας ἐπ' ἀρεσσάς, Ἀλλ' ὃ Κρόνια παῖ Ῥέας Ἕδος Ὀλύμπιε νέμων, Ἀΐδλων τε κορυφὰν, Πόρον τ' Ἀλφεῦ Ἰανθεὶς ἀοιδαῖς Εὐφρων ἄρμεαν ἔτι πα--- τρίαν σοῖσι κόμιζον.

Qui cum multum laborâſſent animo, ſacram obtinuerunt ſedem fluvii, Siciliæq; *fuerunt* oculus, *Vitæq; inſequebatur fœlix, divitias & gratiam afferens nativis virtutibus. Verum O* Saturnie *fili* Rheæ, *ſedem* Olympi *habitans, & certaminum ſummitatem, viámq;* Alphæi, *deleƈtatus Hymnis, benevolus, arvum patrium adhuc ipſis cura & poſtero generi.*

1. They ſay, that *Æmon* the Son of *Polydorus*, the Son of *Cadmus*, having ſlain one of his fellow Citizens as he was hunting, fled from *Thebes* to *Athens*, afterwards to *Rhodes*, and from thence into *Sicilie*, where he built *Agrigentum*; and from him to *Theron* are reckoned many Generations; but the Progenitors of *Theron* in a right line, came not thither till a long time after.

2. I rather chuſe to call *Agrigentum*, then *Therons* Anceſtors (as *Pindar* does) the *Eye* of *Sicilie*. The Metaphor in this ſenſe is more natural. So *Julian* terms *Damaſcus*, τῆς ἑῴας ἁπάσης ὀφθαλμὸν, The *Eye* of all the *Eaſt*. So *Catullus*, *Sirmion*, *Inſularum ocellum*, The *Eye* of Iſlands. *Agrigentum* took the name from the River *Acragas*, or *Agragas*, upon which it ſtands, that from ἄκρον and γὴ, as it were, *Primaria terra*, An eſpecial ſoil; or from ἀγρὸς and γὴ, Land good for the plow. I know very well, that it is not certain that this

this Town was built by *Therons* Anceſtors; neither do the words of *Pindar* import more than their dwelling there: nevertheleſs, the thing being doubtful, I make bold to take that ſenſe which pleaſes me beſt.

3. *Juppiter.*

4. The *River* of *Elis*, by the ſide of which the *Olympique Games* were celebrated.

3.

Λοιπῷ γένει. πρὶν ἢ τεπραγμένων Ἐν δίκᾳ τε καὶ παρὰ δίκαν Ἀτύσιλον ἐξ ἂν χρόνῳ ὁ πάντων παλαιὸν Δύναιτο θυμῷ ἔργων τέλῳ. Λάθᾳ δὲ πότμος σὺν εὐδαίμονι γένοι· ἄν, Ἐσθλῶν δ' ἀπὸ χαμάτων Πῆμα θνάσκει παλίγκοτον δαμασθέν Ὅταν θεῶν μοῖρα πέμπτη Ἀνέκας ἄλσος ὑλήεν, Ἔπεμψε δὲ λόγῳ εὐθρόνους, Κάδμοιο κούρας ἔπα---θον αἱ μεγάλα, πένθῳ Δὲ πίσυνοι βαρὺ Κρεσφόντου πρὸς ἀγαθῶν, Ζώει μὲν ἐν Ὀλυμπίοις Ἀποθανοῦσα βέβμῳ Κεραυνῷ ταυρέαν---ος Σεμέλη, φιλεῖ δέ μιν Πάλλας αἰεὶ Καὶ ζεὺς πατὴρ μάλα, φιλεῖ δὲ παῖς ὁ χιονοφόρος. Λέγονται δ' ἐν κόλποις θαλάσσας Μετὰ κόραισι Νηρῆος Ἁλίας βίοτον ἄφθιτον Ἰνοῖ τετάχθαι θ' ὅλον ἀμφὶ χρόνον.

Aſtorum autem vel jure vel injuriâ infectum ne Tempus *quidem omnium pater poſſit reddere operum finem. Sed* Oblivio *cum ſorte proſpera fiat. Bonis enim à gaudiis malum moleſtum domitum perit, quando divina ſors mittit de cœlo a tas divitias. Convenit hic ſermo* Cadmi filiabus *bono ſolis collocatis, illæ paſſæ ſunt magna (mala) ſed gravis luctus opprimitur à potioribus bonis. Vivit quidem in cœlo mortua fragore fulminis capillis paſſis* Semele. Pallas *autem illam amat, & maximè* Jupiter *& filius ejus* hederiger. *Aiunt etiam in mari cum filiabus* Nerei *marinis* Inoni *vitam immortalem conſtitutam eſſe per omne tempus.*

1. *Eurip.* ſays excellently well of *Oblivion* to this purpoſe,

Ὦ πότνια Λήθη πρὸς κακῶν ὡς εἶ σοφὴ
Καὶ τοῖσι λυσυχοῦσιν εὐκλαὶα θεός!

O *Oblivion* the wiſe *Diſpoſer* of *Evils*, and the *Goddeſs* propitious to unhappy men!

2. For the examples of the change of great misfortunes into greater felicities, he makes uſe of the Stories of *Ino* and *Semele*; becauſe they were both of *Therons* race, being the Daughters of *Cadmus*. *Ino*, after her husband *Athamas* in his madneſs had ſlain *Learchus*, believing him to be a wild beaſt fled with her other Son *Melicerta*, in her arms, to a Rock, and from thence caſt her ſelf into the Sea; where, at the deſire of *Venus*, *Neptune* made the *child a God*, and her a *Goddeſs* of the Sea; him by the name of *Palæmon*, and her of *Leucothea*. See *Ovid Metam. l.* 4. The Blew-ey'd *Nereides* (*i.*) The *Sea-Nymphs*, who were the Daughters of *Nereus* and *Doris*. *Nereus* was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*, and is taken figuratively by the Poets for the Sea it ſelf.

3. A known Fable. See *Ovid. Metam. l.* 3. *Semele* having made *Jupiter* promiſe, that he would deny her nothing, aſkt that he would lie with her in all his *Majeſty* of the *Thunderer*, and as he was wont to do with *Juno*; which her mortal nature not being able to endure, ſhe was burnt to death with his *Thunder* and *Lightning*; but *Bacchus* her child, by *Jupiter*, then in the womb, was ſaved; for which reaſon, I call it her *Midwife Thunder*.

4. *Secure.* Without fear of being burnt again.

4.

Ἦτοι βροτῶν γε κύκλοισι Πείρας ὅτι θανάτῳ ὑφ' ἁσύχιμον ἁμέραν Ὁπότε παῖς' ἀλίῳ Ἀτηρεῖ σὺν ἀγαθῷ Τελέ--τάσομεν. Ροαὶ δ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλαι Ἐυθυμιᾶν τε μίτα καὶ Πόνων ἐς ἄνδρας ἔβαν. Οὕτω δὲ μοῖρ' ἄτε παλαῖον Τὸν δ' ἔχει ἁ ἔυρροα πότμον, Θεορτῷ σὺν ὄλβῳ Ἐπί τε καὶ πάμ' ἄγει Παλιντλάπελον ἄλλῳ χρόνῳ, Ἐξ οὗπερ ἔκλυεν Λάϊον μόιμος ὑὸς, Συναντόμενος, ἐν δὲ πυ - θῶνι χρυσᾶν παλαίφατον τέλεσσεν.

Certe terminus nullis cognoſcitur mortalium vitæ, neq; unquam tranquillum diem, filium Solis, *ſtabili cum bono finiemus. Sed fluxus alias alii cum voluptatibus & laboribus homines invadunt. Sic & fatum, quod paternam hanc habet jucundam ſortem cum divitiis à Deo profectis, aliquam etiam cladem contrariam adducit alio tempore, ex quo* fatalis filius *occurrens interfecit* Laium, *& in* Pythone *editum* Oraculum vetus *perfecit.*

1. Not men that go a journey, but *all men*, who in this life are termed *Viatores*, *Travellers*.

2. *Oedipus. Fatal*, becauſe of the *Predictions*. *Laius* King of *Thebes* being married to *Jocaſta* the daughter of *Creon*, enquired of the *Oracle* concerning his *Iſſue*, and was told that he ſhould be ſlain by it. Whereupon he commanded *Jocaſta* to put to death whatſoever ſhe ſhould bring forth; but ſhe moved with natural compaſſion, and the great beauty of the *Infant*, cauſed one of her ſervants to expoſe it in the woods, who making an hole through the feet, hung it by them upon a Tree (from which wound in his *feet*, he was called *Oedipus*) and ſo left it. But *Phorbas*, chief *Herdſman* of *Polybius* King of *Corinth* paſſing by, found the *Child*, and preſented it to the Queen his *Miſtreſs*; who having none of her own, looked upon it as one given her by the Gods, and bred it up as her Son; who being come to mans age, and deſirous to know the truth of his birth, enquired it of the *Oracle*; and was anſwered, that he ſhould meet his Father in *Phocis*; whither he went, and there in a tumult ignorantly ſlew *Laius* and after married his *Mother Jocaſta*, by whom he had *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, the latter *Therons* Anceſtor.

Ἰδοῖσα

5.

Ἰδοῖσα δ' ὀξεῖ' Ἐριννὺς, Πέφρεν ἑοῖ σὺν ἀλλαλο---φονία γὰρ ἀρίσιον, Λοίφᾳ δὲ Θερσανδρῳ, ἐ---εισόψει Πολυνείκει, Νέοις ἐν ἀέθλοις, Ἐν μάχαις τε πολέμου Τιμώμενῳ Ἀδραστείδαν Θάλῳ ἀρωγὸν--δόμοις. Ὅθεν σπέρματος ἔχον---τὰ ῥίζαν, πρέπει Τὸν Αἰνησιδάμου Ἐγκωμίων τε μέλεων Λυρᾶν τε, τυγχάνειμεν. Ὀλυμπία μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸς, Γέρας ἔδεκτο, Πυθῶνι, δ' Ὁμόκλαρον ἐς ἀδελφεὸν Ἰσθμοῖ τε κοιναὶ χάρι---τες ἄνθεα τεθείπτων δυωδεκαδρόμων ἄγαγον.

Sed intuita Acris Erinnys *interfecit ei per mutuam cædem prolem martiam, at relictus est* Therſander *interfecto* Polynici *juvenilibus & in certaminibus & in pugnis belli honoratus, germen auxiliare* Adraſtidum *domui, à quo ſeminis habentem radicem decet filium* Æneſidami *encomiaſtica carmina lyraſq; conſequi, nam apud* Olympiam *ipſe præmium accepit, apud* Pythonam *autem & Iſthmum communes gratiæ ad fratrem ejuſdem ſortis participem flores attulerunt quadrigarum duodecim curſus conficientium.*

1. One may aſk, Why he makes mention of theſe tragical accidents and actions of *Oedipus* and his *Sons*, in an *Ode* dedicated to the praiſe of *Theron* and his Anceſtors? I anſwer, That they were ſo notorious, that it was better to excuſe than conceal them; for which cauſe, he attributes them to *Fatality*; and to *mitigate* the thing yet more, I adde, *The innocent Parricide.*

2. *Eteocles* and *Polynices*: The War of which two *Brethren*, and their ſlaughter of one another, is made ſo famous by *Statius* his moſt excellent *Poem*, that it is needleſs to tell their *Hiſtory.*

3. *Therſander*, the Son of *Polynices* by *Argia*, together with *Diomedes*, brought an Army againſt *Thebes*, to revenge their Fathers deaths, and took it: After that, he carried fifty Ships to the Siege of *Troy*, and was at laſt choſen for his valour to be one of the perſons that were ſhut up in the belly of the wooden *Horſe*, and ſo enter'd the *Town.* Virg. l. 2. Æn.

——Læti ſe robore promunt,
Therſandrus, Stheneleuſq; Duces, & dirus Ulyſſes.

4. There are ſeveral great actions of *Therons* mentioned in Hiſtory, beſides his ſucceſſes in the *publique Games*, which were in that age, no leſs honourable than *Victories* in *War*; as that he expelled *Terillus* out of *Hymera*, which he had uſurped, and defeated *Hamilcar*, General of the *Carthaginians* in *Sicilie*, the ſame day that the *Greeks* overthrew the *Perſians* in that memorable battel of *Salamis*, Herod. l. 7.

5. Becauſe in the *Olympique Games* he obtained the victory alone, in thoſe of *Nemea* and *Iſthmus* jointly with his Brother, who had ſhared with him in the expence of ſetting forth the Chariots.

6.

Τὸ δὲ τυχεῖν Πειρώμενον ἀγωνίας Παρέλυσε δυσφρόνων. Ὁ μὲν πλοῦτος ἀρεταῖς Δεδαιδαλμένος, φέρει φῶς δὲ ἀνθρώποις Καιρὸν, βαθεῖαν ἐπέχων Μερίμναν ἀγερώχων. Ἀσὶν ἀεὶ ζηλος, ἀλαθινὸν Ἀνδρὶ φέγγος, οἳ δὲ μὴ ἔχει Τὶς, ὅτι τὸ μέλλον, Ὅτι θανόντων μὴ ἐν---θαδ' αὐτίκ' ἀπάλαμνοι φρένες Ποιναὶ ἔτισαν τάδ' ἐν τᾷδε Διὸς ἄρχᾳ Ἀλιβᾶ χθ' ὑπὸ γᾶς δικάζει τὶς ἐχθρᾷ λόγον φερέσας ἀνάγκᾳ.

Succeſſus certaminis diſpellit moleſtias, divitiæ *autem* virtutibus *ornatæ afferunt (hujus rei) opportunitatem indagatricem, ſuſtinentes profundam ſollicitudinem.* (*O* Divitiæ) *ſtella præfulgida, verum homini lumen! qui eas habet, etiam futurum novit, quod mortuorum hîc intractabiles mentes pœnas luunt, & quæ fiant in hoc* Jovis imperio *ſcelera judicat aliquis, inimicâ ſententiam pronuntians* neceſſitate.

1. The Connexion of this *Stanza* is very obſcure in the *Greek*, and could not be rendred without much *Paraphraſe.*

2. This is not a Tranſlation of Τὰ δ' ἐν τᾷδε Διὸς ἄρχᾳ, &c. for that is rendred by (*Above*) but an *innocent addition* to the *Poet*, which does no *harm*, nor I fear, much *Good.*

7.

Ἴσον δὲ νύκτεσσιν αἰεὶ Ἴσον ἐν ἁμέραις ἄλι---ον ἔχοντες πονίσσεσιν Ἐθελοὶ νέμονται βίο---τον ἀχθέα τανύοντες---τες ἀλλᾷ χερῶν, οὐδὲ πόντιον ὕδωρ, Κοινὰν παρὰ δίαιταν ἀλλὰ παρὰ μὲν τιμίοις θεῶν ἔτιτις ἔχαι---εν εὐσεβίαις Ἀδάκρυν νέμονται Αἰῶνα. τοὶ δ' ἀπεσσόρε---τον ἀκάματον πόνον, Ὅσοι δ' ἐτόλμησαν ἐς τρὶς Ἑκαθέρωθι μείναντες Ἀπὸ πάντων ἀδίκων ἔχειν Ψυχὰν, ἔτειλαν ὁδὸν Διὸς Ὁδὸν παρὰ Κρόνου τύρσιν.

At æqualiter noctu ſemper, æqualiter interdiu Solem *habentes non laborioſam boni degunt vitam, neq; terram neq; marinam aquam vexantes robore manuum inopem propter victum, ſed apud* honoratos *deos (vel, Cum iis qui* honorantur à Diis) *illi qui gaudebant fidelitate, illachrymabili fruuntur ævo, alii autem intolerabilem viſu patiuntur cruciatum. Quicunq; ſuſtinuerunt ter commorati continere animam ab omnibus injuſtis peregerunt* Jovis viam *ad* Saturni urbem.

1. A deſcription of the *Fortunate Iſlands*, or *Elyſian Fields*, ſo often mentioned by the *Poets*, and much after this manner. *Valer. Hac Lucet via latè Igne Dei, donec ſilvas & amœna piorum Deveniant, campoſq; ubi Sol, totumq; per annum Durat aprica dies.*

Virg.

Virg. Æn. 6. *Devenere locos lætos & amœna vireta*
Fortunatorum nemorum ſedéſq; beatos,
Largior hic campos æther, & lumine veſtit
Purpureo, ſolemq; ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt.

In which *Homer* ſhews the way to *Pindar*, and all. *Odyſſ.* 4.

Ἀλλά σ' ἐς Ἠλύσιον πεδίον καὶ πείρατα γαίης
Ἀθάνατοι πέμψουσιν, ὅθι ξανθὸς Ῥαδάμανθυς,
Τῷ περ ῥηϊδίη βιοτὴ πέλει ἀνθρώποισι,
Οὐ νιφετὸς, οὔτ' ἄρ χειμὼν πολὺς, οὐδέποτ' ὄμβρος,
Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ζεφύροιο λιγυπνείοντας ἀήτας
Ὠκεανὸς ἀνίησιν ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους.

2. According to the opinion of *Pythagoras*, which was much followed by the *Poets*, and became *them better*, that *ſouls* paſt ſtill from one body to another, till by length of time, and many pennances, they had purged away all their imperfections. *Virg. Æn.* 6.

——Pauci læta arva tenemus,
Donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, purúmq; reliquit
Ætherium ſenſum atq; aurai ſimplicis ignem.
And a little before, *——Animæ quibus altera fato*
Corpora debentur.

But the reſtriction of this to the *third Metempſychoſis*, I do not remember any where elſe. It may be *thrice* is taken here indefinitely for ſeveral times, as is moſt frequent among the *Poets*.

3. *Saturn* is ſaid to govern here, becauſe the *Golden-Age* was under his reign, from the reſemblance of the condition of mankind then, to that of the *Bleſſed* now in the other World.

8.

Ἔνθα μακάρων Νᾶσον Ὠκεανίδες Αὖραι περιπνέουσιν, ἄνθεμα μὲν χρυσῷ φλέγει Τὰ μὲν χερσόθεν ἃ δ' ἀ--γλαῶν δενδρέων ὕδωρ δ' ἄλλα φέρβει Ὅρμοισι τᾶν χέρας ἀνα--πλέκοντι καὶ στεφάνοις βυσσῶν ἐν ὀρθαῖς Ῥαδαμάνθυος Οὐ πατὴρ ἔχει Κρόνου ἑτοῖμον αὐτῷ πάρεδρον Πότνια ὁ πάντων Ῥέα ὑψίστατον ἐχοίσα θρόνον, Πηλεύς τε καὶ Κάδμος ἐν τοῖσιν ἀλέγονται Ἀχιλλέα τ' ἔρυκε, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἦτορ λιταῖς ἔτρεσε μάτηρ.

Ubi beatorum Inſulam *Oceanides auræ* perflant, *floréſq; auri coruſcant, alii quidem in humo ab illuſtribus arboribus, alios autem aqua educat, quorum monilibus manus implicant & corollis (capita) juxtà recta decreta* Rhadamanthi, *quem pater* Saturnus *maritus* Rheæ *omnium ſupremum habentis ſolium, dignum ſibi habet* Aſſeſſorem, Peleus, *&* Cadmus *inter hos recenſentur*, Achillémq; *eo tranſtulit mater, poſtquam* Jovis *animum precibus flexit.* There follows a Deſcription of *Achilles*, from the ſlaughter of *Hector*, *Cygnus*, and *Memnon*, which I thought better to leave out; and inſtead of it, to adde by what means *Thetis* made his *Soul*, that was before ſo tainted with Anger, Pride, and Cruelty, capable of being admitted into this place; which I believed it not improper to attribute to her dipping of it in *Styx*, as ſhe had formerly done his *body*, all but his *heel*, by which ſhe held him, and which was therefore the only part where he was *Vulnerable*. That the water of *Styx* might have the like effects upon his *Soul*, I am authorized to feign, by the common Tradition of the water of *Lethe*, whoſe power upon the *Soul* is no leſs.

1. Of the *three Judges* of the *Dead*, he names only one. *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Gnoſſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durißima regna, &c.

And the Grammarians derive his name from ῥεῖα and δαμάω, from taming men by the ſeverity of his juſtice. *Cadmus* was choſen to be named here for one of the *Heroes*, by an apparent reaſon, *Theron* being deſcended from him; as for *Peleus* and *Achilles*, there is no particular cauſe. The *Poets* imitate ſometimes the *Divine* proceeding, and will have *mercy* on whom they *will have mercy*, without any reflecting upon any peculiar merit. It was not hard indeed for thoſe two to be admitted here; for *Æacus*, one of the *three Judges*, was *Father* to the *one*, and *Grandfather* to the *other*. I make bold to adde, that the *Poets* are there too, for *Pindars honour*, that I may not ſay, for *mine own*.

9.

Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶνος ὠκέα βέλη Ἔνδον ἔντι φαρέτρας φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει, σοφὸς ὁ πολλὰ εἰδὼς φυᾷ Μαθόντες δ' ἀβροὶ παγλωσσίᾳ κόμπαζον ὡς Ἄκραντα ματεύσοντες, Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον.

Multa

Multæ mihi sub cubito celeres Sagittæ *intrà* Pharetram *sunt sonantes* prudentibus, *apud vulgum autem interpretibus egent. Sapiens est qui multa novit* naturæ *viribus, qui disciplina utuntur vehementes garrulitate sicut* Corvi *irrita clamant adversus* Jovis Avem *divinam.*

1. The Connexion in the *Poet* is very obscure. This *Metaphor* of *Quiver* and *Arrows* does much delight him. *Olymp.* 13. Ἐμὲ δ' εὐθὺν ἀκόντων ἵεντα βόμβον παρὰ σκόπον ἐν χερὶ τὰ πολλὰ βέλεα καρτύνειν χρεών. *Me autem rectum telorum mittentem, turbinem præter scopum non oportet multa tela dirigere manibus.* The like is in the first *Olympique*, and divers other places. *Horace* in imitation.

Prome reconditum Thalia telum, &c.

2. *Pindar* falls frequently into this common place of preferring *Nature* before *Art*, as in the first *Nemæan Ode, &c.* The Scholiast says, he does it in derogation from his adversary *Bacchilides*. The comparison of *Art* to a *Crow*, and *Nature* to an *Eagle*, is very *nobly extravagant*, but it was necessary to enlarge it.

The *Poets* feigned, that the *Eagle* carried *Joves Thunder*, because of the strength, courage, and swiftness of that Bird. They likewise feigned, that *Jupiter* falling in love with *Ganymedes*, the Son of *Tros*, a most beautiful Boy, carried him up to Heaven upon the back of an *Eagle*, there to fill *Nectar* to him when he feasted, and for a more *angodly use*. Hor.

Expertus fidelem Jupiter in Ganymede flavo.

4. Nothing but the Eagle is said to be able to look full right into the *Sun*, and to make that tryal of her young ones, breeding up none but those that can do so.

10.

Ἔπειχε νῦν σκοτῷ τόξον Ἄγε θυμὲ τίνα βάλλομεν Ἐκ μαλθάκας ἔντε φρενὸς εὐκλέως ἰέντες Ἰσγτες; ἀλλ' τοι Ἀκραγαντι τανύσας Αὐδάσομαι ἐτόρκιον Λόγον ἀληθέα νόῳ Τεκὼν μήτιν' ἑκατὸν Γ' ἐτέων πόλιν φίλοις ἀνδρεσσι μᾶλλον Εὐεργέταν πραπίσιν, ἀφ-- θονέσαισιν τι χερσί.

Intende nunc arcum in scopum; agedum anime mi; Quem petimus ex molli mente glorioso sagittas mittentes? In Agrigentum *dirigens proferam veraci mente jusjurandum peperisse nullam centum annis civitatem virum amicis magis benevolum pectore, & minàs invidum manu.*

1. Virg. —*Stygiámq; paludem*
Dii cujus jurare timent & fallere numen.

Castalian waters. A fountain in *Phocis*, at the foot of *Parnassus*, dedicated to *Apollo* and the *Muses*; so called from the *Virgin Castalia*, who flying from *Apollo*, was there turned into a *Fountain.*

11.

Ἀλλ' ἄγον ἔβα κόρᾳ ὐ ῥίπα συναντόμᾳ ἀλ-λὰ μάργων ὣς ἀνδρῶν Τὸ λαλαγῆσαι θέλων Κρύφον τε θέμω ἐπλῶν κακοῖς Ἔργοις, ἐπεὶ φάμᾳ ἀειδμὸν σεσιγήσεμεν, κἀν ἔσα χάριμ' ἄλ-λοις ἔπηκεν τίς ἂν φράσαι δύναιτο;

Sed Invidia laudem *invasit injustè occurrens, à furiosis viris tumultuari volens, & occultare beneficia* injuriis. *Siquidem arena numerum refugit, ille quot gaudia aliis contulerit quis recensere poterit?*

The

THE FIRST

Nemeæan Ode

OF

PINDAR.

Chromius, *the Son of* Ageſidamus, *a young Gentleman of* Sicilie, *is celebrated for having won the prize of the* Chariot-Race *in the* Nemeæan Games (*a Solemnity inſtituted firſt to celebrate the Funeral of* Opheltes, *as is at large deſcribed by* Statius; *and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all* Greece, *and with incredible honor to the* Conquerors *in all the exerciſes there practiſed*) *upon which occaſion, the* Poet *begins with the commendation of his* Country, *which I take to have been* Ortygia (*an Iſland belonging to* Sicilie, *and a part of* Syracuſe, *being joyned to it by a Bridg*) *though the title of the* Ode *call him* Ætnæan Chromius, *perhaps becauſe he was made Governour of that Town by* Hieron. *From thence he falls into the praiſe of* Chromius *his perſon, which he draws from his great endwoments of* Mind *and* Body, *and moſt eſpecially from his* Hoſpitality, *and the worthy uſe of his* riches. *He likens his beginning to that of* Hercules, *and according to his uſual manner of being tranſported with any good Hint that meets him in his way, paſſing into a Digreſſion of* Hercules, *and his ſlaying the two* Serpents *in his Cradle, concludes the* Ode *with that Hiſtory.*

ODE.

1.

BEauteous *Ortygia*, the firſt *breathing place*
Of great *Alpheus* cloſe and amorous race,
2 Fair *Delos Siſter*, the *Child-Bed*
3 Of bright *Latona*, where ſhe bred
4 The *Original New-Moon*,
Who ſaw'ſt her tender *Forehead* e're the *Horns* were grown.
5 Who like a gentle *Scion*, newly ſtarted out,
From *Syracuſa's* ſide doſt *ſprout*.

Thee first my *Song* does greet
With numbers smooth and fleet,
As thine own *Horses* airy feet,
When they young *Chromius* Chariot drew,
And o're the *Nemeæan* race *triumphant* flew.
Jove will approve my *Song* and *Me*,
7 *Jove* is concern'd in *Nemea*, and in *Thee*.

2.

1 With *Jove*, my *Song*; this happy man,
Young *Chromius* too with *Jove* began;
From hence came his success,
Nor ought he therefore like it less,
Since the best *Fame* is that of *Happiness*.
For whom should we esteem above
The *Men* whom *Gods* do *love*.
'Tis them alone the *Muse* too does approve.
Lo how it makes this victory shine
2 O're all the fruitful Isle of *Proserpine*!
The *Torches* which the *Mother* brought
When the ravisht *Maid* she sought,
Appear'd not half so bright,
But cast a weaker light,
Through *earth*, and *ayr*, and *Seas*, and up to th'*heavenly Vault*.

3.

1 To thee, O *Proserpine*, this *Isle* I give,
Said *Jove*, and as he said,
2 Smil'd, and bent his gracious *Head*.
And thou, O *Isle*, said he, for ever thrive,
And keep the *value* of our *Gift* alive.
As *Heaven* with *Stars*, so let
The *Countrey* thick with *Towns* be set,
And numberless as *Stars*
Let all the *Towns* be then
Repleniſh'd thick with *Men*,
Wise in *Peace*, and Bold in *Wars*.
Of thousand glorious *Towns* the *Nation*,
Of thousand glorious *Men* each *Town* a *Constellation*.
Nor let their *warlike Lawrel scorn*,
3 With the Olympique *Olive* to be worn,
Whose gentler *Honors* do so well the *Brows* of *Peace* adorn.

4.

1 Go to great *Syracuse*, my *Muse*, and wait
At *Chromius* Hospitable Gate.
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy *Lyres* voyce shall but begin.
Joy, *Plenty*, and free *Welcome* dwells within.

The *Tyrian Beds* thou ſhalt find ready dreſt,
The *Ivory Table* crowded with a Feaſt.
The *Table* which is free for every *Gueſt*,
No doubt will *thee* admit,
And feaſt more upon *Thee*, then *Thou* on *it*.
Chromius and *Thou* art met aright,
2 For as by *Nature* thou doſt *Write*,
So he by *Nature Loves*, and does by *Nature Fight*.

5.

1 *Nature* herſelf, whilſt in the *womb* he was,
Sow'd *Strength* and *Beauty* through the *forming Maſs*,
They mov'ed the *vital Lump* in every part,
And carv'ed the *Members* out with wondrous art.
She fill'd his *Mind* with *Courage*, and with *Wit*,
And a vaſt *Bounty*, apt and fit
For the great *Dowre* which *Fortune* made to it.
'Tis *Madneſs* ſure *Treaſures* to hoord,
And make them *uſeleſs*, as in *Mines*, remain,
To loſe th' *Occaſion Fortune* does afford
Fame, and publick *Love* to gain.
Even for *ſelf-concerning ends*,
'Tis wiſer much to hoord up *Friends*.
Though *Happy men* the *preſent* goods poſſeſs,
Th' *Unhappy* have their ſhare in *future* Hopes no leſs.

6.

How *early* has young *Chromius* begun
The *Race* of *Virtue*, and how ſwiftly run,
And born the noble *Prize* away,
Whilſt other youths yet at the *Barriere* ſtay?
1 None but *Alcides* e're ſet earlier forth then *He*;
The *God*, his *Fathers*, Blood nought could reſtrain,
'Twas *ripe at firſt*, and did diſdain
The ſlow advance of dull *Humanitie*,
The big-limm'ed *Babe* in his huge *Cradle* lay,
Too weighty to be rockt by *Nurſes* hands,
Wrapt in purple ſwadling-bands.
When, Lo, by jealous *Juno's* fierce commands,
Two dreadful *Serpents* come
Rowling and hiſſing loud into the roome.
To the *bold Babe* they trace their *bidden* way,
Forth from their flaming *eyes* dread *Lightnings* went,
Their gaping *Mouths* did forked *Tongues* like *Thunderbolts* preſent.

7.

1 Some of th'amazed *Women* dropt down dead
With fear, ſome wildly fled
About the room, ſome into corners crept,
Where ſilently they ſhook and wept.

All naked from her bed the *passionate Mother* lept
To *save* or *perish* with her *Child*,
She *trembled*, and she *cry'ed*, the mighty *Infant smil'd*.
2 The *mighty Infant* seem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded foes,
And as their spotted necks up to the *Cradle* rose,
With his young warlike hands on both he seis'd;
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hist,
In vain their armed *Tails* they twist,
And angry *Circles* cast about,
Black *Blood*, and fiery *Breath*, and poys'nous *Soul* he squeezes out.

8.

1 With their drawn Swords
In ran *Amphitryo*, and the *Theban Lords*,
2 With *doubting Wonder*, and with *troubled joy*
They saw the *conquering Boy*
Laugh, and point downwards to his prey,
Where in deaths pangs, and their own gore they folding lay.
3 When wise *Tiresias* this beginning knew,
He told with ease the things t'ensue,
4 From what *Monsters* he should free
5 The *Earth*, the *Ayr*, and *Sea*,
6 What mighty *Tyrants* he should slay,
Greater *Monsters* far then *They*.
7 How much at *Phlegras* field the distrest *Gods* should ow
To their great *Off-spring* here below,
And how his Club should there outdo,
8 *Apollos* silver Bow, and his own *Fathers Thunder* too.

9.

1 And that the *grateful Gods* at last,
The race of his *laborious Virtue* past,
Heaven, which he *sav'ed*, should to him give,
2 Where *marry'd* to eternal *Youth* he should for ever live;
Drink *Nectar* with the *Gods*, and all his senses please
In their harmonious golden *Palaces*.
Walk with ineffable Delight
Through the thick *Groves* of never-withering *Light*,
And as he walks affright
3 The *Lyon* and the *Bear*,
Bull, *Centaur*, *Scorpion*, all the *radiant Monsters* there.

NOTES.

1.

1. Ἄμπνευμα σεμνὸν Ἀλφεῷ. *Respiramen reverendum Alphei.* *Alpheus* was a River in *Elis*, which the Poets feigned to have fallen in love with the Nymph *Arethusa*, whom when he was ready to ravish, *Diana* turn'd her into a *Fountain*; which left her *Lover* should mix his waters with hers, fled by secret ways under ground, and under the Sea into *Sicilie*, rising up in the Island *Ortygia*, whither *Alpheus* also followed, and there mingled with her.

2. Δάλου κασιγνήτα. *Deli soror.* The Commentator says, because *Delos* too was called *Ortygia*. I think, because *Apollo* was born in *Delos*, and *Diana* in *Ortygia*, therefore by a Figure he calls the *Islands* too, where they were born, *Sisters*. Hom. Hymn.

> χαῖρε μάκαιρ' ὦ Λητοῖ ἐπεὶ τέκες ἀγλαὰ τέκνα
> Ἀπόλλωνα τ' ἄνακτα καὶ Ἄρτεμιν Ἰοχεαίρην
> Τὴν μὲν ἐν Ὀρτυγίῃ, τὸν δ' ἐν κραναῇ ἐνὶ Δήλῳ.

Which for *Pindars* sake, I am content to take for this *Ortygia*, and not that Island among the *Cyclades* of the same name.

Δώμιον Ἀρτέμιδος. *Cubile Artemidis.* Because she was born there, I therefore chose rather to call it, *Latona's Child-Bed*, than her Bed.

4. Because other *New-Moons* seem but returns of *Diana* (which is the same with the *Goddess Luna*) then she had her beginning.

5. Κλεινᾶν Συρακοσσᾶν θάλος. *Germen inclytarum Syracusarum*, for the reason mentioned in the Argument.

6. Σίδεν ἁδυεπὴς ὕμνος ὁρμᾶται θέμεν Αἶνον ἀέλλοπόδων μέγαν ἵππων Διὸς Αἰνᾶι χάριν. Ἅρμα δ' ὠκύνει χερμὰς Νεμέα θ' ἕργμαισι νικαφόροις Ἐγκάμιον ζεῦξαι μέλος. *Ad te suaviloquus Hymnus cum impetu aggreditur exponere magnam laudem procellipedûm equorum in* Jovis Ætnæi *gratiam, Curtius etiam* Chromii *&* Nemea *me incitant ut adjungam meum laudatorium melos triumphantibus (certaminum) laboribus.*

7. In *Nemea*; because *Hercules* having slain the *Nemæan Lyon*, did Sacrifice *Jovi Nemæo*, and dedicate the Games to him. *In Thee*: For having given this Island to *Proserpine*, for *Ceres* sake, for the birth of *Diana*; for being himself surnamed (as before) *Ætnæan Jupiter*, from *Ætna*, where his *Thunder* was likewise forged.

2.

1. Ἀρχαὶ δὲ βέβληνται θεῶν Κείνᾳ σὺν ἀνδρὸς δαιμονίαις ἀρεταῖς. Ἔστι δ' ἐν εὐτυχίᾳ παντὸς δόξας ἄκρον. *Proœmia sumpta sunt à Diis & illius viri felicibus virtutibus, est enim in felicitate summum fastigium omnis gloriæ.*

2. Of these *Torches* which *Ceres* lighted at *Ætna*, and carried with her all about the world in the search of *Proserpine*, *Claudian* speaks thus, *L.* 3. *de R. Proserp.*

> *—Quacunq; it, in æquore fulvis*
> *Adnat at umbra fretis, extremáq; lucis imago*
> *Italiam Lybiámq; ferit, clarescit Hetruscum*
> *Littus, & accenso resplendent æquore Syrtes.*

At *Enna*, where *Ceres* was most religiously worshipped, her *Statue* was made with Torches in her hands. See *Tull.* 4. *Act. in Verr.*

3.

1. Νῦν ἔγειρ' ἀγλαΐαν τινὰ νάσῳ Τὰν Ὀλύμπιος δεσπόταις Ζεὺς ἔδωκεν Περσεφόνᾳ καταίνησ--σέν τε οἱ φαίταις ἀεὶς--δῶσιν οὐκάρπῳ χθονὸς Σικελίαν πιείραν ὀρθώ---σειν κορυφαῖς πόλεων ἀρεταῖς Ὦπασέ θ' χερσίον Πολέμου μναστῆρα ὁ χαλκεντέος Λαὸν ἵππιον, θαμὰ δὴ κὴ Ὀλυμ--πιάδων φύλλοις ἐλαᾶν χρυσέοις μιχθέντα. *Nunc excita splendorem aliquem Insulæ quam* Olympi Dominus Jupiter *dedit* Proserpinæ *& annuit* capillis *se principem fertilis soli* Siciliam *pinguem exaltaturum celebribus fastigiis civitatum, deditq; eis* Saturnius *populum equis gaudentem, & memorem ferrei belli qui sæpè etiam foliis aureis* Olympiacarum Olivarum *se immisceret.*

2. Κατίνησίν τε οἱ φαίταις. Is very eloquent in the Greek, but I knew not how to render

render it but by *Head*. *Homer* expresses the same sense most excellently. *Il.* 1.

Ἦ ῥ̓ γανίηισιν ἐπ' ὄρνυσι νῆϊ στρατῶνδε,
Ἀμβρωσίαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο.

3. *Pindar* in his third *Olympique*, by a great *Geographical Error* (but pardonable in those times) says, that *Hercules* obtained of the *Hyperboreans* at the Fountain of *Ister*, or the *Danube* Plants of *Wild-Olive*, to set about the Temple of *Jupiter* in *Pisa*; and ordained, that the *Conquerours* in those Games should alwaies be crown'd with Garlands of the said *Olives*. It may be askt, in the celebration of a *Nemean* Victory, why he rather mentions the *Olympique Prizes* born away by the *Sicilians*, than those of *Nemea?* Some say, that in the *Nemean Games* too, the like Olive-Garlands were used at first before those of *Apium*; which I hardly believe, if the Institution of them was to celebrate a funeral, as the general opinion is. I think he chuses the *Olympique Games*, only because they were the most famous of all.

4.

1. Ἔστιν δ' ἐπ' αὐλείαις θύρεσσι Ἀνδρὸς φιλοξείνου καλὰ μελπόμενος, Ἔνθα μοι ἁρμόδιον Δώτιον κεκόσμηται, θαμὰ δ' ἀλλοπάδων ἐπ' ἀπείρατοι δόμοι ἔντι.

Steti autem in vestibulo viri hospitalis egregie canens, ubi mihi conveniens cœna adornata est, neq; enim frequentium peregrinorum ignara sunt ædes ejus.

2. Τύχαι ἐπ' ἄλλοισιν ἄλλοις ἔπεσι χρὴ δ' ἐν εὐθείαις ὁδοῖς Σκέπτεσθαι μάρναθ' ἑκάστοις φύσει. *Aliæ aliorum artes sunt, sed oportet rectis in viis ambulantem* naturâ *pugnare.*

5.

1. Πρέπουσι γὰρ ἔργῳ μὲν θοίνᾳ τε βωλαῖσί τε φρὴν ἐπιτόμοισιν περίδοιον Συνάορος ὗς ἕπεται, Ἀγησιδάμῳ καὶ σοὶ δ' ἀμφὶ βίοτον Τῶν τε καὶ πρὶν χρῆσις οὐκ ἔρχεται πολὺν ἐν μεγάρῳ πλοῦτον κατακρύψαις ἔχειν· Ἀλλ' ἐόντων ξὺν τε παθεῖν καὶ ἀκοῦσαι φίλοις ἐξαρκέων. Κοιναὶ γὰρ ἔρχονθ' ἑλπίδες Πολυπόνων ἀνδρῶν. *Auxiliatur enim operi quidem robur, consiliis autem mens, quibus naturalis est futurorum providentia, Tuis autem in moribus, ô Agesidami fili, horum & illorum est usus. Non cupio multas in ædibus divitias absconditas habere, sed ex iis quæ adsunt bona percipere, & benè audire amicis subveniens, communes enim veniunt spes ærumnosorum.*

6.

1. Ἐγὼ δ' Ἡρακλέα ἀντέχομαι περφερέων Ἐν κορυφαῖς ἀρετῶν μεγάλαις Ἀρχαῖον ὠθούμενος λόγον, &c.

Ego autem Herculem *amplector libenter in cacuminibus virtutum maximis antiquum proferens sermonem, &c.*

Pindar, according to his manner, leaves the Reader to find as he can, the connexion between *Chromius* and the story of *Hercules*, which it seem'd to me necessary to make a little more perspicuous.

7.

1. Ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ἄτλατον δέος Πλᾶξε γυναῖκας ὅσαι τύχον Ἀλκμήνας ἀρήρεισαι λέχει· Καὶ ῥὰ αὐτὰ ποσὶν ἄσπλοι ὀρέσσαι ὑπὸ τρομοῦσαι ὄμως Ἄμυνεν ὕβριν κνωδάλων.

Intolerabilis metus percussit mulieres quæ inserviebant Alcmenæ *lecto, quinetiam ipsa sine vestibus prosiliens pedibus è lecto propulsavit injuriam bestiarum.*

2. Εἰς θαλάμου μυχὸν εὐρὺν ἔβαν Τέκνοισιν ὠκείας γνάθους Ἀμφιλίξαις μιμάσαντες, ὁ δ' ὀρ--θὸν μὲν ἄντεινεν κάρα Πειρᾶτο πρῶτον μάχης. *In thalami penetralia lata venerunt pueris celeres malas circumplicare gestientes, sed ille rectum extendit caput, & specimen primum pugnæ edidit.* I leave out the mention of his Brother *Iphiclus*, who lay in the same Cradle, because it would but embroil the story, and addes nothing to the *similitude*. *Pherecides* writes, that *Amphitryo* himself put these *Serpents* into the Chamber, to try which was *his*, and which *Jupiters* Son.

8.

1. Ταχὺ δὲ Κάδμείων ἄγοι χαλ--κίοις σὺν ὅπλοις ἀθρόοι ἔδραμον· Ἐν χερὶ δ' Ἀμφιτρύωνα κολεῷ γυμνὸν ξίφος ἐκτινάσσων Ἵκετ' ὀξείαις ἀνίαισι τυπείς. *Confestim autem* Cadmæorum *duces æreis cum armis accurrerunt*, Amphitryo *quoq; nudum vaginâ ensem quatiens venit acutis doloribus saucius.* I leave out a sentence that follows; which is a wise saying, but methinks to no great purpose in that place.

2. This is excellently expressed in the Greek, Ἕσα δὲ θάμβει δυσφόρῳ Τέρπνῷ τε μιγθείς, *Consistit autem stupore acerbo delectabili; permixtus.*

3. Γείτονα δ' ἐκάλεσσεν δῖος υἱὸν πρόφατον ἔχοντ' Ὀρθάμαντιν Τιρυνθίαν ὁ δ' ὀρθᾷ τε πάντι τεχνᾷ Ποιεῖς ὁμιλήσει τυχαῖς. *Vicinum itaq; advocavit* Jovis *altissimi Prophetam eximium*

eximium veræ vaticinantem Tiresiam, *hic autem ei dixit totiq; turbæ in quibus versaturus esset fortunis.*

4. Ὅσους μὲν ἐν χέρτῳ κλαδὸν Ὅσας θ' ὑπὸ πόντου θήρας αἰὲν ἀλεξίκακος Καὶ τινὰ σὺν πλαγίῳ Ἀμφιλεῶν κόρῳ στείχοντα τὸ ἐχθρότατον φάσιν νιν δώσειν μόρον. Καὶ γὰρ ὅταν θεοὶ ἐν πεδίῳ φλέγρας ἁδρὰν στάσιν μάχαν Ἀντιάζωσιν βελέων ὑπὸ ῥιπᾶσι κεῖνα φαιδίμαν γαῖα περύρεισε κόμαν. *Quot in terrâ interfecturus esset quot in mari belluas perniciosas, & cuinam hominum cum obliquâ insolentiâ incedenti inimicissimo mortem daret, quinetiam cùm* Dii *cum* Gigantibus *in campo* Phlegræ *prælio occurrerent, telorum illius impetu præclaram pulveri commixtum iri illorum comam.* Where I have ventured to change what he says of his *Darts*, into his *Club*, that being his most famous Weapon.

5. The *Earth*; as the *Erymanthian Bore*, the *Nemæan Lyons*. The *Air*, as the *Stymphalian Birds*. And the *Sea*, as the *Whale*, which the Scholiast says he slew, and cites *Homer* for the Story.

6. As *Antæus*, *Busiris*, *Augias*, &c.

7. The place of the battel between the *Gods* and the *Giants*, was *Phlegra*, a Town in *Thrace*, where the *Earth* pronounced an Oracle, that the *Giants* could not be destroyed, but by the help of *two Heroes*, or *Half-Gods*; for which purpose, the Gods made choice of *Hercules* and *Bacchus*, and by their assistance got the victory. *Phlegra* is called so, ἀπὸ τῆ φλέγειν, *To burn*; perhaps, because of the *Gyants* being destroyed there chiefly by *Thunder*; or, as others, from *Baths* of *Hot-water* which arise there. *Eustathius* says, it was likewise called *Pallene*, and gave occasion to the Fable of the *Gyants* fight, from the wickedness of the Inhabitants.

8. According to *Homers* ordinary *Epithete* of *Apollo*, Ἀργυρότοξος, *Silver-bow'd.*

9.

1. Αὐτὸν μὲν ἐν εἰρήνᾳ τὸ ἅπαντα χρόνον χαίρειν Ἡσυχίαν καμάτων μεγάλων ποινὰν λαχόντα ἐξαίφνιδα Ὀλβίοις ἐν δόμοις ἁδρόφρονα θαλίαν Ἥβαν ἄκοιτιν Καὶ γάμον δαισυτᾶ τε Διὶ Καναδᾶ Σεμνὸν αἰνήσειν δόμον. *Ipsum vero in pace omne tempus deinceps acturum, tranquillitatem magnorum laborum præmium eximium consequutum, receptâ in beatis ædibus* Hebe *conjuge florente, & nuptiis celebratis in domo* Jovis *venerandi quam ipse admiratione videret.*

2. The Names of *Constellations*, so called first by the *Poets*, and since retained by the Astronomers. They might be frighted by *Hercules*, because he was the famous *Monster-Killer.*

The

The Praiſe of Pindar.

In Imitation of *Horace* his ſecond *Ode*, B. 4.

Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari, &c.

1.

Pindar is imitable by none;
The *Phœnix Pindar* is a vaſt *Species alone.*
Who e're but *Dædalus* with waxen wings could fly
And neither *ſink* too low, nor *ſoar* too high?
What could he who *follow'd* claim,
But of vain *boldneſs* the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a *Sea* to name?
Pindars unnavigable Song
Like a ſwoln *Flood* from ſome ſteep *Mountain* pours along.
The *Ocean* meets with ſuch a *Voice*
From his enlarged *Mouth*, as drowns the *Oceans* noiſe.

2.

So *Pindar* does new *Words* and *Figures* roul
Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique Tide*,
Which in no *Channel* deigns t'abide,
Which neither *Banks* nor *Dikes* controul.
Whether th' *Immortal Gods* he ſings
In a no leſs *Immortal ſtrain*,
Or the great Acts of *God-deſcended Kings*,
Who in his Numbers ſtill ſurvive and *Reign.*
Each rich embroidered *Line*,
Which their triumphant *Brows* around,
By his ſacred Hand is bound,
Does all their *ſtarry Diadems* outſhine.

3.

Whether at *Piſa*'s race he pleaſe
To *carve* in poliſht *Verſe* the *Conque'rors Images*,
Whether the *Swift*, the *Skilful*, or the *Strong*,
Be crowned in his *Nimble*, *Artful*, *Vigorous* Song:
Whether ſome brave young mans untimely fate
In words worth *Dying for* he celebrate,
Such *mournful*, and ſuch *pleaſing* words,
As *joy* to his *Mothers* and his *Miſtreſs grief* affords:
He bids him *Live* and *Grow* in fame,
Among the *Stars* he ſticks his *Name*:
The *Grave* can but the *Droſs* of him devour,
So *ſmall* is *Deaths*, ſo *great* the *Poets* power.

Lo

4.

Lo, how th'obſequious *Wind*, and ſwelling *Ayr*
1 The *Theban Swan* does upwards bear
Into the *walks* of *Clouds*, where he does play,
And with extended *Wings* opens his liquid way.
Whilſt, alas, my *tim'erous Muſe*
Unambitious tracks purſues;
Does with weak unballaſt wings,
About the *moſſy Brooks* and *Springs*;
About the *Trees* new-bloſſom'ed *Heads*,
About the *Gardens* painted *Beds*,
About the *Fields* and flowry *Meads*,
And all *inferior beauteous things*
Like the laborious *Bee*,
For little drops of *Honey* flee,
And there with *Humble Sweets* contents her *Induſtrie*.

NOTES.

1.

1. *Pindar* was incredibly admired and honoured among the Ancients, even to that degree that we may believe, they ſaw more in him than we do now: Inſomuch, that long after his death, when *Thebes* was quite burnt and deſtroyed (by the *Lacedemonians* and by *Alexander* the *Great*) both times the *Houſe* wherein he had lived was alone preſerved by publick Authority, as a place *ſacred* and *inviolable*. Among the very many Elogies of *him*, I will only cite that of *Quinctilian* (than whom no man perhaps ever living was a better *Judge*) l. 10. c. 1. *Novem Lyricorum longè Pindarus princeps, ſpiritus magnificentiâ, ſententiis, figuris beatiſſimus, rerum verborúmq; copiâ & velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine, propter quæ Horatius nemini credit eum imitabilem.* Where he applys *Horace* his ſimilitudes of a *River* to his *Wit*; but it is ſuch a River, as when *Poetical Fury*,

Tanquam fera diluvies quietum
Irritat amnem. Hor.

And like the reſt of that deſcription of the *River*.

Nunc pace delabentis Hetruſcum
In mare, nunc lapides adeſos
Stirpeſq; raptas & pecus & domos
Volventis unâ non ſine montium
Clamore vicinaq; ſilva.

For which reaſon, I term his Song *Unnavigable*; for it is able to drown any *Head* that is not ſtrong built and well *ballaſted*. *Horace* in another place calls it a *Fountain*; from the unexhauſted abundance of his Invention.

2.

1. There are none of *Pindars Dithyrambiques* extant. *Dithyrambiques* were *Hymns* made in honour of *Bacchus*, who did, Διὸς εἰς δυοῖν ἀναβαίνειν, came into the world through *two Doors*, his *Mother Semeles Womb*, and his *Father Jupiters Thigh*. Others think, that *Dithyrambus* was the name of a *Theban Poet*, who invented that kind of Verſe, which others alſo attribute to *Arion*. *Pindar* himſelf in the 13. *Olymp.* ſeems to give the Invention to the *Corinthians*. Ταὶ Διονύσου πόθεν ἐξεύρανθ' οἱ Κορίνθιαι χορείαις Διθυράμβων. *Unde* Bacchi *exortæ ſunt venuſtates cum* Boves agente Dithyrambo. For it ſeems an Ox was given in reward to the Poet; but others interpret Κορίνθιον πρὸς τὸν βοῦν, from the loud repeating or ſinging of them. It was a bold, free, *enthuſiaſtical* kind of Poetry, as of men inſpired by *Bacchus*, that is, *Half-Drunk*, from whence came the *Greek Proverb*.

Διθυραμβοποιῶν νῦν ἔχεις ἐλάφου κέρα.
You are as mad as a *Dithyrambique Poet.*

And another,

Οὐκ ἔστι Διθύραμβος ἂν ὕδωρ πίνῃ.
There are no *Dithyrambiques* made by drinking water.

Something like this kind (but I believe with leſs *Liberty*) is *Horace* his 19. Ode of the 2. B.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, &c.

And neerer yet to it comes his 25. Ode of the 3. B. *Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum? quæ nemora, aut quos agor in ſpecus, Velox mente novâ?* For he is preſently *half-mad*, and promiſes I know not what,

Dicam inſigne recens,
Indictum ore alio. And,
Nil parvum aut humili modo,
Nil mortale loquar.

And then he ends like a man ranting in his drink, that falls ſuddenly aſleep.

Banks, natural; Dikes, artificial. It will neither be bounded and circumſcribed by *Nature*, nor by *Art*.

3. Almoſt all the ancient *Kings* to make themſelves more venerable to their ſubjects, derived their pedigree from ſome *God*, but at laſt that would not content them, and they made *themſelves Gods*, as ſome of the *Roman Emperours*.

4. *Diadems* (which were uſed by the ancient *Kings*, as *Crowns* are now, for the *Mark* of *Royalty*, and were much more convenient) were bindings of *white Ribban* about the head, ſet and adorned with precious ſtones; which is the reaſon I call them *Starry Diadems*. The word comes ἀπὸ τοῦ διαδεῖν, *To bind about.*

3.

1. The *Conquerours* in the *Olympique* Games, were not only Crowned with a Garland of *Wild-Olive*, but alſo had a *Statue* erected to them.

2. The chief Exerciſes there were *Running*, *Leaping*, *Wreſtling*, the *Diſcus*, which was the caſting of a great round Stone, or Ball, made of Iron or Braſs; The *Ceſtus*, or *Whorle-bats*, *Horſe-Races*, and *Chariot-Races*.

3. For he wrote *Threni*; or *Funeral Elegies*: but they are all loſt, as well as his *Hymns*, *Tragedies*, *Encomia*, and ſeveral other works.

4. So *Hor.* l. 4. Od. 25.

Stellis inſerere, & concilio Jovis.

4.

1. From the *Fabulous*, but univerſally received *Tradition* of *Swans ſinging* moſt ſweetly before their *Death* (though the truth is *Geeſe* and *They* are alike *melodious*) the *Poets* have aſſumed to themſelves the title of *Swans*, *Hor.* l. 2. *Od.* 20. would be believed to be *Metamorphoſed* into one, *Jam, jam, reſidunt cruribus aſperæ Pelles, & album mutor in alitem Superne* (or *Superna*) *naſcunturq; leves Per digitos humeroſq; pluma.* The Anthologie gives the ſame name to *Pindar*, Θήβης ὠγυγίης ἑλικώνιος ἔπτατο κύκνος, Πίνδαρος ἱμερόφωνος. Sweet-tongued *Pindar* the *Heliconian Swan* of *Thebes*. So *Virgil* is called, *Mantuanus olor*, The *Swan* of *Mantua*; *Theocritus* terms the Poets, Μουσῶν ὄρνιθες, The *Birds* of the *Muſes*; which the Commentators ſay, is in alluſion to *Swans*; to which *Callimachus* gives the name of Μουσάων ὄρνιθες; and in another place calls them, Ἀπόλλωνος παρίδρυες. A bold word, which I know not how to render: but they were conſecrated to *Apollo*, and conſequently beloved by the *Muſes* and *Poets*.

The

The Resurrection.

1.

1 NOt *Winds* to *Voyagers* at Sea,
Nor *Showers* to *Earth* more neceſſary be,
(*Heav'ens* vital *ſeed* caſt on the *womb* of *Earth*
To give the *fruitful Year a Birth*)
Then *Verſe* to *Virtue*, which can do
The *Midwifes* Office, and the *Nurſes* too;
It *feeds* it, ſtrongly, and it *cloathes* it gay,
And when it dyes, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a *Pyramide*
That never will decay
Till *Heaven* it ſelf ſhall melt away,
And nought behind it ſtay.

2.

Begin the *Song*, and ſtrike the *Living Lyre*;
Lo how the *Years to come*, a numerous and well-fitted *Quire*,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my *Song* with ſmooth and equal meaſures *dance*.
2 Whilſt the *dance* laſts, how long ſo e're it be,
My *Muſicks* voyce ſhall bear it companie.
Till all *gentle Notes* be drown'd
In the *laſt Trumpets* dreadful ſound.
That to the *Spheres* themſelves ſhall *ſilence* bring,
Untune the *Univerſal String*.
Then all the wide extended *Sky*,
And all th' *harmonious Worlds* on high,
And *Virgils* ſacred *work* ſhall dy.
3 And he himſelf ſhall ſee in one *Fire* ſhine
Rich *Natures* ancient *Troy*, though built by *Hands Divine*.

3.

1 Whom *Thunders* diſmal noiſe,
And all that *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* louder ſpake,
And all the *Creatures* plain *conſpiring voyce*,
Could not whilſt they *liv'ed*, awake,
This mightier ſound ſhall make
When *Dead* t'ariſe,
And open *Tombs*, and open *Eyes*
2 To the long *Sluggards* of five thouſand years.
This *mightier Sound* ſhall *make* its *Hearers Ears*.
Then ſhall the ſcatter'ed *Atomes* crowding come
Back to their *Ancient Home*,
Some from *Birds*, from *Fiſhes* ſome,
Some from *Earth*, and ſome from *Seas*,
Some from *Beaſts*, and ſome from *Trees*.

Some descend from *Clouds* on high,
Some from *Metals* upwards fly,
And where th' *attending Soul* naked, and shivering stands,
Meet, salute, and joyn their hands.
As disperst *Souldiers* at the *Trumpets* call,
Hast to their *Colours* all.
Unhappy most, like *Tortured Men*,
Their *Joynts* new *set*, to be new *rackt* agen.
To *Mountains* they for *shelter* pray,
The *Mountains* shake, and run about no less *confus'd* then *They*.

4.

Stop, stop, my *Muse*, allay thy vig'orous heat,
Kindled at a *Hint* so Great.
Hold thy *Pindarique Pegasus* closely in,
Which does to *rage* begin,
And this steep *Hill* would gallop up with violent course,
'Tis an unruly, and a *hard-Mouth'd Horse*,
Fierce, and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the *Spur* or *Bit*.
Now *prances* stately, and anon *flies* o're the place,
Disdains the *servile Law* of any settled *pace*,
Conscious and *proud* of his own *natural force*.
'Twill no *unskilful Touch* endure,
But flings *Writer* and *Reader* too that *sits* not *sure*.

NOTES.

1.

1. THis Ode is truly *Pindarical*, falling from one thing into another, after his *Enthusiastical manner*, and he gives a *Hint* for the beginning of it in his 14. *Olymp.* Ἔστιν ἀνθρώποις ἀνίμων ὅτε πλοῖα χρῆσις, ἔστι δ' ἀφανὲς ὕδατον Ὀμβρίων παίδων πόλαι. Εἰ δὲ σὺν πόνῳ τις ἔν τε πράσσοι μελιγάρυες ὕμνοι ὕστερον ἄρχει λόγων τέλλεται δ' ἐπὶ σφισὶν ἄριστον μεγάλαις ἀρεταῖς. *Est aliquando hominibus ventorum usus, aliquando aquarum cœlestium, filiarum nubis, sed siquis cum labore rectè faciat dulces Hymni illi principium sunt futura gloriæ, & fœdus fidele faciunt cum magnis virtutibus.*

2.

1. Whilst the *Motion* of *Time* lasts, which is compared to a *Dance*, from the regular measures of it.

2. According to the ancient opinion of the *Pythagoreans*, which does much better befit *Poetry*, than it did *Philosophy*.

3. Shall see the whole *world burnt* to ashes like *Troy*, the destruction of which was so excellently written by him, though it was built like *Troy* too, by *Divine hands*. The walls of *Troy* were said to be built by *Apollo* and *Neptune*.

3.

1. No natural effect gives such impressions of *Divine fear*, as *Thunder*; as we may see by the examples of some wicked Emperours, who though they were Atheists, and made *themselves Gods*, yet confest a greater divine power when they heard it, by trembling and hiding themselves. Horat. *Cœlo Tonantem Credidimus Jovem.*
And *Lucret.* speaks it of *Epicurus*, as a thing extraordinary and peculiar of him, that the very sound of *Thunder* did not make him superstitious,

Quem neq; fama Deûm, neq; fulmina, nec minitanti
Murmure compressit cœlum, &c.

Yet the *Prophets* and Apostles voyce is truly term'd *Lowder*; for as S. *Paul* says, the voyce of the Gospel was heard over all the habitable *world*, Εἰς πᾶσαν τὴν οἰκουμένην ὁ φθόγγος αὐτῶν.

2. The ordinary *Traditional opinion* is, that the world is to last six thousand years (Ἓξ ἐν χιλιάσι καταπαύσασθαι κόσμον) and that the *seventh Thousand* is to be the *Rest* or *Sabbath* of *Thousands*: but I could not say, *Sluggards* of *Six thousand years*, because some then would be found alive, who had not so much as slept at all. The next *Perfect Number* (and *Verse* will admit of no *Broken ones*) was *Five Thousand*.

The

The Muse.

1.

GO, the rich *Chariot* instantly prepare;
The *Queen*, my *Muse*, will take the air;
Unruly *Phansie* with strong *Judgment* trace,
Put in nimble-footed *Wit*,
Smooth-pac'ed *Eloquence* joyn with it,
Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place,
Harness all the *winged race*.
Let the *Postillion Nature* mount, and let
The *Coachman Art* be set.
And let the airy *Footmen* running all beside,
Make a long row of *goodly pride*.
Figures, *Conceits*, *Raptures*, and *Sentences*
In a well-worded *dress*.
And *innocent Loves*, and *pleasant Truths*, and *useful Lies*,
In all their gaudy *Liveries*.
Mount, glorious *Queen*, thy *travelling Throne*,
And bid it to put on;
For *long*, though *cheerful*, is the *way*,
And *Life*, alas, allows but one ill *winters Day*.

2.

Where never *Foot* of *Man*, or *Hoof* of *Beast*,
The passage prest,
Where never *Fish* did *fly*,
And with short silver *wings* cut the low liquid *Sky*.
Where *Bird* with painted *Oars* did nere
Row through the trackless *Ocean* of the *Air*.
Where never yet did pry
The busie *Mornings* curious *Ey*:
The *Wheels* of thy bold *Coach* pass quick and free;
And all's an *open Road* to *Thee*.
Whatever *God* did *Say*,
Is all thy plain and smooth, uninterrupted *way*.
Nay ev'n beyond his *works* thy *Voyages* are known,
Thou'hast thousand *worlds* too of thine *own*.
Thou speakst, great *Queen*, in the same *stile* as *He*,
And a *New world* leaps forth when *Thou* say'st, *Let it Be*.

3.

Thou sadom'est the deep *Gulf* of *Ages* past,
And canst pluck up with ease
The *years* which Thou dost please,
Like shipwrackt *Treasures* by rude *Tempests* cast

Long

Long since into the *Sea*,
Brought up again to *Light* and publique *Use* by Thee.
Nor dost thou onely *Dive* so low,
But *Fly*
With an unwearied *Wing* the other way on high,
2 Where *Fates* among the *Stars* do grow;
There into the close *Nests* of *Time* do'st peep,
And there with piercing *Eye*,
Through the firm *shell*, and the thick *White* do'st spie,
Tears to come a forming lie,
Close in their *sacred Secondine* asleep,
Till *hatcht* by the *Suns* vital heat
Which o're them yet does *brooding* set
They *Life* and *Motion* get,
And *ripe* at last with vigorous might
Break through the *Shell*, and take their everlasting *Flight*.

And sure we may
The same too of the *Present* say,
If *Past*, and *Future Times* do thee obey.
Thou stopst this *Current*, and dost make
This running *River* settle like a *Lake*,
1 Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery *Snake*.
The *Fruit* which does so quickly wast,
Men scarce can see it, much less *taste*,
Thou *Comfitest* in *Sweets* to make it *last*.
This shining piece of *Ice*
2 Which melts so soon away
With the *Suns* ray,
Thy *Verse* does solidate and *Chrystallize*,
Till it a lasting *Mirror* be.
Nay thy *Immortal Rhyme*
Makes this one short *Point* of *Time*,
3 To fill up half the *Orb* of *Round Eternity*.

NOTES.

1.

1. PIndar in the 6. *Olymp.* has a *Phansie* somewhat of this kind; where he says, Ὦ εἶνλις ἀλλὰ ζεῦξον ἁδὴ μοι θέος ἡμιόνων Ἕ τάχος ὄρσε, καὶ δίωκ' ἐν καθαρᾷ κάσσιδι ὄχον. *Sed, ô* Phinty, *junge jam mihi robur* Mularum *quibus celeritas est, ut viâ purâ ducamus currum.* Where by the Name of *Phintis* he speaks to his own Soul. O, my *Soul*, join me the strong and swift *Mules* together, that I may drive the *Chariot* in this fair way. Some make φίντυ to be a Dialect for φίλτατε: as if he should say, Oh my *friend*: Others (whom I rather believe) take it for the proper Name of some famous *Chariot-driver*. The *Aurea Carm.* use the same *Metaphor*, Ἡνίοχον γνώμην ἔχε καὶ τρόπους ἵππων. *Auriga superne constituta optimâ ratione*; Making right *Reason* the *Chariot-driver* of the *Soul*. *Porphyrius* calls the *Spirits*, Ὄχημα τῆς ψυχῆς. The *Chariot* of the Soul.

For

2.

1. For *Fins* do the ſame Office to *Fiſh*, that *VVings* do to *Birds*; and the *Scripture* it ſelf gives authority to my calling the *Sea* the *Low Sky*; where it ſays, *Gen.* 1.6. *Let there be a Firmament in the midſt of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.*

2. This *Metaphor* was uſed by the ancient *Poets*, Virg. *Æn.* 1.

Volat ille per aera magnum Remigio alarum.

And elſewhere *Lucret.* before him, *L.* 6.

Remigii oblitæ pennarum.

Ovid in his Epiſtle *applies* the ſame to *Mens Arms.*

Remis ego corporis utar.
I'll uſe the *Bodies Oars.*

(3.) *VVhatſoever God made*; for his ſaying, *Let it be*, made all things. The meaning is, that *Poetry* treats not only of all things that are, or can be, but makes *Creatures* of her own, as *Centaurs*, *Satyrs*, *Fairies*, &c. makes *perſons* and *actions* of her own, as in *Fables* and *Romances*, makes *Beaſts*, *Trees*, *VVaters*, and other irrational and inſenſible things to act above the poſſibility of their natures, as to *underſtand* and *ſpeak*, nay makes what *Gods* it pleaſes too without *Idolatry*, and varies all theſe into innumerable *Syſtemes*, or *VVorlds* of Invention.

3.

1. That is, The ſubject of *Poetry* is all *Paſt*, *Future* and *Preſent Times*; and for the *Paſt*, it makes what choice it pleaſes out of the *wrack* of *Time* of things that it will ſave from *Oblivion.*

2. According to the vulgar (but falſe) opinion of the *Influence* of the *Stars* over mens *actions* and *Fortunes.* There is no difficulty, I think, in the *Metaphor* of making a *year* to come like an *Egg* that is not yet *hatcht*, but a *brooding.*

3. The thin *Film* with which an *Infant* is covered in the *womb*, ſo called, becauſe it *follows* the *Child.* In Latine *Secundæ*, as in the 9. Epiſtle of *Seneca*, where he ſays moſt admirably. *Sed ut ex barbâ capillos detonſos negligimus, ita divinus ille animus egreſſurus hominem quo receptaculum ſuum referatur, ignis illud exurat, an feræ diſtrahant, an terra contegat non magis ad ſe pertinere judicat quam Secundas ad editum infantem.*

4.

1. A *Snake* with the *Tail* in the mouth of it, was the ancient *Hieroglyphick* of the year.

2. Becauſe the courſe of the *Sun* ſeems to conſume *Time*, as the Beams of it do *Ice.*

3. There are two ſorts of *Eternity*; from the *Preſent backwards* to *Eternity*, and from the *Preſent forwards*, called by the Schoolmen *Æternitas à parte ante*, and *Æternitas à parte poſt.* Theſe two make up the whole *Circle* of *Eternity*, which the *Preſent Time* cuts like a *Diameter*, but Poetry makes it extend to all *Eternity to come*, which is the *Half-Circle.*

To

To Mr. Hobs.

1.

VAst *Bodies* of *Philoſophie*
I oft have ſeen, and read,
But all are *Bodies Dead*,
Or *Bodies* by *Art faſhioned*;
I never yet the *Living Soul* could ſee,
But in thy *Books* and *Thee*.
'Tis onely *God* can know
Whether the fair *Idea* thou doſt ſhow
Agree intirely with his *own* or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis ſo *like Truth* 'twill ſerve our turn as well.
Juſt, as in *Nature* thy *Proportions* be,
As full of *Concord* their *Varietie*,
As *firm* the parts upon their *Center* reſt,
And all ſo *Solid* are that they at leaſt
As much as *Nature*, *Emptineſs deteſt*.

2.

1 Long did the mighty *Stagirite* retain
The *univerſal Intellectual* reign,
2 Saw his own Countreys ſhort-liv'ed *Leopard* ſlain;
3 The ſtronger *Roman-Eagle* did out-fly,
Oftner *renewed* his *Age*, and ſaw that *Dy*.
4 *Mecha* it ſelf, in ſpight of *Mahumet* poſſeſt,
And chas'ed by a wild *Deluge* from the *Eaſt*,
His *Monarchy* new planted in the *Weſt*.
But as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives ſome new one place:
So did this noble *Empire* waſt,
Sunk by degrees from glories paſt,
And in the *School-mens* hands it periſht quite at laſt.
Then nought but *Words* it grew,
And thoſe all *Barb'arous* too.
It *periſht*, and it *vaniſht* there,
The *Life* and *Soul* breath'd out, became but empty *Air*.

3.

The *Fields* which anſwer'd well the *Ancients Plow*,
Spent and out-worn return no *Harveſt* now,
In barren *Age* wild and unglorious lie,
And boaſt of *paſt Fertilitie*,
The *poor relief* of *Preſent Povertie*.

Food

Food and *Fruit* we now muſt want
Unleſs new *Lands* we *plant.*
We break up *Tombs* with *Sacrilegious hands*;
Old *Rubbiſh* we remove;
To walk in *Ruines*, like vain *Ghoſts*, we love,
And with fond *Divining Wands*
We ſearch among the *Dead*
For Treaſures *Buried*,
Whilſt ſtill the *Liberal Earth* does hold
So many *Virgin Mines* of *undiſcover'ed Gold.*

4.

The *Baltique*, *Euxin*, and the *Caſpian*,
And ſlender-limb'ed *Mediterrean*,
Seem narrow *Creeks* to *Thee*, and only fit
For the poor wretched *Fiſher-boats* of *Wit.*
Thy nobler *Veſſel* the vaſt *Ocean* tries,
And nothing ſees but *Seas* and *Skies*,
Till unknown *Regions* it deſcries,
Thou great *Columbus* of the *Golden Lands* of *new Philoſophies.*
Thy task was harder much then his,
For thy learn'd *America* is
Not onely found out firſt by Thee,
And rudely left to *Future Induſtrie*,
But thy *Eloquence* and thy *Wit*,
Has *planted*, *peopled*, *built*, and *civiliz'd* it.

5.

I little thought before,
(Nor being my *own ſelf* ſo *poor*
Could comprehend ſo vaſt a *ſtore*)
That all the *Wardrobe* of rich *Eloquence*,
Could have afforded half enuff,
Of *bright*, of *new*, and *laſting* ſtuff,
To cloath the mighty *Limbs* of thy *Gigantique Sence.*
Thy ſolid *Reaſon* like the *ſhield* from heaven
To the *Trojan Heroe* given,
Too ſtrong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet ſhines with *Gold* and *Gems* in every part,
And *Wonders* on it grave'd by the learn'd hand of *Art*,
A *ſhield* that gives delight
Even to the *enemies* ſight,
Then when they're ſure to *loſe* the *Combat by't.*

6.

Nor can the *Snow* which now cold *Age* does ſhed
Upon thy reverend Head,

Quench or allay the noble *Fires* within,
But all which thou haſt *bin*,
And all that *Youth* can *be* thou'rt yet,
So fully ſtill doſt Thou
Enjoy the *Manhood*, and the *Bloom* of *Wit*,
And all the *Natural Heat*, but not the *Feaver* too.
So *Contraries* on *Ætna's* top conſpire,
Here hoary *Froſts*, and by them breaks out *Fire*.
A ſecure *peace* the *faithful Neighbors* keep,
Th'emboldned *Snow* next to the *Flame* does *ſleep*.
And if we weigh, like *Thee*,
Nature, and *Cauſes*, we ſhall ſee
That thus it *needs muſt be*,
To things *Immortal Time* can do no wrong,
And that which never is *to Dye*, for ever muſt be *Young*.

NOTES.

2.

1. *Ariſtotle*; So called from the Town of *Stagira*, where he was born, ſcituated near the Bay of *Strimon* in *Macedonia*.

2. Outlaſted the *Gracian Empire*, which in the Viſions of *Daniel*, is repreſented by a *Leopard*, with four wings upon the back, and four heads, *Chap.* 7. *v.* 6.

3. Was received even beyond the bounds of the *Roman Empire*, and out-lived it.

4. For *Ariſtotles Philoſophy* was in great eſteem among the *Arabians* or *Saracens*, witneſs thoſe many excellent Books upon him, or according to his principles, written by *Averroes*, *Avicenna*, *Avempace*, and divers others. *In ſpight of Mahumet:* becauſe his *Law*, being adapted to the barbarous humour of thoſe people he had firſt to deal withall, and aiming only at greatneſs of *Empire* by the Sword, forbids all the ſtudies of *Learning*; which (nevertheleſs) flouriſhed admirably under the *Saracen Monarchy*, and continued ſo, till it was extinguiſht with that *Empire*, by the Inundation of the *Turks*, and other *Nations*. *Mecha*, is the *Town* in *Arabia* where *Mahumet* was born.

3.

1. *Virgula Divina*; or a *Divining Wand* is a two-forked branch of an *Hazel-tree*, which is uſed for the finding out either of *Veins*, or hidden *Treaſures* of *Gold* or *Silver*; and being carryed about, bends downwards (or rather is ſaid to do ſo) when it comes to the place where they lye.

4.

1. All the *Navigation* of the Ancients was in theſe *Seas*: they ſeldom ventured into the *Ocean*; and when they did, did only *Littus legere*, coaſt about near the ſhore.

5.

1. The meaning is, that his *Notions* are ſo *New*, and ſo *Great*, that I did not think it had been poſſible to have found out *words* to expreſs them clearly; as no *Wardrobe* can furniſh *Cloaths* to fit a *Body* taller and bigger than ever any was before; for the *Cloaths* were made according to ſome *Meaſure* that then was.

2. See the excellent deſcription of this *Shield*, made by *Vulcan* at the requeſt of *Venus*, for her Son *Æneas*, at the end of the 8. Book of *Æn.*

——*Et clypei non enarrabile textum,*

Whereon was graven all the *Roman Hiſtory*; and withal, it was ſo ſtrong, that in the 12. B. when *Turnus* ſtrook with all his force (which was not ſmall you may be ſure in a *Poetical Hero*)

Corpore

——— *Corpore toto*
Altè ſublatum conſurgit Turnus in enſem.

Inſomuch, that it frighted all *Æneas* his friends.

(Exclamant Troes trepidiq; Latini)

Inſtead of piercing through theſe arms,

Perfidus enſis
Frangitur, in medioq; ardentem deſerit ictu,
Ni fuga ſubſidio ſubeat.

Which is juſt the caſe of mens arguing againſt *Solid*, and that is, *Divine Reaſon*; for when their argumentation is broken, they are forced to ſave themſelves by flight, that is, by *evaſions*, and ſeeking ſtill new ground; and this *Sword* did *Turnus* good ſervice upon the reſt of the *Trojans*.

Iſq; diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucri
Suffecit, poſtquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum eſt,
Mortalis Mucro glacies ceu futilis ictu
Diſſiluit.

It broke like a piece of *Ice*, when it met with the Arms of *Vulcan*.

6.

1. The Deſcription of the Neighbourhood of *Fire* and *Snow* upon *Ætna* (but not the application of it) is imitated out of *Claud. L. 1. de Raptu Proſ.*

Sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet æſtu,
Scit nivibus ſervare fidem, paritérq; favillis
Dureſcit glacies, tanti ſecura vaporis
Arcano defenſa gelu, fumoq; fideli
Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.

Where, methinks, is ſomewhat of that which *Seneca* objects to *Ovid*, *Neſcivit quod benè ceſſit relinquere.* When he met with a *Phanſie* that pleaſed him, he could not find in his heart to quit, or ever to have done with it. *Tacitus* has the like expreſſion of *Mount Libanus*, *Præcipuum montium Libanum, mirum dictu, tantos inter ardores opacum, fidumq; nivibus.* Shady among ſuch great heats, and *faithful* to the *Snow*; which is too *Poetical* for the Proſe even of a *Romance*, much more of an *Hiſtorian*. Sil. Italic. of Ætna. L. 14.

Summo cana jugo cohibet (mirabile dictu)
Vicinam flammis glaciem, æternoq; rigore
Ardentes horrent ſcopuli, ſtat vertice celſi
Collis hyems, calidáq; nivem tegit atra favillâ.

See likewiſe *Seneca*, Epiſt. 79.

Deſtinie.

Hoc quoq; Fatale eſt ſic ipſum expendere Fatum. Manil.

1.

1 STrange and *unnatural!* lets ſtay and ſee
This *Pageant* of a *Prodigie.*
Lo, of themſelves th'enlivened *Cheſmen* move,
Lo, the unbred, ill-organ'd *Pieces* prove,
As full of *Art*, and *Induſtrie*,
Of *Courage* and of *Policie*,
As *we our ſelves* who think ther's nothing *Wiſe* but *We.*
2 Here a proud *Pawn* I'admire
That ſtill advancing higher
At top of all became
Another *Thing* and *Name.*
Here I'm amaz'ed at th'actions of a *Knight*,
That does bold wonders in the fight.
Here I the loſing party blame
3 For thoſe falſe *Moves* that break the *Game*,
That to their *Grave* the *Bag*, the conquered *Pieces* bring,
And above all, th' *ill Conduct* of the *Mated King.*

2.

What e're theſe *ſeem*, what e're *Philoſophie*
And *Senſe* or *Reaſon* tell (ſaid I)
Theſe Things have *Life*, *Election*, *Libertie*;
'Tis their own *Wiſdom* molds their *State*,
Their *Faults* and *Virtues* make their *Fate.*
They do, they do (ſaid I) but ſtrait
Lo from my'enlightned Eyes the Miſts and ſhadows fell
That hinder *Spirits* from being *Viſible.*
And, lo, I ſaw *two Angels* plaid the *Mate*
With *Man*, alas, no otherwiſe it proves,
An *unſeen Hand* makes all their *Moves.*
And ſome are *Great*, and ſome are *Small*,
Some climb to *good*, ſome from *good Fortune* fall,
Some *Wiſemen*, and ſome *Fools* we call,
Figures, alas, of *Speech*, for *Deſti'ny plays us all.*

Me

3.

Me from the *womb* the *Midwife Muſe* did take:
She cut my *Navel*, *waſht me*, and mine *Head*
With her own *Hands* ſhe *Faſhioned*;
She did a *Covenant* with me make,
And *circumcis'ed* my tender *Soul*, and thus ſhe ſpake,
Thou of my *Church* ſhalt be,
Hate and *renounce* (ſaid ſhe)
Wealth, *Honor*, *Pleaſures*, all the *World* for *Me*.
Thou neither great at *Court*, nor in the *War*,
Nor at th' *Exchange* ſhalt be, nor at the wrangling *Bar*.
Content thy ſelf with the ſmall *Barren Praiſe*,
That neglected *Verſe* does raiſe.
She ſpake, and all my years to come
Took their unlucky *Doom*.
Their ſeveral ways of *Life* let others *chuſe*,
Their ſeveral pleaſures let them uſe,
But I was born for *Love*, and for a *Muſe*.

4.

With *Fate* what boots it to contend?
Such I *began*, ſuch *am*, and ſo muſt *end*.
The *Star* that did my *Being* frame,
Was but a *Lambent Flame*,
And ſome ſmall *Light* it did diſpence,
But neither *Heat* nor *Influence*.
No Matter, *Cowley*, let proud *Fortune* ſee,
That *thou* canſt *her* deſpiſe no leſs then *ſhe* does *Thee*.
Let all her gifts the portion be
Of Folly, Luſt, and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumnie,
Murder, Infidelitie,
Rebellion and Hypocriſie.
Do Thou nor *grieve* nor *bluſh* to be,
As all th'inſpired *tuneful Men*,
And all thy great *Forefathers* were from *Homer* down to *Ben*.

NOTES.

1.

1. THis *Ode* is written upon an extravagant ſuppoſition of two *Angels* playing a *Game* at *Cheſs*; which if they did, the ſpectators would have reaſon as much to believe, that the pieces moved themſelves, as we can have for thinking the ſame of *Mankind*, when we ſee them exerciſe ſo many, and ſo different actions. It was of old ſaid by *Plautus*, *Dii nos quaſi Pilas homines habent*. We are but *Tennis Balls* for the *Gods* to play withal, which they ſtrike away at laſt, and ſtill call for new ones: And S. *Paul* ſays, *We are but the Clay in the hands of the Potter*.

2. For a *Pawn* being the leaſt of the pieces, if it can get up to ſuch a degree, grows the greateſt, and then has both another *name*, and other *Motion* and *Powers*; for it becomes a *Queen*, which it could never have done, if it had not been removed, and carried to ſuch an height.

3. *Manum injicientibus fatis* (ſays *Amm. Marcellin.*) *hebetantur ſenſus hominum & obtunduntur*. When the *Fates* lay hold on a Man, when they arreſt him, he's confounded, and loſes his wits. And *Vell. Paterc.* ſpeaking of the defeat of *Quinctil. Varus*. *Prævalebant jam fata conſiliis omnémq; animi vim perſtrinxerant, quippe ità ſe res habet, ut qui fortunam mutaturus ſit, etiam conſilia corrumpat*. *Fatality* grew too ſtrong for *Humane Counſels*, and dazled the ſight of his judgment, for ſo it alſo happens, that the *deſigns* and *counſels* are corrupted of the *Man that is to periſh*.

2.

1. Ἀεὶ γὰρ ἓν πίπτουσιν ὀπὶ θεῶν κύβοι. The *Dice* of the *Gods* never fling out. *Thucydid.* ſays, with admirable ſhortneſs and weight, Δεινὰ γὰρ εὐτυχίαι συγκρύψαι ἢ ἀτυχίαι τὰ ἐκόντων ἁμαρτήματα. Which *Salluſt* imitating, renders yet ſhorter; and beats him, as *Seneca* ſays, at his own weapon. *Res ſecundæ mirè vitiis ſunt obtentui*. *Faults* are not viſible through *Proſperity*: and therefore the old *Greek Verſe* is not much miſtaken, that ſays,

Θέλω τύχης ϛαλαγμὸν, ἢ φρενῶν πίθον.

I had rather have a *Drop* of *Good Fortune*, than a whole *Tun* of *Wiſdom*.

Brutus

Brutus.

1.

EXcellent *Brutus*, of all humane race,
The beſt till *Nature* was improv'ed by *Grace*,
Till men above *themſelves Faith* raiſed more
Then *Reaſon* above *Beaſts* before.
Virtue was thy *Lifes Center*, and from thence
Did *ſilently* and *conſtantly* diſpenſe
The gentle vigorous *Influence*
To all the wide and fair *Circumference*:
And all the *parts* upon it lean'd ſo eaſilie,
Obey'd the mighty *force* ſo *willinglie*
That none could diſcord or diſorder ſee
In all their *Contrarietie*.
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the *Whole* no more *mov'ed* then the *whole World* could be.

2.

From thy ſtrict rule ſome think that thou didſt ſwerve
(*Miſtaken Honeſt men*) in *Cæſars* blood;
What *Mercy* could the *Tyrants Life* deſerve,
From him who kill'd *Himſelf* rather then *ſerve*?
Th' *Heroick Exaltations* of *Good*
Are ſo far from *Underſtood*,
We count them *Vice*: alas our *Sight's* ſo ill,
That things which ſwifteſt *Move* ſeem to *ſtand ſtill*.
We look not upon *Virtue* in her height,
On her ſupreme *Idea*, brave and bright,
In the *Original Light*:
But as her *Beams* reflected paſs
Through our own *Nature* or ill *Cuſtoms Glaſs*.
And 'tis no wonder ſo,
If with dejected Ey
In ſtanding *Pools* we ſeek the *ſky*,
That *Stars* ſo high *above* ſhould ſeem to us *below*.

3.

Can we ſtand by and ſee
Our *Mother* robb'ed, and bound, and raviſht be
Yet not to her aſſiſtance ſtir,
Pleas'd with the *Strength* and *Beauty* of the *Raviſher*?
Or ſhall we fear to kill him, if before
The *cancell'd Name* of *Friend* he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæſar who could *Rome* enthrall!
An act more barbarous and unnatural
(In th'exact ballance of true *Virtue* try'de)
Then his *Succeſſor Nero's Parricide*!

There's

There's none but *Brutus* could deserve
That all men else should *wish* to *serve*,
And *Cæsars* usurpt place to him should proffer;
None can deserve't but he who would *refuse* the *offer*.

4.

Ill Fate assum'ed a *Body* thee t'affright,
And wrapt it self i'th' terrors of the *night*,
I'll meet thee at Philippi, said the *Spright*;
I'll meet thee there, saidst *Thou*,
With such a *voyce*, and such a *brow*,
As put the trembling *Ghost* to sudden flight,
It vanisht as a *Tapers* light
Goes out when *Spirits* appear in sight.
One would have thought t'had heard the *morning crow*,
Or seen her well-appointed *Star*
Come marching up the *Eastern Hill* afar.
Nor durst it in *Philippi's* field appear,
But *unseen* attaqu'ed thee there.
Had it presum'ed in any shape thee to oppose,
Thou wouldst have forc'ed it back upon thy foes:
Or slain't like *Cæsar*, though it be
A *Conqu'eror* and a *Monarch* mightier far then *He*.

5.

What joy can *humane things* to us afford,
When we see perish thus by odde events,
Ill men, and wretched *Accidents*,
The best *Cause* and best *Man* that ever drew a *Sword*?
When we see
The false *Octavius*, and wild *Antonie*,
God-like *Brutus*, conquer *Thee*?
What can we say but thine own *Tragick Word*,
That *Virtue*, which had worshipt been by thee
As the most solid *Good*, and greatest *Deitie*,
By this fatal proof became
An *Idol* only, and a *Name*,
Hold noble *Brutus* and restrain
The bold voyce of thy generous *Disdain*:
These mighty *Gulphs* are yet
Too deep for all thy *Judgment* and thy *Wit*.
The *Time's* set forth already which shall quell
Stiff *Reason*, when it offers to *Rebell*.
Which these great *Secrets* shall unseal,
And new *Philosophies* reveal.
A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'ed,
Would have confounded *Humane Virtues* pride,
And shew'd thee a *God crucifi'ed*.

To Dr. Scarborough.

HOw long, alas! has our mad *Nation* been
Of *Epidemick War* the *Tragick Scene*,
When *Slaughter* all the while
Seem'd like its *Sea*, *embracing* round the *Isle*,
With *Tempests*, and *red waves*, *Noise*, and *Affright*?
Albion no more, nor to be nam'ed from *white*!
What *Province*, or what *City* did it spare?
It, like a *Plague*, infected all the *Aire*.
Sure the unpeopled *Land*
Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,
Had *Gods* All-mighty hand
At the same time let loose *Diseases* rage
Their *Civil Wars* in *Man* to wage.
But *Thou* by *Heaven* wert sent
This *Desolation* to prevent,
A *Medi'cine* and a *Counter-poyson* to the *Age*,
Scarce could the *Sword* dispatch more to the *Grave*,
Then *Thou* didst *save*;
By wondrous *Art*, and by successful *care*
The *Ruines* of a *Civil War* thou dost *alone repair*.

2.

1 The *Inundations* of all *Liquid pain*,
And *Deluge Dropsie* thou do'est *drain*.
Feavers so hot that one would say
Thou mightst as soon *Hell-fires* allay
(The *Damn'd* scarce more *incurable* then *They*)
2 Thou dost so *temper*, that we find
Like *Gold* the *Body* but *refin'd*;
No *unhealthful dross* behind.
The subtle *Ague*, that for *sureness* sake
Takes its own times th' *assault* to make,
And at each *battery* the whole *Fort* does shake,
When thy strong *Guards*, and *works* it spies,
Trembles for it *self*, and *flies*.
The cruel *Stone* that restless pain
That's sometimes *roll'd away* in vain,
3 But still, like *Sisyphus his stone*, returns again,
Thou *break'st* and *melt'st* by learn'd *Juyces* force,
(A greater work, though short the way appear,
4 Then *Hannibals* by *Vinegar*)
Oppressed *Natures* necessary course
It stops in vain, like *Moses*, Thou
Strik'st but the *Rock*, and straight the *Waters* freely flow.

3.

The *Indian Son* of *Luſt*, (that foul *Diſeaſe*
Which did on this his *new-found World*, but lately ſeiſe;
Yet ſince a *Tyrannie* has planted here,
As wide and Cruel as the *Spaniard* there)
Is ſo quite rooted out by Thee,
That thy *Patients* ſeem to be
Reſtor'ed not to *Health* onely, but *Virginitie*.
The *Plague* it ſelf, that proud *Imperial* Ill
Which deſtroys *Towns*, and does whole *Armies* kill,
If thou but ſuccour the *beſieged Heart*,
Calls all its *poyſons* forth and, does depart,
As if it fear'd no leſs thy *Art*,
Then *Aarons Incenſe*, or then *Phineas dart*.
What need there here repeated be by me
The vaſt and barbarous *Lexicon*
Of Mans *Infirmitie?*
At thy ſtrong charms it muſt be gon
Though a *Diſeaſe*, as well as *Devil*, were called *Leagion*.

4.

From creeping *Moſs* to ſoaring *Cedar* thou
Doſt all the powers and ſeveral *Portions* know,
Which *Father-Sun*, *Mother-Earth* below
On their green *Infants* here beſtow.
Can'ſt all thoſe *Magick Virtues* from them draw,
That keep *Diſeaſe*, and *Death* in aw.
Who whilſt thy wondrous skill in *Plants* they ſee,
Fear leſt the *Tree of Life* ſhould be found out by Thee.
And Thy well-travell'd knowledge too does give
No leſs account of th' *Empire Senſitive*,
Chiefly of *Man*, whoſe *Body* is
That active *Souls Metropolis*.
1 As the great Artiſt in his *Sphere* of *Glaſs*
Saw the whole *Scene* of Heav'enly *Motions* paſs,
So thou know'ſt all ſo well that's done within,
As if ſome *living Chryſtal Man* thou'dſt ſeen.

5.

Nor does this *Science* make thy *Crown* alone,
1 But *whole Apollo* is thine owne.
His gentler *Arts*, *belov'ed* in vain by *Mee*,
Are *wedded* and *enjoy'd* by *Thee*.
Thou'rt by this noble Mixture free
From the *Phyſitians* frequent *Maladie*,
Fantaſtick Incivilitie,
There are who all their *Patients* chagrin have,
As if they *took* each morn worſe *potions* then they *gave*.

And

And this great race of *Learning* thou haſt runne,
E're that of *Life* be half yet done.
Thou ſee'ſt thy ſelf ſtill freſh and ſtrong,
And like *t'enjoy* thy *Conqueſts* long.
2 The firſt fam'ed *Aphoriſm* thy great *Maſter* ſpoke,
Did he live now he would revoke,
And better things of Man report;
For thou do'eſt make *Life long*, and *Art but ſhort*.

6.

Ah, learned *friend*, it grieves me, when I think
That *Thou* with all thy *Art* muſt dy
As certainly as *I*.
1 And all thy noble *Reparations* ſink
Into the ſure-wrought *Mine* of treacherous *Mortality*,
Like *Archimedes*, hon'orably in vain,
2 Thou holdſt out *Towns* that muſt at laſt be *ta'ne*,
And *Thou* thy ſelf their great *Defender* ſlain.
Let's ev'en *compound*, and for the *Preſent Live*,
'Tis all the *Ready Money Fate* can give,
Unbend ſometimes thy reſtleſs care;
And let Thy *Friends* ſo happy be
T'enjoy at once their *Health* and *Thee*.
Some hours at leaſt to thine own pleaſures ſpare.
Since the whole *ſtock* may ſoon exhauſted be,
Beſtow't not all in *Charitie*.
Let *Nature*, and let *Art* do what they pleaſe,
When all's done, *Life is an Incurable Diſeaſe*.

NOTES.

2.

1. *Gowts*, and ſuch kind of *Diſeaſes* proceeding from *moyſture*, and affecting one or ſome parts of the Body, whereas the *Dropſie* ſwells the whole. *Inundation* ſignifies a leſs overflowing than *Deluge*.

2. *Find*, *Refind*: Theſe kind of Rhymes the *French* delight in, and call *Rich Rhymes*; but I do not allow of them in *Engliſh*, nor would uſe them at all in any other but this free kind of *Poetry*, and here too very ſparingly, hardly at all without a *third Rhyme* to anſwer to both; as in the ninth ſtaffe of the *Nemean Ode*, *Delight*, *Light*, *Affright*. In the third ſtaffe to Mr. *Hobs*, *Ly*, *Fertility*, *Poverty*. They are very frequent in *Chaucer*, and our old *Poets*, but that is not good authority for us now. There can be no *Muſick* with only *one Note*.

3. The Fable of *Syſiphus* is ſo known, that it deſerves not to be repeated. He was in his life a moſt famous *Cozener* and *Robber*. Ovid. Metam. 13.

Quid ſanguine cretus
Siſiphio, furtis ac fraude ſimillimus illi?

For which he was ſlain by *Theſeus*, and condemned in Hell eternally to thruſt a great rolling ſtone up an hill, which ſtill fell down again upon him, alluding perhaps to the ill ſucceſs of all his ſubtilties and wicked enterprizes, in which he laboured inceſſantly to no purpoſe.

4. *Hannibal* not being able to march with his Army over some Rocks in his passage on the *Alpes*, made fires upon them, and when the *Stone* was very hot, poured a great quantity of Vinegar upon it, by which it being softned and putrified, the *Souldiers* by that means were enabled to cut a way through it. See *Livy* the 1. Book of the 3. *Decade*. Juven.

Et montem rupit aceto.

4.

1. *Archimedes*: of which Sphere see *Claudians Epigram*. The like Sphere of Glass one of the Kings of *Persia* is said to have had, and sitting in the middle of it, as upon the Earth, to have seen round about him all the Revolutions and motions of the heavenly Bodies.

5.

1. For *Apollo* is not only the *God* of *Physick*, but of *Poetry*, and all kind of *Florid Learning*.
2. The first *Aphorism* in *Hippocrates*, *Ars longa, vita brevis*. Known to all men.

6.

1. For whilst we are repairing the outward seeming *Breaches*, *Nature* is undermining the very *foundations* of *life*, and draining the *Radical moisture*, which is the *Well* that the Town lives by.
2. The great City of *Syracuse* (which *Tully* calls in his fourth against *Verres*, *Urbem omnium pulcherrimam atq; ornatissimam*) sustained a Siege of three years against *Marcellus* and the Roman Forces, almost only by the art and industry of the wonderful *Mathematician Archimedes*; but at last, by the treason of some Commanders, it was entred and taken by the Romans, and in the confusion of the *Sack*, *Archimedes*, the *Honourable Defender* of it so long, being found in his Study drawing *Mathematical Lines* for the making of some new Engines to preserve the Town, was slain by a common Souldier, who knew him not; for there had been particular order given by the Roman *General* to save him. See this at large in *Plut.* the life of *Marcellus*, and *Livy* 5. B. of the 3. *Dec.*

Life

Life and Fame.

1.

1 OH Life, thou *Nothings younger Brother!*
So *like*, that one might take *One* for the *other*!
2 What's *Some Body*, or *No Body*?
3 In all the *Cobwebs* of the *Schoolmens* trade,
We no such nice *Distinction* woven see,
As 'tis *To be*, or *Not to Be.*
4 *Dream* of a *Shadow!* a *Reflection* made
From the false glories of the gay *reflected Bow*,
Is a more *solid* thing then *Thou.*
5 Vain weak-built *Isthmus*, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt *two Eternities*;
Yet canst nor *Wave* ncr *Wind* sustain,
But *broken* and *orewhelm'd*, the endless *Oceans* meet again.

2.

And with what rare *Inventions* do we strive,
Our selves then to *survive?*
Wise, subtle *Arts*, and such as well befit
That *Nothing Mans no Wit.*
Some with vast costly *Tombs* would purchase it,
And by the *proofs* of *Death* pretend to *Live.*
Here lies the Great----False *Marble, where?*
Nothing but *small*, and *sordid Dust* lies there.
Some build enormous Mountain-*Palaces*,
The *Fools* and *Architects* to please:
A lasting *Life* in well-hew'en *Stone* they rear:
1 So he who on th' *Egyptian* shore,
Was slain so many hundred years before,
Lives still (Oh *Life* most *happy* and most *dear*!
2 Oh *Life* that *Epicures* envy to hear!)
Lives in the *dropping Ruines* of his *Amphitheater.*

3.

1 His *Father* in *Law* an higher place does claim
2 In the *Seraphique Entity* of *Fame.*
He since that *Toy* his *Death*,
Does fill all Mouths, and *breathes* in all mens *Breath.*
'Tis true, the *two Immortal Syllables* remain,
But, Oh ye learned men, explain,
What *Essence*, what *Existence* this,

What

What *Subſtance*, what *Subſiſtence*, what *Hypoſtaſis*
In *Six poor Letters* is?
In thoſe alone does the *Great Cæſar live*,
'Tis all the *Conquered World* could give.
We *Poets* madder yet then all,
With a refin'ed *Phantaſtick Vanitie*,
Think we not onely *Have*, but *Give Eternitie*.
Fain would I ſee that *Prodigal*,
Who his *To-morrow* would beſtow,
For all old *Homers Life* e're ſince he *Dy'ed* till *now*.

NOTES.

1.

1. BEcauſe *Nothing* preceded it, as *Privation* does all *Being*; which perhaps is the ſenſe of the Diſtinction of *Days* in the ſtory of the *Creation*, *Night* ſignifying the *Privation*, and *Day*, the ſubſequent *Being*, from whence the *Evening* is placed firſt, *Gen.* 1. 5. *And the Evening and the Morning were the firſt day.*

2. Τί ϱ τίς, τί δ' οὔτις; Σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος. *Pindar*, *Quid eſt Aliquis, aut quid eſt Nemo? Somnium Umbræ Homo eſt.*

3. The Diſtinctions of the *Schoolmen* may be likened to *Cobweb*; (I mean many of them, for ſome are better *woven*) either becauſe of the too much fineneſs of the work which makes it ſlight, and able to catch only little Creatures; or becauſe they take not the materials from *Nature*, but ſpin it out of *Themſelves*.

4. The *Rainbow* is in it ſelf of No *Colour*; thoſe that appear are but *Reflections* of the Suns light received differently.

Mille trahit varios adverſo Sole Colores.

As is evident by *artificial Rainbows*; And yet this *ſhadow*, this *almoſt Nothing* makes ſometimes another *Rainbow* (but not ſo diſtinct or beautiful) by *Reflection*.

5. *Iſthmus* is a neck of Land that divides a *Peninſula* from the *Continent*, and is betwixt two Seas, Γῆ ἀμφιθάλασσα. In which manner this narrow paſſage of *Life* divides the *Paſt Time* from the *Future*, and is at laſt ſwallowed up into *Eternity*.

2.

1. *Pompey the Great.* 2. An *Irony*; that is, Oh *Life* which *Epicures* laugh at and contemn.

3.

1. *Cæſar*, whoſe Daughter *Julia* was married to *Pompey*; an Alliance fatal to the Commonwealth; which as *Tully* ſays, ought never to have been made, or never ended.

9. Supernatural, Intellectual, Unintelligible Being.

The

The Extaſie.

1.

I Leave *Mortality*, and things below;
I have no time in *Complements* to waſt,
Farewel to'ye all in haſt,
For I am *call'd* to go.
A *Whirlwind* bears up my dull Feet,
Th'officious *Clouds* beneath them meet.
And (Lo!) I *mount*, and (Lo!)
How ſmall the biggeſt Parts of *Earths* proud *Tittle* ſhow!

2.

Where ſhall I find the noble *Brittiſh* Land?
Lo, I at laſt a *Northern Spec* eſpie,
Which in the *Sea* does lie,
And ſeems a *Grain* o'th' *Sand*!
For this will any *ſin*, or *Bleed*?
Of *Civil Wars* is this the *Meed*?
And is it this, alas, which we
(Oh *Irony* of *Words!*) do call *Great Britanie?*

3.

I paſs by th'arched *Magazins*, which hold
Th'eternal ſtores of *Froſt*, and *Rain*, and *Snow*;
Dry, and *ſecure* I go,
Nor ſhake with *Fear*, or *Cold*.
Without *affright* or *wonder*
I meet *Clouds* charg'd with *Thunder*,
And *Lightnings* in my way
Like harmleſs *Lambent Fiers* about my Temples play.

4.

Now into' a gentle *Sea* of rowling *Flame*
I'm *plung'ed*, and ſtill mount higher there,
As *Flames* mount up through *aire*.
So perfect, yet ſo tame,
So great, ſo pure, ſo bright a fire
Was that unfortunate deſire,
My faithful *Breaſt* did cover,
Then, when I was of late a wretched *Mortal Lover*.

Through

5.

Through ſeveral *Orbs* which one fair *Planet* bear,
Where I behold diſtinctly as I paſs
The *Hints* of *Galilæos Glaſs*,
I touch at laſt the ſpangled *Sphære*.
Here all th'extended *Skie*
Is but one *Galaxie*,
'Tis all ſo bright and gay,
And the *joynt Eyes* of *Night* make up a perfect *Day*.

6.

Where am I now? *Angels* and *God* is here;
An unexhauſted *Ocean* of *delight*
Swallows my *ſenſes* quite,
And drowns all *What*, or *How*, or *Where*.
Not *Paul*, who firſt did thither paſs,
And this great *Worlds Columbus* was,
The *tyrannous pleaſure* could expreſs.
Oh 'tis *too much* for *Man!* but let it ne're be *leſs*.

7.

The mighty' *Elijah* mounted ſo on high,
That ſecond Man, who *leapt* the *Ditch* where all
The reſt of Mankind *fall*,
And went not *downwards* to the *skie*.
With much of pomp and ſhow
(As Conquering *Kings* in *Triumph* go)
Did he to *Heav'en* approach,
And wondrous was his *Way*, and wondrous was his *Coach*.

8.

'Twas gawdy all, and rich in every part,
Of *Eſſences* of *Gems*, and *Spirit* of *Gold*
Was its *ſubſtantial mold*;
Drawn forth by *Chymique Angels* art.
Here with *Moon-beams* 'twas *ſilver'd* bright,
There double-*gilt* with the *Suns* light
And myſtique Shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did tranſcend a *Vulgar Angels* wit.

9.

The *Horſes* were of temper'd *Lightning* made,
Of all that in *Heav'ens* beauteous *Paſtures* feed,
The nobleſt, ſprightfulſt breed,
And *flaming Mains* their *Necks* array'd.
They all were ſhod with *Diamond*,
Not ſuch as *here* are found,
But ſuch *light ſolid* ones as ſhine
On the *Tranſparent Rocks* o'th' *Heaven Chryſtalline*.

Thus

10.

Thus mounted the great *Prophet* to the skies;
Astonisht Men who oft had seen *Stars fall*,
Or that which so they call,
Wondred from hence to see one *rise*.
The soft *Clouds* melted him a way,
The *Snow* and *Frosts* which in it lay
A while the sacred *footsteps* bore,
The *Wheels* and *Horses Hoofs* hizz'd as they past them ore.

11.

He past by th' *Moon* and *Planets*, and did fright
All the *Worlds* there which at this *Meteor* gaz'ed,
And their *Astrologers* amaz'd
With th'unexampled sight.
But where he stopt will ne're be known,
Till *Phœnix Nature* aged grown
To'a better *Being* do aspire,
And mount *herself*, like *Him*, to' *Eternitie* in *Fire*.

To the New Year.

1.

1 GReat *Janus*, who dost sure my *Mistris* view
With *all thine eyes*, yet think'st them all too *few*:
If thy *Fore-face* do see
No better things prepar'ed for me,
Then did thy *Face behind*,
If still her *Breast* must *shut* against me be
2 (For 'tis not *Peace* that *Temples Gate* does bind)
Oh let my *Life*, if thou so many *deaths* a coming find,
With thine *old year* its *voyage* take
Born down, that *stream* of *Time* which no *return* can make.

2.

Alas, what need I thus to pray?
Th'old avaritious *year*
Whether I would or no, will bear
At least a *part* of *Me* away.
His well-horst *Troops*, the *Months*, and *Days*, and *Hours*,
Though never any where they stay,
Make in their *passage* all their *Prey*.
The *Months*, *Days*, *Hours* that march i'th' *Rear* can find
Nought of *Value* left behind.
All the *good Wine* of *Life* our *drunken youth* devours;

Sowreneſs and *Lees*, which to the bottom ſink,
Remain for latter years to *Drink*.
Until ſome one offended with the taſte
The *Veſſel* breaks, and out the wretched *Reliques* run at laſt.

3.

If then, *young year*, thou needs muſt come,
(For in *Times* fruitful *womb*
The *Birth* beyond its *Time* can never tarry,
Nor ever can *miſcarry*)
Chooſe thy *Attendants* well; for 'tis not *Thee*
We fear, but 'tis thy *Companie*,
Let neither *Loſs* of *Friends*, or *Fame*, or *Libertie*,
Nor pining *Sickneſs*, nor tormenting *Pain*,
Nor *Sadneſs*, nor uncleanly *Povertie*,
Be ſeen among thy *Train*,
Nor let thy *Livery* be
Either black *Sin*, or gawdy *vanitie*;
Nay, if thou lov'ſt me, gentle *Year*,
Let not ſo much as *Love* be there:
Vain fruitleſs *Love*, I mean; for, gentle *Year*,
Although I feare,
There's of this *Caution* little need,
Yet, gentle *Year*, take heed
How thou doſt make
Such a *Miſtake*.
Such *Love* I mean alone
As by thy cruel *Predeceſſors* has been ſhown,
For though I have too much cauſe to doubt it,
I fain would try for once if *Life* can *Live* without it.

4.

Into the *Future Times* why do we pry,
And ſeek to *Antedate* our *Miſery*?
Like *Jealous men* why are we longing ſtill
To *See* the thing which onely *ſeeing* makes an *Ill*?
'Tis well the *Face* is *vail'd*; for 'twere a *Sight*
That would even *Happieſt men* affright,
And ſomething ſtill they'd ſpy that would deſtroy
The *paſt* and *Preſent Joy*
In whatſoever *Character*;
The *Book* of *Fate* is writ,
'Tis well we *underſtand* not it,
We ſhould grow *Mad* with *little Learning* there.
Upon the *Brink* of every *Ill* we did *Foreſee*,
Undecently and fooliſhlie
We ſhould ſtand *ſhivering*, and but ſlowly venter
The *Fatal Flood* to enter,
Since *willing*, or *unwilling* we muſt do it,
They feel leaſt *cold* and *pain* who *plunge* at once into it.

Notes.

NOTES.

1.

1. *Janus* was the *God* to whom the *Year* was dedicated, and therefore it began with his *Festival*; and the first *Month* was denominated from him; for which cause he was represented with *two Faces*, to shew that he looked both *Backward* upon the time past, and *Forward* upon the time to come; and sometimes with four Faces, to signifie (perhaps, for I know other Reasons are given) the *four Seasons* of the year,

Annorum nitidiq; fator pulcherrime Mundi,
Publica quem primum vota precésq; canunt. Mart.

2. This alludes to that most notorious custom of *shutting* up *Janus* his *Temple* in time of an universal *peace*; as was thrice done from *Numa* to *Augustus*'s Reign: and when any War began it was opened again with great Ceremony by the chief *Magistrate*; from which opening and shutting of his Temple Gates, *Janus* is called *Clusius* and *Patulcius*, and esteemed *Deus belli ac pacis arbiter*.

Life.

Nascentes Morimur. Manil.

1 WE're ill by these *Grammarians* us'd;
We are abus'd by *Words*, grosly abus'd;
From the *Maternal Tomb*,
To the *Graves* fruitful *Womb*,
We call here *Life*; but *Life's* a *name*,
That nothing here can truly claim:
This wretched *Inn*, where we scarce stay to *bait*:
We call our *Dwelling-place*;
We call one *Step* a *Race*:
But *Angels* in their full enlightned state,
Angels who *Live*, and know what 'tis to *Be*,
2 Who all the *nonsense* of our *Language* see,
Who *speak Things*, and our *Words*, their ill-drawn *Pictures* scorn,
When we by'a *foolish Figure* say,
3 *Behold an old man Dead!* then they
Speak properly, and cry, *Behold a man-child born.*

2.

My *Eyes* are opened, and I ſee
Through the *Tranſparent Fallacie*:
Becauſe we ſeem wiſely to talk
Like *men* of *buſineſs*; and for *buſineſs* walk
From place to place,
And mighty *voyages* we take,
And mighty *Journeys* ſeem to make,
O're *Sea* and *Land*, the little *Point* that has no *ſpace*.
Becauſe we *fight*, and *Battels* gain;
Some *Captives* call, and ſay, *the reſt are ſlain*.
Becauſe we heap up *yellow Earth*, and ſo,
Rich, valiant, wiſe, and vertuous ſeem to grow;
Becauſe we draw a long *Nobilitie*
From *Hieroglyphick* proofs of *Herauldrie*,
And *impudently* talk of a *Poſteritie*,
And, like *Egyptian Chroniclers*,
Who write of twenty thouſand years,
With *Maravedies* make the' *account*,
That *ſingle Time* might to a ſum amount,
We grow at laſt by *Cuſtom* to believe,
That really we *Live*:
Whilſt all theſe *Shadows* that for *Things* we take,
Are but the empty *Dreams* which in *Deaths ſleep* we make.

3.

But theſe fantaſtique errors of our *Dream*,
Lead us to ſolid wrong;
We pray God, our Friends torments to prolong,
And wiſh uncharitably for them,
To be as long a *Dying* as *Methuſalem*.
The ripened *Soul* longs from his pris'on to come,
But we would *ſeal*, and *ſow* up, if we could, the *Womb*.
We ſeek to cloſe and plaſter up by Art
The *cracks* and *breaches* of the' extended *Shell*,
And in that narrow *Cell*
Would rudely force to dwell,
The noble vigorous *Bird* already *wing'd* to part.

NOTES.

1.

1. PLato in *Timæus* makes this distinction: *That which Is, but is not generated; and That which is generated, but Is not,* Ὃν μὲν ἀεὶ ὄντος. This he took from *Trismegistus*, whose Sentence of God was written in the Egyptian Temples, Ἐγώ εἰμι πᾶν τὸ γεγονὸς καὶ ὂν καὶ ἐσόμενον, I am all that *Was*, *Is*, or *shall be*. And he drew this from the very *fountain* where he calls himself, *Exod.* 3. 12. Ὁ ὤν, *I am that I am*, or, *That which is*. This doctrine of *Plato*, that nothing truly *Is* but *God*, is approved by all the *Fathers*. *Simplicius* explains it thus, That which has more degrees of *Privation*, or *Not-Being* then of *Being* (which is the case of all *Creatures*) is not properly said to *Be*; and again, That which is in a perpetual *Fieri* or *Making*, never is quite *Made*; and therefore never properly *Is*. Now because this perpetual *Flux* of *Being* is not in *Angels*, or *Separated Spirits*, I allow them the *Title* of *Being* and *Living*, and carry not the *Figure* (for in truth it is no other) so far as *Plato*.

2. That the *Gods* call things by other names than we do, was the fancy of *Homer*.

Ὃν Ξάνθον καλέουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον,
Ὃν βελέεσσι καλέουσι θεοί, σφῶϊν δ' ἄνθρωποι
Ἀργείοντα.

And the like in several other places, as also in other Authors, *Athenæus*, *l.* 7. *c.* 9. *Ovid Metam.* &c. and this is likewise drawn from Scripture; for *Isaiah* (Chap. 40. v. 36.) makes it a *Property* of *God*, that he calls the *Stars* by their *Names*.

3. So *Euripid.*

Τὶς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ὄντι κατθανεῖν
Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν.

Who knows whether to *Live*, be not to *Dye*; and to *Dye* to *Live*?

2.

1. Isa. 40. 26. *Behold the Nations are as the drop of a Bucket, and are counted as the small Dust of the Ballance,* &c.

2. Because *Heraldry* consists in the *Figures* of Beasts, Stars, Flowers, and such like, as the *Hieroglyphicks* did of the ancient Egyptians.

3. An *uncertain Number* for a *Certain*. The Egyptian Kingdom, according to *Manethon*, had 31 Dynasties before *Alexanders* time, 5355 years; others content not themselves with so small a *Number*; for *Diod.* says, *lib.* 1. from *Osyris* to *Alexander*, they reckon above ten thousand years; or as others will have it, little less than 23 thousand. See the Egyptian Priests discourse to *Solon* in *Plato's Timæus*. But these vast accounts arose from the æquivocal term of a *year* among them, which sometimes they made *Solar*, sometimes of *Four*, sometimes of *Three*, nay, *Two*, or *One month*. *Xenoph. de Tempor. Aquin. Solin. c.* 7. *Plin. l.* 7. *c.* 11. *Macrob.* in *Somn. Scipion.* &c.

4. A Spanish Coyn, one of the least that is.

The

The 34. Chapter of the Prophet *Isaiah*.

1.

1 AWake, and with attention hear,
Thou *drowsie World*, for it concerns thee near;
Awake, I say, and listen well,
To what from *God*, I, his *loud Prophet*, tell.
Bid both the *Poles* suppress their stormy noise,
And bid the roaring *Sea* contain its voyce.
Be still thou *Sea*, be still thou *Air* and *Earth*,
2 Still, as old *Chaos*, before *Motions* birth,
A dreadful *Host* of *Judgments* is gone out;
In strength and number more
Then e're was rais'd by God before,
To scourge the *Rebel World*, and march it round about.

2.

I see the *Sword* of *God* brandisht above;
And from it streams a dismal ray;
2 I see the *Scabbard* cast away.
How red anon with *Slaughter* will it prove!
How will it *sweat* and *reek* in *blood!*
3 How will the *Scarlet-glutton* be *o'regorged* with his food!
And devour all the mighty *Feast*!
Nothing soon but *Bones* will rest.
God does a solemn *Sacrifice* prepare;
4 But not of Oxen, nor of Rams,
Not of Kids, nor of their Dams,
Not of Heifers, nor of Lams.
The *Altar* all the *Land*, and all *Men* in't the *Victims* are,
Since wicked *Mens* more guilty blood to spare,
The *Beasts* so long have sacrificed bin,
Since Men their *Birth-right* forfeit still by *Sin*,
5 'Tis fit at last *Beasts* their *Revenge* should have,
And *Sacrificed* Men their better *Brethren* save.

3.

So will they fall, so will they flee;
Such will the *Creatures* wild distraction be,
When at the final Doom,
Nature and *Time* shall both be *Slain*,
Shall struggle with *Deaths pangs* in vain,
And the whole *world* their *Funeral Pile* become.
The wide-stretcht *Scrowl* of *Heaven*, which we
1 Immortal as the *Deity* think,
2 With all the beauteous *Characters* that in it

With

With such deep *Sense* by *Gods* own *Hand* were writ,
Whose *Eloquence* though we *understand* not, we admire,
Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink
3 Like *Parchment* in a fire.
4 Th'exhausted *Sun* to th' *Moon* no more shall lend;
But truly then headlong into the *Sea* descend.
The glittering *Host*, now in such fair array,
So proud, so well appointed, and so gay,
Like fearful *Troops* in some strong *Ambush* ta'ne,
5 Shall some fly routed, and some fall slaine,
6 Thick as ripe *Fruit*, or yellow *Leaves* in *Autumn* fall,
With such a violent *Storm* as blows down *Tree* and *all*.

4.

And Thou, O curs'd *Land*,
Which wilt not see the *Præcipice* where thou dost stand,
Though thou standst just upon the brink;
Thou of this poysoned *Bowl* the bitter *Dregs* shalt drink.
Thy *Rivers* and thy *Lakes* shall so
With humane blood oreflow;
That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corps away,
Which in the fields around unburied lay,
And rob the *Beasts* and *Birds* to give the *Fish* their prey.
The rotting corps shall so infect the aire;
Beget such *Plagues*, and putrid *Venomes* there,
That by thine own *Dead* shall be slain,
All thy few *Living* that remain.
1 As one who buys, *Surveys* a ground,
So the *Destroying Angel measures* it around.
So careful and so strict he is,
Lest any *Nook* or *Corner* he should miss.
He walks about the perishing *Nation*,
Ruine behind him stalks and empty *Desolation*.

5.

1 Then shall the *Market* and the *Pleading-place*
Be choakt with *Brambles* and oregrown with *grass*.
The *Serpents* through thy *Streets* shall rowl,
And in thy lower rooms the *Wolves* shall howl,
2 And thy gilt Chambers lodge the *Raven* and the *Owl*,
And all the wing'd *Ill-Omens* of the aire,
Though no *new-Ills* can be *fore-boded* there.
The *Lyon* then shall to the *Leopard* say,
Brother Leopard come away;
Behold a Land which God has giv'en us in prey!
Behold a Land from whence we see
Mankind expulst, *His* and *Our* common *Enemie*!
The *Brother Leopard* shakes himself, and does not stay.

The

6.

2 The glutted *Vulturs* shall expect in vain
New *Armies* to be slain.
Shall find at last the business done,
Leave their consumed *Quarters*, and be gone.
3 Th'unburied *Ghosts* shall sadly moan,
The *Satyrs* laugh to hear them groan.
The *Evil Spirits* that delight
To dance and revel in the *Mask* of *Night*,
The *Moon* and *Stars*, their sole *Spectators* shall affright.
And if of lost *Mankind*
Ought happen to be left behind,
If any *Reliques* but remain,
They in the *Dens* shall lurk, *Beasts* in the *Palaces* shall raign.

NOTES.

1.

Isa. chap. 34. ver. 1. *Come near ye Nations to hear, and hearken ye people, let the Earth hear,* * *and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it.* 2. *For the Indignation of the Lord is upon all Nations, and his fury upon all their Armies; he hath utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered them to the slaughter.* * Terra & plenitudo ejus.

The manner of the *Prophets* writing, especially of *Isaiah*, seems to me very like that of *Pindar*; they pass from one thing to another with almost *Invisible connexions*, and are full of words and expressions of the highest and boldest flights of *Poetry*, as may be seen in this Chapter, where there are as extraordinary Figures as can be found in any *Poet* whatsoever; and the connexion is so difficult, that I am forced to adde a little, and leave out a great deal to make it seem *Sense* to us, who are not used to that elevated way of expression. The *Commentators* differ, and some would have it to be a *Prediction* of the destruction of *Judæa*, as *Hugo*, *Lyran*, and others; the rest understand it as a *Prophesie* of the Day of *Judgment*. The design of it to me seems to be this, first to denounce great desolations and ruines to *all Countrys*, and then to do it more particularly to *Judæa*, as which was to suffer a greater measure of them than the rest of the world; as it has done, I think, much more than any other Land under the Sun; and to illustrate these confusions by the similitude of them to those of the last Day, though in the Text there be no Transition from the *subject* to the *similitude*; for the old fashion of writing, was like *Disputing* in *Enthymemes*, where half is left out to be supplyed by the Hearer: ours is like *Syllogisms*, where all that is meant is expresst.

2. For as soon as *Motion* began, it ceased to be *Chaos*, this being all *Confusion*, but *Natural Motion* is *regular*: I think I have read it somewhere called ἀκίνητον χάος. The Scripture says, *And darkness was upon the face of the Earth, and the Spirit of God moved upon the waters.* So that the first *Motion*, was that of the *Spirit* of *God* upon *Chaos*, to which succeeded the *Motion* in *Chaos*. *And God said* (that is, the *motion* of the Spirit of God, for it is a Procession of his *will* to an outward *Effect*) *let there be light, and there was light* (that is, the first *Motion* of *Chaos*.)

2.

Ver. 5. *For my sword* * *shall be bathed in Heaven, behold it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse to Judgment.* 6. *The sword of God is filled with blood,* * *it is made fat with fatness, and with the blood of Lambs, and Goats, with the fat of the Kidneys of Rams; for the Lord has a Sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the Land of Idumæa.* * Quoniam inebriatus est in cœlo gladius meus, & sup. populum interfectionis meæ ad judicium —— * Incrassatus est adipe.

I have left out the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth Verses; in which, where the Prophet says *Unicorns* and *Bulls*, I take that to be a *Metaphor* only of Great *Tyrants*, and men of the mightiest power; the *Horn* signifying that in Hebrew, and other Languages too; as Horace, *Addet cornua pauperi, &c.*

v. 8. And

And the year of recompences for the controverſie of *Sion*, *Annus retributionis judicii Sion.* This makes *Vatabl. Montan. Sanchez*, and divers others interpret, *Judicium Sionis*, the Judgement which God ſhall exerciſe againſt the *Idumæans* in revenge of *Sion*; but I take it rather to be, This is the year when *Sion* ſhall be *judged* for her *judgment*; that is, for the condemnation and execution of her *Meſſias*, who likewiſe foretels the ſame things as *Iſaiah*, concerning the deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, and even in the ſame manner, part of the threatnings ſeeming to belong particularly to *Jeruſalem*, and part being only applicable to the Day of *Judgment*. Obſerve this remarkable conformity in the 24. of *Matthew*.

2. As not intending to put it up again, or to be ever reconciled; in which ſenſe it was ſaid, as I take it, to the great *Duke* of *Guiſe*, that he who draws his ſword againſt his *Prince*, ſhould fling away the *Scabbard*.

3. For the Text ſays, it is *made drunk with bloud*, and *made fat with fleſh*. Like the rich *Glutton* in the Goſpel, who is deſcribed to be cloath'd with *Purple*.

4. The Text ſeems to ſay quite contrary to this, *It ſhall be made fat with fatneſs, and with the bloud of Lambs and Goats, and kidneys of Rams*, &c But the names of *Beaſts* in that place muſt neceſſarily be underſtood, as put for *Men*; all ſorts of Men. *Cornel. à Lap.* ſays, that by *Lambs* are ſignified the *Common People*; by *Goats*, the *Captains* and *Princes*; by *Rams*, the *Magiſtrates*. But theſe two laſt interpretations of *Goats* and *Rams*, ſeem very ſlight and forced; the meaning is, that all ſorts of men ſhall be ſacrificed to Gods juſtice, as Lambs, Goats, and Rams were wont to be. It may be askt, why *Idumæa* and *Bozra*, (the *Metropolis* of it) are here particularly mentioned? Is it not with alluſion to the Names? for *Idumæa* (or *Edom*) ſignifies *Red*, a Countrey that ſhall be *red* with bloodſhed; and *Bozra* ſignifies a *Strong fortified Place*. So that in the *Pſalm.* 108. *v.* 10. where we read, *Who will bring me into the ſtrong City?* the Hebrew is, *Who will bring me into Bozra?* From which word too by a Metatheſis of the Letters, ſome derive *Byrſa*, the ſtrong *Caſtle* of *Carthage*, which was founded by the *Phœnicians*, and therefore it is more likely the Caſtle ſhould have a *Phœnician* (which Language is ſaid to have been little different from the *Hebrew*) than a *Græcian name*, to wit, from Βύρσα, an *Hide*, becauſe *Dido* is reported to have bought of *Iarbas* as much ground as could be compaſt with an *Oxes hide*, which cut into very narrow thongs, took up the whole ſpace where ſhe built the *Caſtle*. Virg.

Mercatiq; ſolum facti de nomine Byrſam,
Taurino quantum poſſent circumdare tergo.

Wherefore under the name of *Bozra*, the Prophet threatens all ſtrong Places, and more eſpecially of *Judæa*, which God will make an *Edom*, or *red*, or *bloody Countrey*.

5. Though *Beaſts* were firſt *created* in time, yet becauſe *Man* was firſt and chiefly deſigned, and they only in order to him, the right of *Primogeniture* belongs to him; and therefore all Beaſts at firſt obeyed and feared him. We need not be angry, or aſhamed to have them called our *Brethren*; for they are literally ſo, having the ſame *Creator* or *Father*; and the *Scripture* gives us a much worſe *kindred*; *I have ſaid to Corruption, thou art my Father*; *and to the worm, thou art my mother and my ſiſter*, Job 17. v. 14.

3.

And all the hoſt of heaven ſhall be diſſolved, and the heavens ſhall be rolled together as a ſcroll, and all their Hoſt ſhall fall down as the leaf falleth from the vine, and as a falling fig from the Figtree.* * Et complicabuntur ſicut Liber cœli, &c. D. *Thomas Hug.* and divers others, interpret this to be an *Hyperbolical* expreſſion of the calamities of thoſe times; which ſhall be ſo great, that men ſhall think the world at an end, and ſhall be ſo diſtracted, that the heavens ſhall ſeem to be rolled together, and the ſtars to fall. But methinks, it is more naturally taken for a real deſcription of the end of the world, but by way of a *Similitude*, to illuſtrate the confuſions that are foretold. Verſe 4.

1. The vulgar opinion, and that of *Ariſtotle*, and moſt *Philoſophers*, has always been, that the Heavens are *Immutable*, and *Incorruptible*, nay, even *Immaterial*; in which, though experience it ſelf of viſible *Mutations* in them (as the production and extinction two years after of the *New-ſtar* in *Caſſiopeâ*, 1572.) might ſufficiently by natural reaſon convince them, yet ſome men are ſo given up even to the moſt *reprobate ſenſes* of *Ariſtotle*, that not ſo much as the *Divine Authority* can draw them from it; as in this point *Suarez*, and many others, are ſo far from the opinion of the *Heavens* being now *Corruptible* and *Mutable*, that they will allow them to be changed only *Accidentally* (as they call it) and not *Subſtantially* at the laſt Day. Of which *Maldon.* upon S. *Matth.* ſays well, That he had rather believe *Chriſt* who affirms it, than *Ariſtotle* who denies it.

2. The *Stars* may well be termed *Characters* or *Letters*, where the *Heavens* are called a *Scroul*, or *Book*, in which perhaps *Mens fortunes*, *Gods Glory is certainly* written; and in this ſenſe the *Pſalmiſt* ſpeaks, *The heavens ſhall declare his righteouſneſs*. *Origen* cites a Book of great authority in his days, called *Narratio Joſeph*, in which *Jacob* ſays to his Sons, *Legi in tabulis cœli quæcunq; contingent vobis & filiis veſtris.*

3. The Text is rolled up like a *Scroul*, or rather Book; for the ancient Books were not like ours, divided into leaves; but made of ſheets, of skins, or parchment, and rolled upon a *cilinder*, after the faſhion of our *Maps*. So that when they had read them, they

rolled them up again, as *God* will the *Heavens*, when he has done with them. But I thought that this comparison of *Parchment* that shrivels up in the Fire does more represent the violence of their destruction, which is to be by burning.

4. He supplies now the *Moon* and *Stars* that shine by reflection from him, but then shall want light for himself. *In those days the Sun shall be darkened, and the Moon shall not give her light.* Mat. 24. Where I take *Her* to have an *Emphasis*; even *her own little Light*: for I believe the *Moon* and *Stars* not to be totally opaque and dark bodies.

Truly, is *Emphatical*; for according to the Fables, whensoever he sets, he descends into the Sea, but now he really does so; that is, he will be mingled with the *Sea* and *Earth*, and all other things that must then be dissolved: And the Heathens had both this opinion of the end of the world, and fell almost into the same expressions. As *Lucan.*

Mistis Sidera sideribus concurrent, Igneа pontum
Astra petent——

St. *Matthew* and *Mark*, *And the stars of heaven shall fall*; and here, *Their host shall fall down &c.* Sen. ad Marc. *Sidera sideribus incurrent, & omni flagrante materiâ, uno igne, quicquid nunc ex dispositu lucet, ardebit.* And one might cast up a pedantical heap of authorities to the same purpose.

5. It is, I hope, needless to admonish any tolerable *Reader*, that it was not negligence or ignorance of *Number*, that produced this *Stumbling Verse*, no more than the other before, *And truly then headlong into the Sea descend.* And several others in my book of the like kind.

6. That of the *wind* is added to the Text here, but taken out of another just like it in the *Revelations*, *Chap.* 6. *v.* 13. *And the Stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind.* And there follows too the similitude of the *Scroll.*

4.

1. Verse 11. *And he shall stretch out upon it the Line of confusion, and the stones of Emptiness.* The Latine very differently, *Et extendetur super eam mensura, ut redigatur ad nihil, & perpendiculum in desolationem.* The *Metaphor* is, that as a *Carpenter* draws a *Line* to mark exactly the space that he is to *build*, so *God* does here, to mark that which he is to *destroy.*

Our *Translation* follows *Vatabl. Extendet super eam regulam inanitatis, & lapides vacuitatis.* Which *stones* of *Emptiness* may have two interpretations, either making the *Stones*, *Termini*, that is *Bound-stones* of *Desolation*, as if he should say, This is the Land of *Desolation*, and I have set these *bounds* and *limits* to circumscribe it. Or else he says, the *Stones* of *Emptiness*, as an effect of *Desolation*; for when a ground is uncultivated and abandoned, it grows stony. According to the vulgar Latine Translation it is very like another Text of *Isaiah*, Ch. 28. v. 17. *Judgment also will I lay to the Line, and righteousness to the Plummet.* Which is no more in plain language, than, I will be exact in *Judgment* and *Righteousness.* There is a much harder Text with the same *Metaphor* in 2 *Sam.* Ch. 8. Verse 2. *And he smote Moab, and measured them with a Line, casting them down to the ground, even with two lines measured he to put to Death, and with one full Line to keep alive; And so the Moabites became Davids servants, and brought gifts*, Which some interpret, that he put two parts of them to the Sword, and saved the third, who became his servants. And that he did this, not by a just account, or polling of them (for the number was too great) but by measuring out the Land into three parts, and destroying two of them, 2 King. 21. 13. *I will stretch over Jerusalem the Line of Samaria, and the Plummet of the House of Ahab, and I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping and turning it upside down.* The Latine, *Pondus domus Achab:* and instead of a dish, uses a more noble *Metaphor* of a *Table-book. Delebo Jerusalem sicut deleri solent Tabulæ, & delens vertam, & ducam crebrius stilum super faciem ejus.*

5.

1. Verse 11. *The Cormorant and the Bittern shall possess it, the Owl and the Raven shall dwell in it.* V. 15. *And thorns shall come up in her Palaces, and Brambles in the Fortresses thereof; and it shall be an habitation for Dragons, and a Court for Owls.*

Et possidebunt illam Onocrotalus & Ericius, Ibis & Corvus habitabunt in eâ, *V.* 13. Et orientur in domibus ejus spinæ & urticæ, & paliurus in munitionibus ejus, & erit cubile Draconum & pascua Struthionum. The *Cormorant* is called *Onocrotalus*, from Ὄνος an *Ass*, and κρόταλος, Noise: because it makes a noise like the braying of an Ass. I know not whether we are in the right, who translate it a *Bittern*, or the Latin, which calls it *Ericius*, an *Hedge-Hog. Ericius* among the Classick Authors, signifies an Instrument of War, made with Iron Pikes, like Palisadoes sticking out of it. Some think a *Portcullis*, from the similitude of which, *Echinus* was in the time of corrupted Latine, called *Ericius. Ibis* is a Bird like a Stork most known in *Egypt*, and worshipt there, because it kills multitudes of *Serpents*, which would else infest the Country. We erroneously translate it *Owl*, for mention of *Owls* is made afterwards. I do not use the same names of Beasts and Birds exactly which the Prophet does: nor is that material; for the meaning only is, that the Land shall be possest by *Beasts* instead of *Men.*

2. Of

2. Of *Birds* from which the Ancients took *Auguries*: Some were called *Oſcines*, from whoſe *voyces* they drew their Divinations, and other *Prapetes*, from their manner of *flight*, Crows, Swallows, Kites, Owls, and ſuch like, were counted inauſpicious Birds; and others (as Vultures) in ſome caſes portended good, and in others evil.

3. Though the *Lyon* might call any *Beaſt Brother*, yet it may more properly the *Leopard*; for the *Leopard* is begot of a *Lyoneſs*, and a he-*Panther*, which is called *Pardus*.

6.

Verſe 14. *The wild beaſts of the Deſart ſhall alſo meet with the wild beaſts of the Iſlands, and the Satyre ſhall cry to his fellow, the Skrich-Owl ſhall alſo reſt there, and find for her ſelf a place of reſt.* V. 15. *There ſhall the great Owl make her neſt, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her ſhadow; There ſhall the Vultures alſo be gathered every one with her Mate.* *V.* 14. Et occurrent Dæmonia Onocentauris, & Piloſus clamabit alter ad alterum; Ibi cubavit *Lamia*, & invenit ſibi requiem. V. 15. Ibi habuit foveam *Ericius*, & enutrivit catulos, & circumfodit, & fovit in umbrâ ejus; illuc congregati ſunt Milvi, alter ad alterum.

Here is a great difference between the two *Tranſlations*; and it appears, methinks, that none perfectly underſtood the *Hebrew*, neither in this nor many other places. From whence they give the fabulous *Greek* names, as thoſe of *Satyrs*, *Lamiæ*, *Onocentaurs*, *Unicorns*, *Dragons*, *Orion*, *Pleiades*, and the like, to ſeveral *Hebrew* words, whoſe true ſignification was loſt; which is no wonder, for even in the *Greek* and *Latin* we have much ado to tranſlate all the names of Birds, Beaſts, Fiſhes, and Herbs, *&c.* and I am afraid we are often miſtaken in them. So the Septuag. in *Job* 42. v. 14. tranſlate the name of *Jobs* third Daughter, *The Horn of Amalthæa*, alluding to a *Gracian* fable born long after *Jobs* time. Κερας Αμαλθειας, which the Latin *Cornu ſtibii* the *Horn* of *Antimony*, perhaps becauſe *Antimony* is accounted by ſome the Mother of Metals. We (I know not why) name her *Kerenhappuch*, not according to the ſignification, but the word of the *Hebrew*. It ſeems by the *Greek*, that *Jobs* three Daughters names ſignified *Sweetneſs*; *Light*, or *Beauty*; *Plenty*, or *Fruitfulneſs*. So in the 15 of *Judith* it is tranſlated; *Nec filii Titan percuſſerunt eum*: when the meaning is, They were not the Sons of *Gyants* that ſlew him, but, *&c. Not great ſtrong men*, but a weak *woman*.

2. The Latin ſays *Milvi*: which Tranſlation is beſt I know not, nor does it import. The *Vultures* from their devouring of dead Bodies, were called τάφοι ἔμψυχοι, *Living Tombs*. They are ſaid to aſſemble themſelves together by a natural *Divinatory Inſtinct* in the places where any great ſlaughters are to be made; which *Tradition* ariſes, becauſe they uſe to follow *Armies*; not as foreſeeing the day of Battel, but becauſe even in the marches of Armies there are always a great many men, horſes, and other beaſts, that fall here and there by the way. *Job* has the like deſcription of the *Eagle*, Ch. 39. ver. 30. *And where the ſlain are, there is ſhe.*

3. The *Engliſh* mentions only *Satyrs*, the *Latin* beſides that (for *Piloſi*, are the ſame) *Dæmonia*, and *Lamiæ*, *Hobgoblings*. The Hebrew is ſaid to ſignifie *Nocturnum ſpectrum*, An appearance of ſomething in the Night. From whence the Chald. Tranſl. it, An *Owl*, the Engliſh a *Skrich-Owl*. Whether there be any ſuch Creatures in Nature as *Satyrs*, &c. I will not determine. S. *Antony* ſeeking S. *Paul* the *Hermite* is reported by *Athanaſius* to have met with a *Monſter* half *Man*, and *Beaſt*, which he drove away with the ſign of the *Croſs*; and S. *Hierom* in the Life of the *Hermite*, ſays that ſuch a kind of *Monſter* was in his time brought to *Alexandria*. *Pliny* teſtifies, that he himſelf ſaw an *Hippocentaur*, the body of which was preſerved in honey, and brought to *Claud. Cæſar*; but I am ſorry he does not deſcribe the form of it, *Lib.* 7. *Cap.* 3.

The Plagues of Egypt.

1.

IS this thy *Brav'ery Man*, is this thy *Pride?*
Rebel to *God*, and *Slave* to all beſide!
Captiv'ed by every thing! and onely *Free*
To fly from thine *own Libertie*!
All *Creatures* the *Creator* ſaid *Were Thine*;
No *Creature* but might ſince, ſay, *Man is Mine!*
In black *Egyptian Slavery* we lie;
And ſweat and toil in the vile Drudgerie
Of *Tyrant Sin*;
To which we *Trophees* raiſe, and wear out all our Breath,
In building up the *Monuments* of *Death*;
We, the *choice Race*, to *God* and *Angels Kin*!
In vain the *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* come
To call us home,
Home to the promis'ed *Canaan* above,
Which does with nouriſhing *Milk*, and pleaſant *Honey* flow;
And ev'en i'th'way to which we ſhould be fed
With *Angels taſteful Bread*:
But, we, alas, the *Fleſh-pots* love,
We love the very *Leeks* and ſordid *roots* below.

2.

In vain we *Judgments* feel, and *Wonders* ſee;
In vain did *God* to deſcend hither dain,
He was his *own Ambaſſador* in vain,
Our *Moſes* and our *Guid* himſelf to be.
We will not let *our ſelves* to go,
And with worſe hardned hearts do our *own Pharaohs* grow;
Ah, leſt at laſt we periſh ſo!
Think, ſtubborn Man, think of th' *Egyptian Prince*,
(Hard of *Belief* and *Will*, but not ſo hard as Thou)
Think with what dreadful proofs *God* did convince
The feeble arguments that humane pow'er could ſhow;
Think what Plagues attend on Thee,
Who *Moſes God* doſt now refuſe, more oft then *Moſes He*.

3.

If from ſome *God* you come (ſaid the proud *King*)
1 With half a ſmile and half a Frown;
2 (But what *God* can to *Egypt* be unknown?)
3 What *Sign*, what *Powers*, what *Credence* do you bring?
Behold his *Seal*, behold his *Hand*,
Cryes *Moſes*, and caſts down th' *Almighty Wand*.

Th'

4 Th' *Almighty Wand* ſcarce toucht the Earth,
When with an undiſcerned birth
Th' Almighty Wand a *Serpent* grew
And his long half in painted folds behind him drew.
Upwards his threatning *Tail* he threw;
Upwards he caſt his threatning *Head*,
He gap'ed and hiſt aloud;
With flaming Eyes ſurvey'd the trembling croud,
And like a *Baſilisk* almoſt *lookt* the Aſſembly dead;
5 Swift fled th' *Amazed King*, the *Guards before* him fled.

4.

1 *Jannes* and *Jambres* ſtopt their flight,
And with proud words allay'd th'affright.
The *God* of *Slaves* (ſaid they) how can he be
More powerful then their *Maſters Deitie?*
And down they caſt their *Rods*,
2 And mutter'ed ſecret ſounds that charm the *ſervile Gods*.
The evil Spirits their charms obey,
And in a ſubtle cloud they ſnatch the *Rods* away,
3 And *Serpents* in their place the airy *Juglers* lay.
Serpents in *Egypts* monſtrous land,
Were ready ſtill at hand,
And all at the *Old Serpents* firſt command.
And they too gap'ed, and they too hiſt,
And they their threatning Tails did twiſt,
But ſtrait on both the *Hebrew-Serpent* flew;
Broke both their active *Backs*, and both it ſlew,
And both almoſt at once devour'ed,
So much was over-power'ed
By *Gods* miraculous *Creation*
His *Servants Natures* ſlightly-wrought, and feeble *Generation*.

5.

1 On the fame'd bank the *Prophets* ſtood,
Toucht with their *Rod*, and *wounded* all the *Flood*;
Flood now no more, but a long *Vein* of putrid *Blood*.
The helpleſs *Fiſh* were found
In their ſtrange *Current* drownd,
The Herbs and Trees waſht by the *mortal Tide*
About it *bluſht* and *dyed*.
Th'amazed *Crocodiles* made haſte to ground;
From their vaſt trunks the dropping gore they ſpied,
Thought it their *Own*, and dreadfully aloud they cried.
2 Nor all thy *Prieſts*, nor *Thou*
Oh *King*, couldſt ever ſhow
From whence thy wandring *Nile* begins his courſe;
Of this *new Nile* thou ſeeſt the ſacred *Sourſe*;
And as thy Land *that* does oreflow,
Take heed leſt *this* do ſo.

What

3 What *Plague* more juſt could on thy *Waters* fall?
The *Hebrew Infants Murder* ſtains them all.
The kind, *inſtructing Puniſhment* enjoy;
Whom the *Red River* cannot *Mend*, the *Red-ſea* ſhall *Deſtroy*.

6.

The *River* yet gave one *Inſtruction* more,
1 And from the rotting Fiſh and unconcocted Gore,
Which was but *Water* juſt before,
A loathſome *Hoſt* was quickly made,
That ſcale'd the *Banks*, & with loud noiſe did all the *Country* invade.
As *Nilus* when he quits his ſacred *Bed*
2 (But like a *Friend* he viſits all the Land
With welcome *preſents* in his hand)
So did this *Living Tide* the Fields oreſpread.
In vain th'alarmed Countrey tries
To kill their noiſome Enemies,
From th'unexhauſted *Sourſe* ſtill new *Recruits* ariſe.
Nor does the *Earth* theſe greedy *Troops* ſuffice,
The *Towns* and *Houſes* they poſſeſs,
The *Temples* and the *Palaces*,
Nor *Pharaoh*, nor his *Gods* they fear;
Both their importune croakings hear.
Unſatiate yet they mount up higher,
Where never *Sun-born Frog* durſt to aſpire;
And in the ſilken *Beds* their ſlimy Members place;
A *Luxurie* unknown before to all the *Watry Race*.

7.

The *Water* thus her *Wonders* did produce;
But both were to no uſe.
As yet the *Sorcerers mimick power* ſerv'ed for excuſe.
Try what the *Earth* will do (ſaid God) and, Lo!
They ſtroke the *Earth* a *fertile* blow.
And all the *Duſt* did ſtrait to ſtir begin;
One would have thought ſome ſudden *Wind* t'had bin;
But, Lo, 'twas nimble *Life* was got within!
And all the little *Springs* did move,
1 And every *Duſt* did an arm'ed *Vermine* prove,
Of an unknown and new-created kind,
Such as the *Magick-Gods* could neither *make* nor *find*.
The wretched ſhameful *Foe* allow'ed no reſt
Either to Man or Beaſt.
Not *Pharoah* from th'unquiet Plague could be,
With all his change of Rayments free;
The *Devils* themſelves confeſt
This was *Gods Hand*; and 'twas but juſt
To puniſh thus mans pride, to puniſh *Duſt* with *Duſt*.

Lo,

8.

Lo the *third Element* does his Plagues prepare,
And ſwarming Clouds of *Inſects* fill the Air.
With ſullen noiſe they take their flight,
And march in *Bodies* infinite;
In vain 'tis *Day above*, 'tis ſtill *beneath* them *Night*.
1 Of harmful *Flies* the *Nations* numberleſs,
Compos'ed this mighty *Armies* ſpacious boaſt;
Of different *Manners*, different *Languages*;
And different *Habits* too they wore,
And different *Arms* they bore.
And ſome, like *Scythians*, liv'ed on *Blood*,
And ſome on *Green*, and ſome on *Flowry Food*,
2 And *Accaron*, the *Airy Prince*, led on this *various Hoſt*.
Houſes ſecure not Men, the populous ill
Did all the Houſes fill.
The Country, all around,
3 Did with the cryes of tortured *Cattel* ſound;
About the fields enrag'ed they flew,
And wiſht the *Plague* that was t'enſue.

9.

1 From *poyſonous Stars* a mortal *Influence* came
(The mingled *Malice* of their Flame)
A skilful *Angel* did th' Ingredients take,
And with juſt hands the ſad *Compoſure* make,
And over all the Land did the full *viol* ſhake.
Thirſt, Giddineſs, Faintneſs, and putrid Heats,
And *pining Pains*, and *Shivering Sweats*,
On all the Cattle, all the Beaſts did fall;
With *deform'ed Death* the Countrey's covered all.
The labouring *Ox* drops down before the *Plow*;
The crowned *Victims* to the *Altar* led
Sink, and prevent the *lifted blow*.
The generous *Horſe* from the *full Manger* turns his Head;
Does his Lov'ed Floods and Paſtures ſcorn,
Hates the ſhrill Trumpet and the Horn,
Nor can his lifeleſs Noſtril pleaſe,
With the once-raviſhing ſmell of all his dappled *Miſtreſſes*.
The ſtarving *Sheep* refuſe to feed,
They bleat their innocent Souls out into air;
The faithful *Dogs* lie gaſping by them there;
Th'aſtoniſht *Shepherd* weeps, and breaks his tuneful *Reed*.

10.

Thus did the *Beaſts* for *Mans Rebellion* dy,
God did on *Man* a Gentler *Medicine* try,
And a *Diſeaſe* for *Phyſick* did apply.
Warm aſhes from the Furnace *Moſes* took;
The *Sorcerers* did with wonder on him look;

And

And ſmil'ed at th'unaccuſtom'ed *Spell*
Which no *Egyptian Rituals* tell.
He flings the *pregnant Aſhes* through the Air,
And ſpeaks a mighty Pray'er,
Both which the *Miniſtring Winds* around all *Egypt* bear.
As gentle weſtern Blaſts with downy wings
Hatching the tender *Springs*
To the'unborn *Buds* with vital whiſpers ſay,
Ye *living Buds* why do ye ſtay?
The paſſionate *Buds* break through the *Bark* their way:
So whereſoere this *tainted Wind* but blew,
Swelling *Pains* and *Ulcers* grew;
It from the body call'ed all *ſleeping Poyſons* out,
And to them added new;
A noyſome *Spring* of *Sores*, as thick as *Leaves* did ſprout.

II.

Heaven it ſelf is angry next;
Wo to *Man*, when *Heaven* is vext.
With ſullen brow it frown'd,
And murmur'ed firſt in an imperfect ſound.
Till *Moſes* lifting up his hand,
Waves the expected *Signal* of his *Wand*,
And all the full-charg'ed *clouds* in ranged *Squadrons* move,
And fill the ſpacious *Plains* above.
Through which the rowling *Thunder* firſt does play,
And opens wide the *Tempeſts* noiſy way.
And ſtraight a *ſtony ſhower*
Of monſtrous *Hail* does downwards pour,
Such as nere *Winter* yet brought forth
From all her ſtormy *Magazins* of the *North*.
It all the *Beaſts* and *Men* abroad did ſlay,
O're the defaced corps, like *Monuments*, lay,
The houſes and ſtrong-body'ed Trees it broke,
Nor askt aid from the *Thunders* ſtroke.
The *Thunder* but for *Terror* through it flew,
The *Hail* alone the work could do.
The diſmal *Lightnings* all around,
Some flying through the *Air*, ſome running on the *ground*,
Some ſwimming o're the *waters* face,
Fill'd with *bright Horror* every place.
One would have thought their *dreadful Day* to have ſeen,
The very *Hail*, and *Rain* it ſelf had *kindled* been.

12.

The Infant *Corn*, which yet did ſcarce appear,
Eſcap'ed this general *Maſſacer*
Of every thing that grew,
And the well-ſtored *Egyptian year*

Began

Began to cloath her Fields and Trees anew.
2 When, Lo! a *ſcorching wind* from the burnt Countrys blew,
And endleſs *Legions* with it drew
3 Of greedy *Locuſts*, who where e're
With ſounding wings they flew,
Left all the Earth depopulate and bare,
As if *Winter* it ſelf had marcht by there.
What e're the *Sun* and *Nile*
Gave with large Bounty to the thankful ſoil,
The wretched *Pillagers* bore away,
And the whole *Summer* was their Prey,
Till *Moſes* with a prayer
Breath'd forth a violent Weſtern wind,
Which all theſe *living clouds* did headlong bear
(No *Stragglers* left behind)
4 Into the *purple Sea*, and there beſtow
On the luxurious *Fiſh* a Feaſt they ne're did know.
With *untaught joy Pharaoh* the News does hear,
And little thinks *their Fate* attends on *Him*, and *His* ſo near.

13.

What *blindneſs* or what *Darkneſs* did there e're
Like this *undocil King's* appear?
What e're but that which now does repreſent
And paint the *Crime* out in the *Puniſhment*?
1 From the deep, baleful Caves of *Hell* below,
Where the old *Mother Night* does grow,
Subſtantial Night, that does diſclaime,
Privation's empty Name,
Through ſecret conduits monſtrous *ſhapes* aroſe,
Such as the *Suns* whole force could not oppoſe,
They with a *Solid Cloud*
All Heavens *Eclypſed Face* did ſhrowd.
Seem'd with large *Wings* ſpred o're the Sea and Earth
To brood up a new *Chaos* his deformed birth.
2 And every *Lamp*, and every *Fire*
Did at the dreadful ſight *wink* and *expire*,
To th' *Empyrean Sourſe* all *ſtreams* of *Light* ſeem'd to retire.
The *living Men* were in their *ſtanding*-houſes *buried*;
But the *long Night* no *ſlumber* knows,
But the *ſhort Death* finds no *repoſe*.
Ten thouſand terrors through the darkneſs fled,
And *Ghoſts* complain'd, and *Spirits* murmured.
And *Fancies* multiplying ſight
View'd all the *Scenes Inviſible* of *Night*.

14.

Of *Gods* dreadful anger theſe
Were but the firſt light *Skirmiſhes*;

The *Shock* and bloody *battel* now begins,
The plenteous *Harveſt* of full-ripened Sins.
1 It was the time, when the ſtill *Moon*
Was mounted ſoftly to her *Noon*,
And dewy *ſleep*, which from *Nights* ſecret *ſprings* aroſe,
Gently as *Nile* the land oreflows.
2 When (Lo!) from the high Countreys of *refined Day*,
The *Golden Heaven* without *allay*,
Whoſe *droſs* in the *Creation* purg'ed away,
Made up the *Suns* adulterate ray,
3 *Michael*, the warlike *Prince*, does downwards fly
Swift as the journeys of the Sight,
Swift as the race of Light,
And with his *Winged Will* cuts through the yielding sky
He paſt throw many a Star, and as he paſt,
Shone (like a *ſtar* in them) more brightly there,
Then *they* did in their *Sphere*.
On a tall *Pyramids* pointed Head he ſtopt at laſt,
And a mild look of ſacred *Pity* caſt
Down on the ſinful Land where he was ſent,
T'inflict the *tardy puniſhment*.
Ah! yet (ſaid He) yet ſtubborn King repent;
Whilſt thus unarm'ed I ſtand,
Ere the keen *Sword* of God fill my commanded *Hand*;
Suffer but yet *Thy ſelf*, and *Thine* to live;
Who would, alas! believe
That it for *Man* (ſaid He)
So hard to be *Forgiven* ſhould be,
And yet for *God* ſo eaſie to *Forgive*!

15.

He ſpoke, and downwards flew,
And ore his ſhining *Form* a well-cut *cloud* he threw
Made of the blackeſt *Fleece* of Night,
And cloſe-wrought to keep in the powerful *Light*,
Yet wrought ſo *fine* it hindred not his *Flight*.
But through the Key-holes and the chinks of dores,
And through the narrow'eſt *Walks* of crooked *Pores*,
He paſt more ſwift and free,
Then in wide air the wanton *Swallows* flee.
1 He took a *pointed Peſtilence* in his hand,
The *Spirits* of thouſand mortal poyſons made
The ſtrongly temper'd *Blade*,
The ſharpeſt *Sword* that e're was laid
Up in the *Magazins* of God to ſcourge a wicked Land.
Through *Egypts* wicked Land his march he took.
2 And as he marcht the *ſacred Firſt-born* ſtrook
Of every womb; none did he ſpare;
3 None from the meaneſt *Beaſt* to *Cenchres purple Heire*.

16.

The swift approach of endless *Night*,
Breaks ope the wounded *Sleepers* rowling Eyes;
They awake the rest with dying cries,
And *Darkness* doubles the affright.
The mixed sounds of *scatter'd Deaths* they hear,
And lose their parted *Souls* 'twixt *Grief* and *Fear*.
Louder then all the shrieking *Womens* voice
Pierces this *Chaos* of confused noise.
As brighter *Lightning* cuts a way
Clear, and distinguisht through the *Day*.
1 With less complaints the *Zoan Temples* sound,
2 When the adored *Heifer's* drownd,
And no true markt *Successor* to be found.
Whilst *Health* and *Strength*, and *Gladness* does possess
The festal *Hebrew Cottages*;
The blest *Destroyer* comes not there
To interrupt the sacred cheare
3 That new begins their well-reformed *Year*.
Upon their doors he read and understood,
Gods Protection writ in Blood;
Well was he skild i'th' *Character Divine*;
And though he past by it in haste,
He bow'd and worshipt as he past,
The mighty *Mysterie* through its *humble Signe*.

17.

The *Sword* strikes now too deep and near,
Longer with it's edge to play;
No Diligence or Cost they spare
To haste the *Hebrews* now away,
Pharaoh himself chides their delay;
So kinde and bountiful is *Fear*!
But, oh, the *Bounty* which to *Fear* we ow,
Is but like *Fire* struck out of *Stone*.
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it scarce out-lives the *Blow*.
Sorrow and fear soon quit the *Tyrants* brest;
Rage and *Revenge* their place possest
With a vast Host of *Chariots* and of *Horse*,
And all his powerful Kingdoms ready force
The *travelling Nation* he pursues;
Ten times orecome, he still th'unequal war renewes.
Fill'd with proud hopes, At least (said he)
Th' *Egyptian Gods* from *Syrian Magick* free
Will now revenge *Themselves* and *Me*;
Behold what passless Rocks on either hand
Like *Prison* walls about them stand!
Whilst the *Sea* bounds their Flight before,

And in our injur'ed *justice* they must find
A far worse stop then *Rocks* and *Seas* behind.
Which shall with crimson gore
1 New paint the *Waters Name*, and *double dye* the *shore*.

18.

He spoke; and all his Host
Approv'ed with shouts th' *unhappy boast*,
A bidden *wind* bore his vain *words* away,
And drown'd them in the neighb'ring Sea.
No means t'escape the faithless *Travellers* spie,
And with degenerous fear to die,
Curse their new-gotten *Libertie*.
But the great *Guid* well knew he led them right,
And saw a *Path* hid yet from humane sight.
He strikes the raging waves, the waves on either side
Unloose their close *Embraces*, and divide;
And backwards press, as in some solemn show
The crowding *People* do
(Though just before no space was seen)
To let the admired *Triumph* pass between.
The *wondring Army* saw on either hand
The no less *wondring Waves*, like *Rocks* of *Crystal* stand.
They marcht betwixt, and boldly trod
The *secret paths* of God.
And here and there all scatter'd in their way
The Seas old spoils, and gaping *Fishes* lay
Deserted on the sandy plain,
The *Sun* did with astonishment behold
The inmost *Chambers* of the opened *Main*,
For whatsoere of old
By his *own Priests* the *Poets* has been said,
He never sunk till then into the *Oceans Bed*.

19.

Led chearfully by a bright *Captain Flame*,
To th'other shore at Morning Dawn they came,
And saw behind th'unguided Foe
March disorderly and slow.
The *Prophet* straight from th' *Idumæan* strand
Shakes his *Imperious Wand*.
The upper waves, that highest crowded lie,
The beckning *Wand* espie.
Straight their first right-hand *files* begin to move,
And with a murmuring wind
Give the word *March* to all behind.
The left-hand *Squadrons* no less ready prove,
But with a joyful louder noise
Answer their distant fellows voice,
And haste to meet them make,

As

As ſeveral *Troops* do all at once a common *Signal* take.
What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell
1 Which on the *Chamian Army* fell,
When on both ſides they ſaw the roaring Main
Broke looſe from his *Inviſible Chain*?
They ſaw the *monſtrous Death* and *watry War*
Come rowling down loud Ruine from afar.
In vain ſome backward, and ſome forwards fly
With helpleſs haſte; in vain they cry
2 To their *Cœleſtial Beaſts* for aid;
In vain their guilty *King* they 'upbraid,
In vain on *Moſes he*, and *Moſes God* does call,
With a *Repentance true too late*;
They're compaſt round with a *devouring Fate*
That draws, like a ſtrong *Net*, the mighty *Sea* upon them All.

NOTES.

3.

1. LIke that of *Virgil*,

Subridens miſtâ Mezentius irâ.

And *Mezentius* was like *Pharaoh* in his contempt of the Deity, *Contemptorq; Deûm Mezentius.* Exod. 5. 2. *And (Pharaoh) anſwered, Who is the Lord, that I ſhould hear his voice, and let Iſrael go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Iſrael go.*

2. For no Nation under the Sun worſhipt ſo many Gods as *Egypt*; ſo that probably *Pharaoh* would have known the name of any God but the true one, *Jehovah.*

3. That *Pharaoh* askt a ſign, appears by *Exod.* 7. 9. *And when Pharaoh ſhall ſay to you, Shew me a ſign, &c.*

4. *Almighty*, as it was the *Inſtrument* of the *Almighty* in doing wonders; for which it is called the *Rod* of the *Lord*, as well as of *Moſes* and *Aaron*; and in this ſenſe *Fortune* is rightly called by *Virgil Omnipotens.*

5. We may well ſuppoſe that the *King* and his *Guards* fled for fear at the ſight, ſince *Moſes* himſelf did ſo at firſt, *Exod.* 4. 2. *And it was turned into a Serpent, ſo that Moſes fled from it.*

4.

1. So the *Apoſtle* calls the chief of *Pharaohs Magicians*, 2 Tim. 3. 8. but S. *Hieron.* tranſlates their names *Johannes* and *Mambres*; and they ſay there is a Tradition in the *Talmud*, that *Juhani* and *Mamre*, chief of *Pharaohs Magicians*, ſaid to *Moſes*, Thou bringeſt ſtraw into *Æpraim*, which was where abundance of Corn grew; as if they ſhould have ſaid, to bring your Magical Arts hither, is to as much purpoſe, as to bring water to *Nilus*. *Jannes* was famous even among Heathen Authors. *Plin. lib.* 3. *c.* 1. *Eſt & alia Magices factio, à Moſe, & Janne & Jotape Judæis pendens.* And *Numenius* the *Pythagorean* names him in *Euſeb. l.* 9. *Præparat. Evang.* They here are called by ſeveral names, in ſeveral Tranſlations, by the Septuag. Φάρμακοι, *Venefici, Poiſoners*, and Ἐπαοιδοὶ, *Incantatores. Inchanters*; by *Sulpitius Severus*, *Chaldæans* that is, *Aſtrologers*; by others, *Sapientes & Malefici, Wiſemen* (that is, Men eſteemed ſo among the *Egyptians*) *Philoſophers* and *Witches.*

2. *Feceruni etiam ipſi per incantationes Ægyptiacas & arcana quædam ſimiliter.* Their Gods may well be called *Servile*, for in all Enchantments we find them *threatned* by the *Conjurers*, and forced whether they will or no, by the power of Spells, to do what they are commanded. *Tireſias* in the 4. *Theb.* becauſe they did not obey him at firſt word, ſpeaks to them like a Schoolmaſter, with a rod in his hand,

—Et nobis ſævire facultas.
—An Scythicis quoties armata venenis
Colchis aget trepido pallebunt Tartara motu,
Noſtri cura minor? &c.

And *Lucan* ſays of *Erichtho*,

Omne nefas ſuperi primâ jam voce precantis
Concedunt, carmenq; timent audire ſecundum.

And

And the *Witches* uſed alwaies ſome obſcure murmurings in their charms. So of *Erichtho*,

Tum vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis
Excantare Deos, confundit murmura primum
Diſſona, & humanæ multùm diſcordia Linguæ.

3. There are four opinions concerning this action of the *Magicians*; the firſt, that their Rods *appeared Serpents* by an *Illuſion* of the ſight. This was *Joſephus* his opinion; for he ſays, Βακλησιαι δε ῥαβδουντες εφανην; and *Tertullian*, *Hierom*, *Gregory Nyſſen*, are cited for it too. *Sedulius in lib.* 4. *Carm.*

—Sed imagine falſâ
Viſibus humanis magicas tribuere figuras.

This I like not, by no means; for if the *appearance* of the *Serpents* was an Illuſion ſo was the *devouring* of them too by *Moſes* his Serpent. Therefore the ſecond opinion to ſalve this difficulty, ſays, that the Devil for the Magicians, did really on the ſudden make up ſome bodies that looked like *true Serpents*, but were not ſo, and thoſe bodies were *truly devoured* by *Moſes* his *true Serpent*. But it does not fully anſwer the objection; and beſides by this *Deceipt*, they might as well have imitated the other miracles. The third is *Thom. Aquinas*, and *Cajetans*, and *Delrios*, and divers others, That they were *true Serpents*, not *Created* in an inſtant by the *Devil* (for that is granted by all to exceed his power) but *Generated* in a moment of Time by application of all things required to the generation of *Serpents*, which is *Spontaneous* ſometimes. The fourth is of *Pererius*, *Abulenſis*, and many more, that the Devil ſnatcht away the *Rods*, and had *true Serpents* there in readineſs to put in their place, and this agrees better with the ſwiftneſs of the action, for which, and ſome other reaſons, I follow it.

5.

1. The Bank of *Nilus*, which is incomparably the moſt famous *River* in the world, whether we conſider the greatneſs and length of it (for it runs about 900 German miles) or the things that it produces, or the miraculous flowing and ebbing of it. It is therefore called abſolutely in the Scripture *Machal Miſraim*, *The River of Egypt*. From whence the word *Nile* is not unnaturally derived *Nahal*, *Naal*, *Neel*, *Neil*; as *Bahal*, *Baal*, *Beel*, *Bel*, Βηλος: and *Pompon. Mela* reports, *l.*5 *c.*10. That the fountain of *Nilus* is called *Nachul* by the *Ethiopians*. Now whereas God ſays to *Moſes*, *Go to Pharaoh in the morning, when he ſhall go forth to the Water*: I believe, as the *Perſians* worſhipt every morning the riſing *Sun*, ſo the *Egyptians* did *Nile*; and that this going forth of the *King* to the *River*, was a conſtant act of *Devotion*, *Theodoret*. μεγα εορτην δη τω ποταμω ἡ θειον τοτον ἑρμιζον. Nay I doubt whether *Oſyris* (their great Deity) be not worſhipped for *Nilus*. *Seld. de Diis Syris*.

2. The Fountain of *Nilus* is now known to be in the mountains called *Luna montes*, and one of the Titles of *Preſter John* is, *King of Goyome, where Nile begins*; but the Ancients were totally ignorant of it, inſomuch that this was reckoned among the famous proprieties of *Nilus*, that it concealed its Spring, *Fontium qui celat origines*; of which ſee *Lucan* in the 10. Book; where, among other things, he ſays moſt admirably of *Nilus*,

—Ubicunq; videris,
Quæreris, & nulli contingit gloria genti
Ut Nilo ſit læta ſuo.

3. *Theodoret* upon *Exodus*, ſays thus of this change of *Nilus*, μεταβαλλουσαι το αἱμα ἡ γενομενης καταχρησει παιδοκτονιας. Being changed into *Blood*, it accuſed the Egyptians of the *Infants Murder*; and the Book of *Wiſdom* in Chap. 11. makes the ſame obſervation.

6.

1. *Computruit fluvius*; and before the Septuag. καταζωσει ὁ ποταμος where the vulgar Edition ſays, *Computreſcent aquæ*; that is, *fervebit, vel effervesçet fluvius*, relating perhaps to *Blood*, which when it corrupts, *Boils* and burns as it were in the Veins: when the water had been corrupted in this manner, it is no wonder if it produced a great number of *Frogs*; but the wonder conſiſts in that the number was ſo infinite, in that it was ſo ſuddenly produced upon the action of *Aaron*, and that contrary to their nature, they came to moleſt the Egyptians in their very houſes. The like judgment with this we find in profane Hiſtories, and to be attributed to the ſame hand of God, though the *Rod* was *Inviſible*. *Athenæus* in his 8. Book, Ch. 2. reports, that in *Pæonia* and *Dardanium* (now called *Bulgary*) there rained down ſo many *Frogs* from Heaven (that is, perhaps they were ſuddenly produced after great ſhowers) that they filled all the publick ways, and even private houſes, that their domeſtical furniture was covered with them, that they found them in the very Pots where they boiled their meat; and that what with the trouble of the *Living*, and the ſmell of the *Dead ones*, they were forced at laſt to forſake their Country. And *Pliny* reports in his 8. B. Ch. 29. That a whole *City* in *Gallia* hath been driven away *by Frogs*, and another in *Afrique by Locuſts*; and many examples of this kind might be collected.

2. *Sen. l.*4. *Queſt Natur. c.*11 *Nilus* brings both *Water* and *Earth* too to the thirſty and ſandy ſoil; for flowing thick and troubled, he leaves all his Lees, as it were, in the cleſts of the parched ground, and covers the dry places with the fatneſs which he brought with him, ſo that he does good to the Country two ways, both by *overflowing* and by *manuring* it. So that *Herod* calls it Εργαλικον, The *Husbandman*. Tibul. *Te propter nullos* Tellus *tua poſtulat imbres*, Arida *nec pluvio ſupplicat herba Jovi*; for which reaſon *Lucan* ſays, that *Egypt* hath no need of *Jupiter*,

—Nihil indiga mercis
Aut Jovis, in ſolo tanta eſt fiducia Nilo.

And

And one in *Athenæus* bolder, yet calls *Nilus* excellently well, Ἀγχίστιε Ζεῦ Νεῖλε. *O Nilus thou Egyptian Jupiter*: nay, it was termed by the *Egyptians* themselves, Ἀντίμιμον οὐρανοῦ. *The River that emulates and contends with Heaven.*

7.

1. What kind of *Creature* this was, no man can tell certainly. The Sept. translate it both here, and in the *Psalm* 105. Σκνῖπες. And so *Philo*, and the vulgar edition retains the word, *Sciniphes*, *Ciniphes*, or *Kniphes*, seem to come from the word, κνίζειν, which signifies to *Prick*, and they were a kind of *Gnat*: and *Pliny* renders them *Culices muliones*, and sometimes simply *Culices*; as likewise *Columella*. *Dioscorid. cap.* 112. terms them, θηρία κωνωποειδῆ. And *Hesych.* Κνῖπες ζῶον πτηνὸν, ὅμοιον κώνωπι. So *Isidor. l* 12. *Origin.* and *Oros.* 7, 8. and so *Origen*. Yet *Junius* and *Tremel.* and the *French* and the *English*, and divers other Translations, render it by *Lice*, and *Lice* too might have *wings*; for *Diod. Sicul. l* 3. *c.* 3. speaking of the *Acridophagi*, or eaters of *Locusts*, says, that when they grow old, their bodies breed a kind of *winged Lice*, by which they are devoured. It seems to me most probable, that it was some new kind of Creature, called analogically by an old known name, which is *Pererius* his conjecture, and is approved by *Rivet*: And this I take to be the reason why the *Magicians* could not counterfeit this *miracle*, as it was easie for them to do those of the *Serpents*, the *Blood*, and the *Frogs*, which were things to be had every where. This I think may pass for a more probable cause than the pleasant fancy of the *Hebrews*, who say, that the *Devils* power is bounded to the producing of no Creature less than a *grain of Barley*, or than S. *Augustines* allegorical reason, and *too poetical* even for *Poetry*, who affirms, that the Magicians failed in the *third Plague*, to shew the defect of humane *Philosophy*, when it comes to the mystery of the *Trinity*; but such pitiful *allusions* do more hurt than good in *Divinity*.

8.

1. A grievous *Swarm of Flies*——So our *English Translation*; St. *Hier. Omne genus muscarum.* All *sorts of Flies*. The Septuag. Κυνομυῖαν, *Canina Musca*, a particular kind of *Fly*, called a *Dog-Fly*, from his biting. If it be not to be read Κανθαρίδα, which may signifie *Aquila's*, Παμμυῖαν. Some translate this place, *A mixture of Beasts*. The French, *une meslée de bestes*. Jun. and Tremel. *Colluviem*: and it should seem that *Josephus* understood it of several sorts of *wild Beasts* that infested the Country. For he says, θηρίων παντοίων καὶ πολυτρόπων: and *Pagninus*, *Omne genus ferarum*; which is not very probable, for the punishments yet were rather troublesome than mortal, and even this punishment of infinite numbers of *small Tormentors*, is so great a one, that God calls them *his Army*, Joel, 2. 25. nay, his *Great Army*, *The Locust*, *the Canker-worm*, *and the Caterpillar*, *and the Palmer-worm*, *my great Army*, *which I sent among you.*

2. *The God of Flies Belzebub*, a Deity worshipped at *Accaron*, Jupiter, ἀπόμυιος, either from bringing or driving away of Swarms of *Flies*, Plin. lib. 10. *c.* 28. Those of *Cyrene* worship the *God Achor*, great multitudes of *Flies* causing there a Pestilence, which presently dy upon the sacrificing to this *God*; where *Achor*, I conceive to be the same with *Accaron*, most of the Sea-Coasts of *Africa*, being ancient Colonies of the *Phœnicians*. *Clemens* reports, that in *Acar* at the Temple of *Actian Apollo*, they sacrificed an *Ox to Flies*: And *Ælian*, l. 11. *de Animal. c.* 8. Θύεται βοῦς ταῖς μυίαις. Both, as I suppose, meaning that they sacrificed the *Ox*, not to the *flies* themselves, but to *Apollo* or *Jupiter*, ἀπομυίῳ, *Pausan. l.* 5. Ἠλεῖος θύειν τῷ Ἀπομυίῳ Διὶ, ἐξελαύνοντι τὴν Ἠλείας Ὀλυμπίας τὰς μυίας. The *Eleans* sacrifice to *Jupiter* (the *Driver away of flies*) for the driving away of Flies, from the Country of *Elea*. The *Romans* called this God not *Jupiter*, but *Hercules Apomyius*, though we read not of the killing of *Flies* among his *Labours*, *Plin. l.* 29. *c.* 6. No living creature has less of understanding, or is less docile (than *Flies*) which makes it the more wonderful, that at the *Olympique Games*, upon the sacrificing of an *Ox* to the *God* whom they call *Myiodes*, whole clouds of them fly out of the Territory. And among the *Trachinians*, we read of *Hercules*, κωνωπίων, the *Driver away of Gnats*, with the *Erythræans* of *Hercules* Ἰπποκλόν, the *killer of Worms*, that hurt the Vines, and many more Deities of the like honourable imployment are to be found among the ancients.

3. Many sorts of *Flies* molest the Cattle, none so as the *Asilus* or *Oestrum* (the *Gad-Fly*)

Virg. Georg. 3.

Oestrum Græci vertère vocantes,
Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita silvis
Diffugiunt armenta——

Wisht the Plague that was to ensue; that is, not in the sense that *Claudian* speaks of *Pluto's Horses*,

Crastina ventura exspectantes gaudia prædæ.

For how (as *Scaliger* says) could they know it, but simply, *Wisht for death.*

9.

1. (1.) *Poisoning.* The conjunction of which produce *Poisons* (i.) Infectious diseases, according to the received opinion of Astrologers. *Virgil* says, By the *sick*, or *Diseased Heaven*; that is, which causes diseases, but *Heaven* is there perhaps taken for the *Air*,

Hic quondam Morbo cœli miseranda coorta est
Tempestas, totoq; Autumni incanduit æstu, &c.

Where see his most incomparable description of a Pestilence.

10.

1. No Books of Writings of the *Rites* of *Magick* amongst the *Egyptians*.

2. It is called by *Moses*, Chap. 9, 10. *Ulcus inflationum Germinans in homine, &c.* Sprouting out

out with blains, &c. which *Jun.* and *Tremel. Erumpens multis puſtulis.* This in *Deuteronomy* is one of the curſes with which the diſobedience to God is threatned, *Chap.* 18. 27. *The Lord ſhall ſmite thee with the botch of Egypt, &c.* From hence, I believe, came the calumny, that *Trog. Pompeius, Died. Siculus, Tacitus,* and other Heathens caſt upon the *Hebrews,* to wit, that they were expelled out of *Egypt* for being ſcabbed and leprous, which miſtake was eaſie, inſtead of being diſmiſt for having brought thoſe diſeaſes upon the *Egyptians.*

11.

1. Not each one like a *Monument,* for that *Metaphor* would be too *big*; but many of them together, like a *Monument,* and the moſt ancient Monuments, we know, were *heaps of ſtones,* not great *Tomb-ſtones.*

12.

1. *(i.)* The Wheat and Rye. See *Chap.* 9. v. 32.

2. *Ch.* 10. v. 13. Our Tranſlation has *Eaſt-wind: And the Lord brought an Eaſt-wind upon the Land all that day, and all the night, &c.* The vulgar has *Ventum urentem.* The Septuagint a *South-wind.* And *Eugub.* ſays, There is no doubt but it was a *South-wind*; which opinion I follow (though the Jews unanimouſly will have it to be an *Eaſt-wind*) becauſe the Southern parts of *Afrique* were moſt infeſted with *Locuſts,* where they are in ſome places the chief food of the inhabitants: ſo that from thence they might eaſily be fetcht; for I cannot agree with ſome, who imagine, that the hot wind blowing all day and night produced them.

3. Wonderful are the things which Authors report of theſe kind of Armies of *Locuſts,* and of the order and regularity of their marches. *Aldrovandus* and *Fincelius* (as I find them cited) ſay thus, That in the year 852. they were ſeen to fly over twenty miles in *Germany* in a day, in manner of a formed Army, divided into ſeveral ſquadrons, and having their quarters apart when they reſted. That the *Captains,* with ſome few, marcht a days journey before the reſt, to chuſe the moſt opportune places for their *Camp.* That they never removed till Sun-riſing, and juſt then went away in as much order as an *Army* of men could do. That at laſt having done great miſchief whereſoever they paſt; after prayers made to God, they were driven by a violent wind into the *Belgick Ocean,* and there drown'd, but being caſt again by the Sea upon the ſhore, cauſed a great Peſtilence in the Country. Some adde, that they covered an hundred and forty Acres at a time. St. *Hier.* upon *Joel,* ſpeaks thus, When the Armies of Locuſts came lately into theſe parts, and filled all the air, they flew in ſo great order, that ſlates in a pavement cannot be laid more regularly, neither did they ever ſtir one inch out of their ranks and files. There are reckoned thirty ſeveral ſorts of *Locuſts,* ſome in *India* (if we dare believe *Pliny*) three foot long. The ſame Author adds, of *Locuſts* (*Lib.* 11. *cap.* 29.) *That they paſs in troops over great Seas, enduring hunger for many days together in the ſearch of forreign food. They are believed to be brought by the anger of the Gods; for they are ſeen ſometimes very great, and make ſuch a noiſe with their wings in flying, that they might be taken for* Birds. *They overcaſt the Sun, whilſt people ſtand gazing with terrour, leſt they ſhould fall upon their lands——out of* Afrique *chiefly they infeſt* Italy, *and the people are forced to have recourſe to the Sybils Books, to enquire for a remedy. In the Country of* Cyrene, *there is a Law to make war againſt them thrice a year, firſt by breaking their eggs, then by killing the young ones, and laſtly, the old ones, &c.*

4. The *Red-Sea,* which, methinks, I may better be allowed to call *Purple,* than *Homer* and *Virgil* to term any Sea ſo;

Εἰς ἅλα πορφυρέην.

Virg. *In Mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.*

Pliny ſays, *Purpuram irati maris faciem referre.* And *Theophr.* Πορφυροῦται ἡ θάλασσα, ὅταν τὰ κύματα μετεωρίζηται σταδῶν.

13.

1. Chap. v. 21. *Even darkneſs that may be felt.* The *Vulgar, Tam denſæ (tenebræ) ut palpari queant.* Whether this darkneſs was really in the *air,* or only in their *eyes,* which might be blinded for the time: Or whether a ſuſpenſion of *Light* from the act of Illumination in that Country: or whether it were by ſome black, thick, and damp vapour which poſſeſt all the air, it is impoſſible to determine. I fancy that the darkneſs of Hell below, which is called *Utter Darkneſs,* aroſe and overſhadowed the Land; and I am authorized by the *Wiſdom of Solom. Chap.* 17. v. 14. where he calls it a night that came upon them out of the *bottoms of inevitable Hell*; and therefore was the more proper to be (as he ſays after) An *Image* of that darkneſs which ſhould afterwards receive them.

2. That all Fires and Lights went out, is to be plainly collected from the Text; for elſe how could it be truly ſaid, that they could not ſee one another? and is confirmed by the *Wiſdom* of *Solom.* Chap. 17. 5. *No power of the fire might give them light.*

3. See the above-cited, *Chap.* 17.

14.

1. *Midnight,* called alſo by the Latines *Meridies Noctis.*

2. It is very much diſputed what that *Light* was that was created the firſt day. It ſeems to me to be the moſt probable opinion, that it was the *Empyræan heaven,* out of which the Sun, Moon, and Stars were made the fourth day: and therefore before I ſay, that all *Light* ſeemed to be returned to the *Empyræan* or higheſt heaven from whence it came at firſt.

3. Some think that God inflicted this Plague upon the Egyptians immediately *himſelf,* becauſe he ſays, *Chap.* 11. v. 4. *About midnight will I go out into the midſt of Egypt.* And to the

ſame

ſame effect, *Chap.* 12. 12. but it is an ordinary manner of ſpeech to attribute that to *God*, which is done by one of his *Angels*; and that this was an *Angel*, appears out of *Chap.* 12 23. *The Lord will paſs over the door, and will not ſuffer the Deſtroyer to come into your houſes to ſmite you.* From which place, and *Pſalm* 78. *v.* 49 where it is ſaid (of the *Egyptians*) *He caſt upon them the fierceneſs of his anger, wrath, and indignation, and trouble, by ſending evil Angels among them*; Some collect, that God uſed here the miniſtry of an *Evil* or *Evil Angels*; but I cannot believe, that *God* and the *Magicians* had the ſame *Agents*, and that Text of the *Pſalm* is perhaps ill tranſlated. *Jun.* and *Tremel.* underſtand by it *Moſes* and *Aaron*, as *Nuntios Malorum*; and if we interpret it (as others) of *Angels*, it were better rendred in Engliſh, *Deſtroying* or *Puniſhing Angels*, Inflicters of Evil upon them. I attribute this infliction to the *Archangel Michael*; firſt, becauſe it was he (by name) who fought with the *Dragon*, and ſmote him and his *Angels*, *Revel.* 12. 7. Secondly, becauſe in *Daniel* too he is mentioned as an *Angel* of *War*, Chap. 10. *v.* 13. And laſtly, becauſe the very name is ſaid to ſignifie *Percuſſio Dei*. The *Smiting of God*. The *Wiſdom* of *Solomon*, Chap 18. *v.* 14, 15, 16. gives a little hint of the fancy of this *Stanza*: *For whilſt all things were in quiet ſilence, and that the night was in the midſt of her ſwift courſe, Thine Almighty Word, leapt down from heaven out of thy royal Throne, as a fierce man of war into the midſt of a Land of deſtruction: And brought thine unfeigned command as a ſharp ſword, and ſtanding up, filled all things with death, &c.*

15.

1. That this Plague was a *Peſtilence* is the opinion of *Joſephus*, and moſt Interpreters.

2. The Law of conſecrating all *firſt-borns* to God, ſeems *Exod.* the 13. to be grounded upon this ſlaughter of the Egyptian *Firſt-born*. But that was rather the addition of a new cauſe why the Hebrews ſhould exactly obſerve it, than that it was the whole reaſon of it; for even by natural right, the *Firſt-born*, and *Firſt-Fruits* of all things are *Sacred* to God; and therefore anciently, not only among the *Jews*, but alſo other Nations, the *Prieſthood* belonged to the *Eldeſt Sons*.

3. The Name of that *Pharaoh* who was drowned in the *Red-Sea*. There is great confuſion in the ſucceſſion of the *Egyptian Kings*, and divers named by ſome *Chronologers* that are quite omitted by others; as *Amenophis*, whom *Mercator*, and ſome others, will have to be the King drowned in the Red-Sea; but that it was *Cenchres*, is the moſt probable and moſt received opinion.

16.

1. That *Zoan*, or *Tzoan*, was the place where *Moſes* did his miracles, and conſequently the City where *Pharaoh Cenchres* lived, we have the Authority of *Pſalm.* 78. 12. It was likewiſe called *Tanis* (by the *Græcians*) and from it that mouth of the *Nile* near which it ſtood, *Oſtium Taniticum*. So that they are miſtaken, who make *Noph*, or *Moph*, that is, *Memphis*, the place where *Pharaoh* kept his Court, for that was built afterwards, and lies more Southward.

2. The *Adored Heifer*. *Apis*, and *Serapis*, and *Oſyris* (who was *Miſraim*) I conceive to have been the ſame *Deity* among the *Egyptians*, known by other Nations by the names of *Mithra*, *Baal*, *Tamuz*, *Adonis*, *&c.* and ſignifying the *Sun*; the great lamentations for the diſappearing or loſs of *Oſyris*, *Tamuz*, and *Adonis*, and rejoycing for their return, ſignifying nothing but the Elongation by *Winter*, and re-approach of the *Sun* by *Summer*. The Egyptians under *Apis*, or *Oſyris*, did likewiſe worſhip *Nilus*; and their Ἀφανισμὸς and Εὕρεσις ſignified the overflowing of *Nilus*, and return of it to the Channel. Now owing all their ſuſtenance to the *Sun* and *Nilus*, for that reaſon they figured both under the ſhape of an *Ox*; and not, I believe, as *Voſſius*, and ſome other learned men imagine, to repreſent *Joſeph*, who fed them in the time of the Famine: Beſides, the Images of this *Ox* (like that which *Aaron* made for the Children of *Iſrael*, in the imitation of the *Egyptian* Idolatry) they kept a *living one*, and worſhipped it with great reverence, and made infinite lamentations at the death of it, till another was found with the like marks, and then they thought that the old one was only returned from the bottom of *Nilus*, whither they fancied it to retreat at the death or diſappearing,

——Quo ſe gurgite Nili
Condat adoratus trepidis paſtoribus Apis. Stat.

The *Marks* were theſe. It was to be a black *Bull*, with a white ſtreak along the back, a white mark like an Half-moon on his right ſhoulder two hairs only growing on his tail, with a ſquare blaze in his forehead, and a bunch, called *Cantharus*, under his tongue: By what art the *Prieſts* made theſe marks, is hard to gueſs. It is indifferently named *Ox*, *Calf*, or *Heifer*, both by the Hebrews, Greeks, and Latines. So that which *Exodus* terms a *Calf*, *Pſalm.* 106. renders an *Ox*.

3. See *Chap.* 12. 2. From this time the Hebrews had two computations of the beginning of the year; the one *Common*, the other *Sacred*: The *Common* began in *Tiſri*, which anſwers to our *September*, at the *Autumnal Æquinoctial*; and all civil matters were regulated according to this, which was the old account of the year. The *Sacred*, to which all Feſtivals, and all Religious matters had relation, began at the *Vernal Æquinoctial*, and was inſtituted in commemoration of this deliverance.

17.

1. Give a new occaſion for it to be called the *Red-Sea*. Concerning the name of which, the opinions are very different; that which ſeems to me moſt probable is, that it

is denominated from *Idumæa*; and that from *Edom*, or *Esau*, that signifies *Red*; and the *King Erithra*, or *Erythrus*, from whence the *Græcians* derive it was *Esau*, and *Erythræa* his Country, *Idumæa*, both signifying the same thing in *Hebrew* and in *Greek*; but because that opinion of the *Redness* of the shore in some places, has bin most received, and is confirmed even to this day by some Travellers, and sounds most poetically, I allude to it here, whether it be true or not.

18.

1. *Plutarch* de Is. & Osyr. testifies, that χημία was an ancient name of *Egypt*, and that it was called so long after by the most skilful of the *Egyptian Priests*; that is, the Country of *Cham*: As also, the Scripture terms it, *Psalm.* 105. *Et Jacob peregrinus fuit in terra Cham.* From whose son it was afterwards named *Misraim*, and by the *Arabians Mesre* to this day.

2. *Beasts* that were deified by the Egyptians, who chose at first the figures of *Beasts* for the Symbols or Hieroglyphical signs of their Gods, perhaps no otherwise than as the Poets make them of *Constellations*, but in time the worship came even to be terminated in them.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 4 00 71.

Davideis,

A

SACRED POEM

OF THE

TROUBLES

OF

DAVID.

In FOUR BOOKS.

VIRG. GEORG. 2.

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti percuſſus amore,
Accipiant, Cœliq; vias ac Sidera monſtrent.

LONDON:

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1668.

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DAVIDEIS.

The first Book.

1,2 I Sing the *Man* who *Judahs Scepter* bore
In that right hand which held the *Crook* before;
Who from best *Poet*, best of *Kings* did grow;
The two chief *gifts Heav'n* could on *Man* bestow.
Much danger first, much toil did he sustain,
Whilst *Saul* and *Hell* croſt his strong fate in vain.
Nor did his *Crown* less painful work afford;
Less exercise his *Patience*, or his *Sword*;
So long her *Conque'ror Fortunes* spight pursu'd;
Till with unwearied *Virtue* he subdu'd
All homebred Malice, and all forreign boasts;
Their strength was *Armies*, his the *Lord of Hosts*.
Thou, who didst *Davids* royal stem adorn,
Joh. 8.58. And gav'st him *birth* from whom thy self was't *born*.
Who didst in *Triumph* at *Deaths Court* appear,
And slew'st him with thy *Nails*, thy *Cross* and *Spear*,
Whilst *Hells* black *Tyrant* trembled to behold,
The glorious light he forfeited of old,
Who Heav'ns *glad burden* now, and justest pride,
Sit'st high enthron'd next thy great *Fathers* side,
(Where hallowed Flames help to adorn that Head
Which once the *blushing Thorns* environed,
Till crimson drops of precious *blood* hung down
Like *Rubies* to enrich thine *humble Crown*.)
Ev'en *Thou* my breast with such blest rage inspire,
As mov'd the tuneful strings of *Davids Lyre*,
Exod. 13.21. Guid my bold steps with thine old *trav'elling Flame*,
3 In these untrodden paths to *Sacred Fame*;
Lo, with *pure hands* thy heav'enly *Fires* to take,
My well-chang'd *Muse* I a chast *Vestal* make!
From earths vain joys, and loves soft witchcraft free,
I consecrate my *Magdalene* to Thee!

Lo,

Lo, this great work, a *Temple* to thy praiſe,
On poliſht *Pillars* of ſtrong *Verſe* I raiſe!
A *Temple*, where if *Thou* vouchſafe to dwell,
4 It *Solomons*, and *Herods* ſhall excel.
Too long the *Muſes-Land* have *Heathen* bin;
Their *Gods* too long were *Dev'ils*, and *Vertues Sin*;
But *Thou*, *Eternal Word*, haſt call'd forth *Me*
5 Th' *Apoſtle*, to convert that *World* to *Thee*;
T' unbind the charms that in ſlight *Fables* lie,
And teach that *Truth* is *trueſt Poeſie*.
The malice now of jealous *Saul* grew leſs,
O'recome by conſtant *Virtue*, and *Succeſs*;
6 He grew at laſt more weary to *command*
New dangers, than young *David* to withſtand
Or *Conquer* them; he fear'd his maſtring Fate,
And envy'd him a *Kings* unpowerful Hate.
Well did he know how *Palms* by 'oppreſſion ſpeed,
7 *Victorious*, and the *Victors* ſacred Meed!
The *Burden* lifts them *higher*. Well did he know,
How a tame *ſtream* does wild and dangerous grow
By unjuſt force; he now with wanton play,
Kiſſes the ſmiling Banks, and glides away,
But his known Channel ſtopt, begins to roare,
8 And ſwell with rage, and buffet the dull ſhore.
His mutinous waters hurry to the *War*,
And *Troops* of *Waves* come rolling from afar.
Then ſcorns he ſuch weak ſtops to his free ſource,
And overruns the neighboring fields with violent courſe
This knew the *Tyrant*, and this uſeful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought.
He old kind vows to *David* did renew,
Swore conſtancy, and meant his oath for true.
A general joy at this glad news appear'd,
For *David* all men *lov'd*, and *Saul* they *fear'd*.
Angels and *Men* did *Peace*, and *David* love,
But *Hell* did neither *Him*, nor *That* approve;
From mans *agreement* fierce *Alarms* they take;
And *Quiet* here, does there new *Buſineſs* make.
Beneath the ſilent chambers of the earth,
Where the *Suns* fruitful beams give *metals* birth,
Where he the growth of *fatal Gold* does ſee,
Gold which above more *Influence* has than *He*.
9 Beneath the dens where *unfletcht Tempeſts* lye,
And infant *Winds* their tender *Voyces* try,
Beneath the mighty *Oceans* wealthy Caves,
10 Beneath th' eternal *Fountain* of all Waves,
Where their vaſt *Court* the *Mother-waters* keep,
And undiſturb'd by *Moons* in ſilence ſleep,
There is a place deep, wondrous deep below,
Which genuine *Night* and *Horrour* does o'reflow;

No bound controls th' unwearied ſpace, but *Hell*
Endleſs as thoſe dire *pains* that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpſe of the *Suns* lovely face,
Strikes through the *Solid* darkneſs of the place;
No dawning *Morn* does her kind reds diſplay;
One ſlight weak beam would here be thought the *Day*.
No gentle *ſtars* with their fair *Gems* of *Light*
Offend the tyr'anous and unqueſtion'd *Night*.
Here *Lucifer* the mighty *Captive* reigns;
Proud, 'midſt his *Woes*, and *Tyrant* in his *Chains*.
Once *General* of a guilded *Hoſt* of *Sprights*,
Like *Heſper*, leading forth the ſpangled *Nights*.
But down like *Lightning*, which him ſtruck, he came;
And roar'd at his firſt plunge into the *Flame*.
Myriads of *Spirits* fell wounded round him there;
With dropping *Lights* thick ſhone the ſinged *Air*.
Since when the diſmal *Solace* of their wo,
Has only been weak *Mankind* to undo;
Themſelves at firſt againſt *themſelves* they 'excite,
(Their deareſt *Conqueſt*, and moſt proud delight).
And if thoſe *Mines* of ſecret *Treaſon* fail,
With open force mans *Vertue* they aſſail;
Unable to *corrupt*, ſeek to *deſtroy*;
And where their *Poyſons* miſs, the *Sword* employ.
Thus ſought the *Tyrant Fiend* young *David's* fall;
And 'gainſt him arm'd the pow'erful rage of *Saul*.
He ſaw the beauties of his ſhape and face,
1 Sam. 16. 12. His female ſweetneſs, and his manly grace,
He ſaw the nobler wonders of his *Mind*,
Great *Gifts*, which for Great *Works* he knew deſign'd.
1 Sam. 17. He ſaw (t' aſhame the ſtrength of *Man* and *Hell*)
How by's young hands their *Gathite Champion* fell.
He ſaw the reverend *Prophet* boldly ſhed
1 Sam. 16. 13. The *Royal Drops* round his *Enlarged Head*.
Gen. 49. 10. And well he knew what *Legacy* did place,
The ſacred *Scepter* in bleſt *Judah's* race,
From which th' *Eternal Shilo* was to ſpring;
A *Knowledge* which new *Hells* to *Hell* did bring!
And though no leſs he knew himſelf too weak
The ſmalleſt Link of ſtrong-wrought *Fate* to break;
Yet would he rage, and ſtruggle with the *Chain*;
Lov'd to *Rebel* though ſure that 'twas *in vain*.
And now it broke his form'd deſign, to find
The gentle change of *Sauls* recov'ering *Mind*.
He truſted much in *Saul*, and rag'ed, and griev'd
(The great *Deceiver*) to be Himſelf *Deceiv'd*.
Thrice did he knock his Iron teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead rowl.
His eyes dart forth red flames which ſcare the *Night*,
And with worſe *Fires* the trembling *Ghoſts* affright.

A Troop of gaſtly *Fiends* compaſs him round,
And greedily catch at his lips fear'd ſound.
Are we ſuch *Nothings* then (ſaid *He*) Our will
Croſt by a *Shepherds Boy*? and you yet ſtill
Play with your *idle Serpents* here? dares none
Attempt what becomes *Furies*? are ye grown
Benum'd with *Fear*, or *Vertues* ſprightleſs cold,
You, who were once (I'm ſure) ſo *brave* and *bold*?
Oh my ill-chang'd condition! oh my fate!
14 Did I loſe *Heav'en* for this?
With that, with his long tail he laſht his breaſt,
And horribly *ſpoke* out in *Looks* the reſt.
The quaking Pow'ers of Night ſtood in amaze,
And at each other firſt could only gaze.
A dreadful *Silence* fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terrour of *Hells* face;
Rivers of flaming Brimſtone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept ſoftly by the ſhore;
No hiſs of *Snakes*, no clanck of *Chains* was known,
The *Souls* amidſt their *Tortures* durſt not groan.
Envy at laſt crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direful'ſt; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling *Serpents*; her pale skin
Was almoſt dropt from the ſharp bones within,
And at her breaſt ſtuck *Vipers* which did prey
Upon her panting heart, both night and day
Sucking black *bloud* from thence, which to repair
Both night and day they left freſh *poyſons* there.
Her garments were deep ſtain'd in humane gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which ſhe bore
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall, and juice of wormwood ſwim.
With which when ſhe was drunk, ſhe furious grew
And laſht *herſelf*; thus from th' accurſed crew,
Envy, the worſt of *Fiends*, herſelf preſents,
Envy, *good* only when ſhe 'herſelf *torments*.
Spend not, great *King*, thy precious rage (ſaid ſhe)
Upon ſo poor a cauſe; ſhall *Mighty We*
The glory of our wrath to *him* afford?
Are *We* not *Furies* ſtill? and *you* our *Lord*?
At thy dread anger the fixt *World* ſhall ſhake,
And frighted *Nature* her own *Laws* forſake.
Do *Thou* but threat, loud ſtorms ſhall make reply,
And *Thunder* eccho't to the trembling Sky,
Whilſt raging *Seas* ſwell to ſo bold an height,
As ſhall the *Fires* proud *Element* affright.
Th' old drudging *Sun* from his long-beaten way,
Shall at thy *Voice* ſtart, and miſguide the *day*.
The jocond *Orbs* ſhall break their meaſur'd pace,
And ſtubborn *Poles* change their allotted place.

Heav'ens guilded *Troops* ſhall flutter here and there,
Leaving their boaſting Songs tun'd to a *Sphere*;
15 Nay their *God* too——for fear *he* did, when *We*
Took noble *Arms* againſt his *Tyrannie*,
So noble *Arms*, and in a *Cauſe* ſo great,
That *Triumphs* they deſerve for their *Defeat*.
There was a *Day*! oh might I ſee't again
Though he had fiercer *Flames* to thruſt us in!
And can ſuch pow'rs be by a *Child* withſtood?
Will *Slings*, alas, or *Pebles* do him good?
What th 'untam'd *Lyon*, whet with hunger too,
And *Gyants* could not, that my *Word* ſhall do:
I'll ſoon diſſolve this *Peace*; were *Sauls* new *Love*
(But *Saul* we know) great as my *Hate* ſhall prove,
Before *their Sun* twice more be gone about,
I, and my faithful *Snakes* would drive it out.
Gen. 4.8. 16 By Me *Cain* offer'd up his *Brothers* gore,
A *Sacrifice* far worſe than that before;
I ſaw him fling the *ſtone*, as if he meant,
At once his *Murder* and his *Monument*,
And laught to ſee (for 'twas a goodly ſhow)
Ib. v. 2. The *Earth* by her *firſt Tiller* fatned ſo.
Exod. 14. 23. I drove proud *Pharaoh* to the parted *Sea*;
He, and his *Hoſt* drank up cold death by *Me*;
By Me rebellious Arms fierce *Corah* took,
Num. 16.1 And *Moſes* (curſe upon that *Name!*) forſook;
Ib. 31. 17 Hither (ye know) almoſt *alive* he came
Through the cleft *Earth*; Ours was his *Fun'eral Flame*.
By *Me*——but I loſe time, methinks, and ſhould
Perform new acts whilſt I relate the old;
David's the next our fury muſt *enjoy*;
'Tis not thy *God* himſelf ſhall ſave thee, *Boy*;
No, if he do, may the whole *World* have *Peace*;
May all ill *Actions*, all ill *Fortune* ceaſe,
And baniſht from this potent Court below,
May *I* a ragged, contemn'd *Vertue* grow.
She ſpoke; all ſtar'ed at firſt, and made a pauſe;
But ſtrait the general murmur of applauſe
Ran through Deaths Courts; ſhe frown'd ſtill, and begun
To *envy* at the praiſe *herſelf* had won.
18 Great *Belzebub* ſtarts from his burning Throne
To 'embrace the *Fiend*, but ſhe now furious grown
To act her part; thrice bow'd, and thence ſhe fled;
The *Snakes* all hiſt, the *Fiends* all murmured.
It was the time when ſilent night began
T'enchain with *ſleep* the buſie *ſpirits* of Man;
And *Saul* himſelf, though in his troubled breaſt
The weight of *Empire* lay, took gentle reſt:
So did not *Envy*; but with haſte aroſe;
And as through *Iſraels* ſtately Towns ſhe goes,

She frowns and ſhakes her head; ſhine on (ſays ſhe)
Ruines e're long ſhall your ſole *Monuments* be.
The ſilver *Moon* with terrour paler grew,
And neighbring *Hermon* ſweated flowry dew;
Swift *Jordan* ſtarted, and ſtraight backward fled,
Hiding among thick reeds his aged head;
19 Lo, at her entrance *Sauls* ſtrong *Palace* ſhook;
And nimbly there the reverend ſhape ſhe took
Of *Father Benjamin*; ſo long her beard,
So large her limbs, ſo grave her looks appear'd.
20 Juſt like his *ſtatue* which *beſtrid Sauls* gate,
And ſeem'd to *guard* the race it did *create*.
In this known form ſhe approacht the *Tyrants* ſide;
And thus her words the ſacred *Form* bely'd.
Ariſe, loſt *King* of *Iſra'el*; can'ſt thou lie
Dead in *this ſleep*, and yet thy *Laſt* ſo nigh?
If *King* thou be'eſt, if *Jeſſes* race as yit
Sit not on *Iſraels Throne*! and ſhall he ſit?
Did ye for this from fruitful *Egypt* fly?
From the mild *Brickhils nobler ſlavery*?
For this did *Seas* your pow'rful *Rod* obey?
Did *Wonders guid*, and *feed* you on your way?
Could ye not there *great Pharaohs* bondage beare,
You who can ſerve a *Boy*, and *Minſtrel* here?
Forbid it *God*, if thou be'ſt *juſt*; this ſhame
Caſt not on *Sauls*, on *mine*, and *Iſraels Name*.
Why was I elſe from *Canaans Famine* lead? Gen. 43.
Happy, thrice happy had I there been dead
E're my full *Loyns* diſcharg'ed this num'erous race,
This luckleſs, *Tribe* ev'en *Crown'd* to their *Diſgrace*!
Ah *Saul*, thy *Servants Vaſſal* muſt thou live?
Place to his *Harp* muſt thy dread *Scepter* give?
What wants he now but that? can'ſt thou forget
(If thou be'ſt *man* thou can'ſt not) how they met
The *Youth* with Songs? Alas, poor *Monarch*! you 1. Sam. 18. 7.
Your *thouſand* onely, he *ten thouſand* ſlew!
Him *Iſra'el loves*, him neighbring *Countreys fear*;
You but the *Name*, and empty *Title* bear;
And yet the *Traytor* lives, lives in thy *Court*;
The *Court* that muſt *be his*; where he ſhall ſport
Himſelf with all thy *Concubines*, thy *Gold*,
Thy coſtly *robes*, thy *Crown*; Wert thou not told
This by proud *Samuel*, when at *Gilgal* he 1. Sam. 13 13.
With bold falſe threats from *God* affronted Thee?
The *dotard* ly'd; *God* ſaid it not I know;
Not *Baal* or *Moloch* would have us'd thee ſo;
Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
Exact the *royal Lot*, and call it forth?
Haſt thou not ſince (my beſt and greateſt *Sonne*) 1. Sam.
To *Him*, and to his per'iſhing *Nation* done 19. 21.

Such lasting ben'efits as may justly claime
A *Scepter* as eternal as thy *Fame?*
Poor Prince, whom *Madmen*, *Priests*, and *Boys* invade!
By thine *own Flesh* thy ingrateful *Son* betray'd!
Unnat'ural *Fool*, who can thus cheated be
By *Friendships* Name against a *Crown* and *Thee!*
Betray not too thy self; take courage, call
Thy 'enchanted Vertues forth, and be *Whole Saul.*
Lo, this great cause makes thy *dead Fathers* rise,
Breaks the firm *Seals* of their clos'd *Tombs* and *Eyes.*
Nor can their jealous *Ashes*, whilst this *Boy*
Survives, the *Priv'iledge* of their *Graves* enjoy.
Rise quickly *Saul*, and take that *Rebels* breath
Which troubles thus thy *Life*, and ev'en our *Death.*
Kill him, and thou'rt secure; 'tis only *He*
That's boldly interpos'd 'twixt *God* and *Thee*,
As *Earths* low Globe robs the High Moon of *Light*;
When this *Eclypse* is past, thy *Fate's* all bright.
Trust me, dear *Son*, and credit what I tell;
I 'have seen thy royal *Stars*, and know them well.
Hence *Fears* and dull *Delays!* Is not thy *Breast*
(Yes, *Saul* it is) with noble thoughts possest?
May they beget like *Acts.* With that she takes
One of her worst, her best beloved *Snakes*,
Softly, dear *Worm*, soft and unseen (said she)
Into his bosom steal, and in it be
My *Vice-Roy.* At that word she took her flight,
And her loose shape dissolv'd into the *Night.*

The infected *King* leapt from his bed amaz'd,
Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd,
And started back at piec'd up shapes, which fear
And his distracted *Fancy* painted there.
Terror froze up his hair, and on his face
Show'rs of cold sweat roll'd trembling down apace.
Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,
Earth with his feet; He crys, Oh 'tis confest;
I' have been a *pious fool*, a *Woman-King*;
Wrong'd by a *Seer*, a *Boy*, *every thing.*
Eight hundred years of *Death* is not so deep,
So unconcern'd as my *Lethargick sleep.*
My *Patience* ev'en a *Sacriledge* becomes,
Disturbs the *Dead*, and opes their sacred *Tombs.*
Ah *Benjamin*, kind *Father!* who for me
This cursed World endur'st again to see!
All thou hast said, *great Vision*, is so true,
That all which thou command'st, and more I'll do:
Kill him? yes *mighty Ghost* the wretch shall dy,
Though every *Star* in Heav'en should it deny;
Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,
Had he ten times his fam'd *ten thousand* slain.

Should

Should that bold popular *Madman*, whoſe deſign
Is to revenge his *own diſgrace* by *Mine*, 1 Sam.
Should my ingrateful *Son* oppoſe th' intent, 8. 19.
Should mine *own heart* grow ſcrup'ulous and relent.
Curſe me juſt *Heaven* (by which this truth I ſwear)
If I that *Seer*, my *Son*, or *Self* do ſpare.
No gentle *Ghoſt*, return to thy ſtill home;
Thither this day mine, and thy *Foe* ſhall come.
If that curſt object longer vex my ſight,
It muſt have learnt to 'appear as *Thou* to night.
Whilſt thus his wrath with threats the *Tyrant* fed,
The threatned *youth* ſlept fearleſs on his bed;
Sleep on, reſt quiet as thy *Conſcience* take,
For though *Thou* ſleep'ſt thy ſelf, thy *God*'s awake.
24 Above the ſubtle foldings of the Sky,
Above the well-ſet *Orbs* ſoft *Harmony*,
Above thoſe petty *Lamps* that guild the *Night*;
There is a place o'reflown with hallowed *Light*;
Where *Heaven*, as if it left it ſelf behind,
Is ſtretcht out far, nor its own *bounds* can find:
Here *peaceful Flames* ſwell up the ſacred place,
25 Nor can the glory contain it ſelf in th' endleſs ſpace.
For there no twilight of the *Suns* dull ray,
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
No pale-fac'd *Moon* does in ſtoln beams appear,
Or with dim *Taper* ſcatters *darkneſs* there.
On no ſmooth *Sphear* the reſtleſs *ſeaſons* ſlide,
No circling *Motion* doth ſwift *Time* divide;
Nothing is there *To come*, and nothing *Paſt*,
26 But an *Eternal Now* does always laſt.
There ſits th' *Almighty*, *Firſt* of all, and *End*;
Whom nothing but *Himſelf* can comprehend.
Who with his *Word* commanded *All* to *Be*,
And *All* obey'd him, for that *Word* was *He*.
Only he ſpoke, and every thing that *Is*
From out the womb of *fertile Nothing* ris.
Oh who ſhall tell, who ſhall deſcribe thy throne,
Thou Great *Three-One*?
There Thou thy ſelf do'ſt in full preſence ſhow,
Not abſent from theſe meaner *Worlds* below;
No, if thou wert, the *Elements League* would ceaſe,
And all thy *Creatures* break thy *Natures* peace.
The *Sun* would ſtop his courſe, or gallop back,
The *Stars* drop out, the *Poles* themſelves would crack:
Earths ſtrong foundations would be torn in twain,
And this vaſt work all ravel out again
To its firſt *Nothing*; For his *ſpirit* contains
27 The well-knit *Maſs*, from him each Creature gains
Being and *Motion*, which he ſtill beſtows;
From him th' *effect* of our weak *Action* flows.

Round

28 Round him vaſt *Armies* of ſwift *Angels* ſtand,
Which ſeven triumphant Generals command,
They ſing loud anthems of his endleſs praiſe,
And with fixt eyes drink in immortal rayes.
29 Of theſe he call'd out one; all Heav'en did ſhake,
And ſilence kept whilſt its Creator ſpake.
Are we forgotten then ſo ſoon? can He
Look on his *Crown*, and not remember *Me*
That gave it? can he think we did not hear
(Fond Man!) his threats? and have we made the *Ear*
To be accounted *deaf?* No, *Saul*, we heard;
And it will coſt thee dear; the ills thou'ſt fear'd,
Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double ſend;
Have *we* not ſpoke it, and dares *Man* contend!
Alas, poor duſt! didſt thou but know the day
1 Sam. 31. When thou muſt lie in blood at *Gilboa*,
Thou, and thy *Sons*, thou wouldſt not threaten ſtill,
Thy trembling Tongue would ſtop againſt thy will.
Then ſhall thine *Head* fixt in curſt *Temples* be,
And all their *fooliſh Gods* ſhall laugh at Thee.
That hand which now on *Davids* Life would prey,
Shall then turn *juſt*, and its own *Maſter* ſlay;
He whom thou *hat'eſt*, on thy *lov'ed Throne* ſhall ſit,
And expiate the diſgrace thou do'ſt to it.
Haſt then; tell *David* what his *King* has ſworn,
Tell him whoſe blood muſt paint this riſing Morn.
Yet bid him go ſecurely when he ſends;
30 'Tis *Saul* that is his *Foe*, and *we* his *Friends*.
The *Man* who has his *God* no aid can lack,
And *we* who bid him *Go*, will bring him back.
He ſpoke; the *Heavens* ſeem'd decently to bow;
With all their bright *Inhabitants*; and now
The jocond *Sphæres* began again to play,
Again each *Spirit* ſung *Hallelujia*.
Only that *Angel* was ſtrait gon; Ev'en ſo
(But not ſo ſwift) the *morning Glories* flow
At once from the bright *Sun*, and ſtrike the ground;
So winged *Lightning* the ſoft air does wound.
Slow *Time* admires, and knows not what to call
The *Motion*, having no *Account* ſo *ſmall*.
So flew this *Angel*, till to *Davids* bed
He came, and thus his ſacred Meſſage ſaid,
31 Awake, young *Man*, hear what thy *King* has ſworn;
He ſwore thy blood ſhould paint this riſing Morn.
Yet to him go ſecurely when he ſends;
'Tis *Saul* that is your *Foe*, and *God* your *Friends*.
The *Man* who has his *God*, no aid can lack;
And he who bids thee *Go*, will bring thee back.
Up leapt *Jeſſides*, and did round him ſtare;
But could ſee nought; for nought was left but air,

Whilſt

Whilſt this great *Viſion* labours in his thought,
Lo, the *ſhort Propheſie* t'effect is brought.
In treacherous haſt he's ſent for to the King,
And with him bid his charmful *Lyre* to bring. 1 Sam. 18.10. & 19. 9.
The King, they ſay, lies raging in a Fit,
Which does no cure but ſacred tunes admit;
32 And true it was, ſoft *muſick* did appeaſe 1 Sam. 16. 23.
Th'obſcure fantaſtick rage of *Sauls* diſeaſe.
33 Tell me, oh *Muſe* (for *Thou*, or none canſt tell
The myſtick pow'ers that in bleſt *Numbers* dwell,
Thou their great *Nature* know'ſt, nor is it fit
This nobleſt *Gem* of thine own *Crown* t'omit)
Tell me from whence theſe heav'nly charms ariſe;
Teach the dull world *t'admire* what they *deſpiſe*,
As firſt a various unform'd *Hint* we find
Riſe in ſome god-like *Poets* fertile *Mind*,
Till all the parts and words their places take,
And with juſt marches *verſe* and *muſick* make;
34 Such was *Gods Poem*, this *Worlds* new *Eſſay*;
So wild and rude in its firſt draught it lay;
Th' ungovern'd parts no *Correſpondence* knew,
An artleſs *war* from thwarting *Motions* grew;
Till they to *Number* and fixt Rules were brought
By the *eternal Minds Poetique Thought*.
35 *Water* and *Air* he for the *Tenor* choſe,
Earth made the *Baſe*, the *Treble Flame* aroſe,
36 To th'active *Moon* a quick briſk ſtroke he gave,
To *Saturns ſtring* a touch more ſoft and grave.
The *motions Strait*, and *Round*, and *Swift*, and *Slow*,
And *Short*, and *Long*, were mixt and woven ſo,
Did in ſuch artful *Figures* ſmoothly fall,
As made this decent meaſur'd *Dance* of *All*.
And this is *Muſick*; *Sounds* that charm our ears,
Are but one *Dreſſing* that rich *Science* wears.
Though no man hear't, though no man it reherſe,
Yet will there ſtill be *Muſick* in my *Verſe*.
In this *Great World* ſo much of it we ſee;
37 The *Leſſer*, *Man*, is all o're *Harmonie*.
Storehouſe of all *Proportions*! *ſingle Quire*!
Which firſt *Gods Breath* did tunefully inſpire!
From hence bleſt *Muſicks* heav'enly charms ariſe,
From *ſympathy* which *Them* and *Man* allies.
Thus they our *ſouls*, thus they our *Bodies* win,
Not by their *Force*, but *Party* that's within.
38 Thus the ſtrange *Cure* on our ſpilt *Blood* apply'd,
Sympathy to the diſtant *Wound* does guid.
39 Thus when two *Brethren ſtrings* are ſet alike,
To *move* them *both*, but *one* of them we *ſtrike*,
Thus *Davids Lyre* did *Sauls* wild rage controul.
40 And tun'd the harſh diſorders of his *Soul*.

When

Pſal. 114. 41 When *Iſrael* was from bondage led,
Led by th' *Almighty's* hand
From out a forreign land,
The great *Sea* beheld, and fled.
As men purſu'd, when that fear paſt they find,
Stop on ſome higher ground to look behind,
So whilſt through wondrous ways
The ſacred *Army* went,
The *Waves* afar ſtood up to gaze,
And their own *Rocks* did repreſent,
Solid as *Waters* are above the *Firmament*.

Old *Jordans* waters to their *ſpring*
Start back with ſudden *fright*;
The *ſpring* amaz'd at ſight,
Asks what *News* from *Sea* they bring.
The *Mountains* ſhook; and to the *Mountains* ſide,
The little *Hills* leapt round themſelves to hide;
As young affrighted *Lambs*
When they ought dreadful ſpy,
Run trembling to their helpleſs *Dams*;
The mighty *Sea* and *River* by,
Were glad for their *excuſe* to ſee the *Hills* to fly.

What ail'd the mighty *Sea* to flee?
Or why did *Jordans* tyde
Back to his Fountain glide?
Jordans Tyde, what ailed Thee?
Why leapt the *Hills*? why did the *Mountains* ſhake?
What ail'd them their fixt *Natures* to forſake?
Fly where thou wilt, O *Sea*!
And *Jordans* Current ceaſe;
Jordan there is no need of thee,
For at *Gods* word, when e're he pleaſe,
Exod. 17. 6. Num. 20. 11. The *Rocks* ſhall weep new *Waters* forth inſtead of theſe.

Thus ſung the great *Muſician* to his Lyre;
And *Sauls* black rage grew ſoftly to retire;
But *Envys Serpent* ſtill with him remain'd,
Pſ. 58. 5. 42 And the wiſe *Charmers* healthful voice diſdain'd.
Th' unthankful *King* cur'd truly of his fit,
Seems to lie drown'd and buryed ſtill in it.
From his paſt madneſs draws this wicked uſe,
To ſin diſguis'd, and *murder* with *excuſe*:
For whilſt the fearleſs youth his cure purſues,
And the ſoft *Medicine* with kind art renews;
1 Sam. 18. 11. & 19. 10. The barb'arous *Patient* caſts at him his *ſpear*,
(The uſual *Scepter* that rough hand did bear)

Caſts

Casts it with violent strength, but into th'roome
An *Arm* more strong and sure then his was come;
An *Angel* whose unseen and easie might
Put by the *weapon*, and *misled* it *right*.
How vain Mans pow'er is! unless God command,
The *weapon* disobeys his *Masters* hand!
Happy was now the error of the blow;
At *Gilboa* it will not serve him so.
One would have thought, *Sauls* sudden rage t'have seen,
He had himself by *David* wounded been.
He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
And thought his *Honor* now engag'ed i'th' *Sin*.
A bloody Troop of his own Guards he sends
(*Slaves* to his *Will*, and falsly call'ed his *Friends*)
To mend his *error* by a surer blow,
So *Saul* ordain'ed, but *God* ordain'ed not so.
Home flies the *Prince*, and to his trembling *Wife*
Relates the new-past hazard of his life,
Which she with *decent passion* hears him tell;
For not her own fair *Eyes* she lov'ed so well.
43 Upon their *Palace* top beneath a row
Of *Lemon Trees*, which there did proudly grow,
And with bright stores of golden fruit repay
The *Light* they drank from the *Suns* neighb'ring ray,
(A small, but artful *Paradise*) they walk'd;
And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.
Here *Michol* first an armed Troop espies
(So faithful and so quick are *loving Eyes*)
Which marcht, and often glister'd through a wood,
That on right hand of her fair *Palace* stood;
She saw them; and cry'd out; They're come to kill 1 Sam. 19. 11.
My dearest *Lord*; *Sauls* spear pursues thee still.
Behold his wicked *Guards*; Haste quickly, fly,
For heavens sake haste; My dear *Lord*, do not dy.
Ah cruel *Father*, whose ill-natur'ed rage
Neither thy *Worth*, nor *Marriage* can asswage!
Will he part those he joyn'd so late before?
Were the two-hundred Foreskins worth no more? 1 Sam. 18. 27
He shall not part us; (Then she wept between)
At yonder Window thou mayst scape unseen;
This hand shall let thee down; stay not, but hast;
'Tis not my *Use* to send thee hence so fast.
Best of all women, he replies—and this
Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a Kiss;
Throw not away (said she) thy precious breath,
Thou stay'st too long within the *reach* of *death*.
Timely he'obeys her wise advice, and streit
44 To unjust Force she'opposes just deceit.
She meets the Murd'erers with a *vertuous Ly*, 1 Sam. 19. 13.
And good dissembling Tears; May he not *dy*

1 Sam. 19. 14.

In quiet then? (ſaid ſhe) will they not give
That freedom who ſo fear leſt he ſhould *Live*?
Even fate does with your cruelty conſpire,
And ſpares your *guilt*, yet does what you *deſire*.
Muſt he not *live*? for that ye need not *ſin*;
My much-wrong'd *Husband* ſpeechleſs lies within,
And has too little left of vital breath
To know his *Murderers*, or to feel his *Death*.
One *hour* will do your work——
Here her well-govern'd Tears dropt down apace;
Beauty and *Sorrow* mingled in one face
Has ſuch reſiſtleſs charms that they believe,
And an *unwilling aptneſs* find to *grieve*
At what they *came* for; A pale *Statues* head
In linnen wrapt appear'd on *Davids* bed;
Two ſervants mournful ſtand and ſilent by,
And on the table med'cinal reliques ly;
In the cloſe room a well-plac'ed Tapers light,
Adds a becoming horror to the ſight.
And for th' *Impreſſion God* prepar'ed their *Sence*;
They ſaw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.
How vain attempts *Sauls* unbleſt anger tryes,
By his own *hands* deceiv'd, and ſervants *Eyes*!
It cannot be (ſaid he) no, can it? ſhall
Our great *ten thouſand Slayer* idly fall?
The ſilly rout thinks *God* protects him ſtill;
But *God*, alas, guards not the *bad* from *ill*.
Oh may he guard him! may his members be
In as full ſtrength, and well-ſet harmonie
As the freſh body of the firſt made Man
E're *Sin*, or Sins juſt meed, *Diſeaſe* began.
He will be elſe too *ſmall* for our *vaſt Hate*;
And we muſt *ſhare* in our revenge with *fate*.
No; let us have him *Whole*; we elſe may ſeem
To'have ſnatcht away but ſome few days from him,
And *cut* that *Thread* which would have *dropt* in two;
Will our great anger learn to ſtoop ſo low?
I know it cannot, will not; him we prize
Of our juſt wrath the ſolemn *Sacrifice*,
That muſt not *blemiſht* be; let him remain
Secure, and *grow up* to our *ſtroke* again.
'Twill be ſome pleaſure then to take his breath,
When he ſhall *ſtrive*, and *wreſtle* with his *death*;
Go, let him live——And yet——ſhall I then ſtay
So long? good and great actions hate delay.
Some fooliſh piety perhaps, or He
That has been ſtill mine *honors Enemie*,
Samuel may change or croſs my juſt intent,
And I this *Formal Pity* ſoon repent.
Beſides *Fate* gives him me, and whiſpers this,

That

That he can fly no more, if we ſhould miſs;
Miſs? can we miſs again; go bring him ſtrait,
Though gaſping out his Soul; if the wiſht date
Of his accurſed life be almoſt paſt, 1 Sam. 19. 15.
Some *Joy* 'twill be to *ſee* him breath his laſt.
The *Troop* return'd, of their *ſhort Virtue*' aſham'ed,
Sauls courage prais'd, and their own weakneſs blam'ed,
But when the *pious fraud* they underſtood,
Scarce the reſpect due to *Sauls* ſacred blood,
Due to the ſacred *beauty* in it reign'ed,
From *Michols* murder their wild rage reſtrain'ed.
She'alleag'ed the holieſt chains that bind a *wife*,
Duty and *Love*; ſhe alleag'ed that her own Life, 1 Sam. 19. 17.
Had ſhe refus'ed that ſafety to her Lord,
Would have incurr'd juſt danger from his ſword.
Now was *Sauls* wrath full grown; he takes no reſt;
A violent *Flame* rolls in his troubled breſt,
And in fierce *Lightning* from his *Eye* do's break;
Not his own *fav'orites*, and beſt friends dare ſpeak,
Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,
Fear where this *Cloud* will burſt, and *Thunder* fall.
So when the *pride* and *terrour* of the *Wood*,
A *Lyon* prickt with rage and want of food,
Eſpies out from afar ſome well-fed beaſt,
And bruſtles up preparing for his feaſt;
If that by ſwiftneſs ſcape his gaping jaws;
His bloody eyes he hurls round, his ſharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Laſhing his angry tail, and roaring out.
Beaſts creep into their dens, and *tremble there*;
Trees, though no *wind* ſtirring, ſhake with feare;
Silence and *horror* fill the place around.
Eccho it ſelf dares ſcarce repeat the ſound.
46 Midſt a large *Wood* that joyns fair *Ramahs* Town 1 Sam. 19. 19.
(The neighbourhood fair *Rama*'s chief renown)
47 A *College* ſtands, where at great *Prophets feet*
The *Prophets Sons* with ſilent dili'gence meet,
By *Samuel* built, and mod'erately endow'ed,
Yet more to his lib'ral *Tongue* then *Hands* they ow'ed:
There himſelf *taught*, and his bleſt voice to heare,
Teachers themſelves lay proud *beneath* him there.
The *Houſe* was a large *Square*; but plain and low;
Wiſe *Natures* uſe *Art* ſtrove not to outgo.
An inward Square by well-rang'd Trees was made;
And midſt the friendly cover of their ſhade,
A pure, well-taſted, wholſome *Fountain* roſe;
Which no vain coſt of *Marble* did encloſe;
Nor through carv'd *ſhapes* did the forc'ed waters paſs,
Shapes gazing on themſelves i'th' *liquid glaſs*.
Yet the chaſte ſtream that 'mong looſe peebles fell

48 For *Cleanneſs*, *Thirſt*, *Religion* ſerv'd as well.
49 The *Schollars*, *Doctors* and *Companions* here,
Lodg'ed all apart in neat ſmall chambers were:
Well-furniſht Chambers, for in each there ſtood,
50 A narrow *Couch*, *Table* and *Chair* of wood;
More is but clog where *uſe* does bound *delight*;
And thoſe are rich whoſe *Wealth's* proportion'ed right
To their *Lifes Form*; more *goods* would but becom
A *Burden* to them, and contract their *room*.
A ſecond *Court* more ſacred ſtood behind,
Built fairer, and to nobler uſe deſign'd:
The *Hall* and *Schools* one ſide of it poſſeſt;
The *Library* and *Synagogue* the reſt.
Tables of plain-cut Firre adorn'ed the Hall;
51 And with beaſts skins the *beds* were cov'red all.
52 The reverend *Doctors* take their ſeats on high,
Th' *Elect Companions* in their boſoms ly.
The *Schollars* far below upon the ground,
On freſh-ſtrew'd ruſhes place themſelves around.
With more reſpect the *wiſe* and *ancient* lay;
But eat not choicer *Herbs* or *Bread* then they,
Nor purer *Waters* drank, their conſtant feaſt;
But by great days, and *Sacrifice* encreaſt.
The *Schools* built round and higher, at the end
With their fair circle did this ſide extend;
To which their *Synagogue* on th'other ſide,
And to the *Hall* their *Library* replide.
The midſt tow'ards their large *Gardens* open lay,
To'admit the joys of *Spring* and *early day*.
I'th' *Library* a few choice *Authors* ſtood;
Yet 'twas well-ſtor'ed, for that ſmall ſtore was *good*;
Writing, Mans *Spir'itual Phyſick* was not then
It ſelf, as now, grown a *Diſeaſe* of Men.
Learning (*young Virgin*) but few *Suitors* knew;
The common *Proſtitute* ſhe lately grew,
And with her *ſpurious brood* loads now the Preſs;
Laborious effects of *Idleneſs*!
Here all the various forms one might behold
How *Letters* ſav'ed themſelves from *Death* of old;
53 Some painfully engrav'ed in thin wrought *plates*,
Some cut in *wood*, ſome lightlier trac'ed on *ſlates*;
54 Some drawn on fair *Palm leaves*, with ſhort-live'd toyl,
Had not their *friend* the *Cedar* lent his *Oyl*.
55 Some wrought in *Silks*, ſome writ in tender *barks*;
Some the ſharp *Stile* in waxen *Tables* marks;
56 Some in beaſts *skins*, and ſome in *Biblos reed*;
Both new rude arts, with age and growth did need.
The *Schools* were painted well with uſeful skill;
Stars, *Maps*, and *Stories* the learn'd wall did fill.
Wiſe wholeſome *Proverbs* mixt around the roome,

57 Some writ, and in *Egyptian Figures* ſome.
Here all the nobleſt *Wits* of men inſpir'ed,
From earths ſlight joys, and worthleſs toils retir'ed,
Whom *Samuels Fame* and *Bounty* thither lead,
Each day by turns their ſolid knowledge read.
58 The courſe and power of *Stars* great *Nathan* thought,
And home to man thoſe *diſtant Wonders* brought,
How toward both *Poles* the *Suns* fixt journey bends,
And how the *Tear* his *crooked walk* attends.
By what juſt ſteps the *wandring Lights* advance,
And what eternal meaſures guid their *dance*.
Himſelf a *Prophet*; but his *Lectures* ſhew'ed
How little of that *Art* to *them* he ow'ed.
Mahol th'inferior worlds fantaſtick face,
Though all the turns of *Matters Maze* did trace,
Great *Natures* well-ſet *Clock* in pieces took;
On all the *Springs* and ſmalleſt *Wheels* did look
Of *Life* and *Motion*; and with equal art
Made up again the *Whole* of ev'ry *Part*.
The *Prophet Gad* in *learned Duſt* deſignes
Th'immortal ſolid rules of ſanci'ed *Lines*.
Of *Numbers* too th' *unnumbred wealth* he ſhowes,
And with them far their *endleſs journey* goes.
59 *Numbers* which ſtill encreaſe more high and wide
From *One*, the *root* of their *turn'd Pyramide*.
Of *Men*, and *Ages* paſt *Beraiah* read;
Embalm'd in long-liv'd *Hiſtory* the *Dead*.
Show'd the *ſteep falls*, and ſlow *aſcent of States*;
What *Wiſdom* and what *Follies* make their *Fates*.
Samuel himſelf did *Gods* rich *Law* diſplay;
Taught doubting men with *Judgment* to *obay*.
And oft his raviſht *Soul* with ſudden flight
Soar'd above *preſent Times*, and humane ſight.
Theſe *Arts* but welcome *ſtrangers* might appear,
Muſick and *Verſe* ſeem'd *born* and *bred* up here;
Scarce the bleſt *Heav'en* that rings with *Angels* voyce,
Does with more conſtant *Harmony* rejoyce.
The ſacred *Muſe* does here each breſt inſpire;
Heman, and ſweet-mouth'd *Aſaph* rule their *Quire*:
Both charming *Poets*, and all ſtrains they plaid,
By artful *Breath*, or nimble *Fingers* made.
The *Synagogue* was dreſt with care and coſt,
(The onely place where that they eſteem'd *not loſt*)
The glittering roof with gold did daze the view,
60 The ſides refreſh't with ſilks of *ſacred blew*.
Here thrice each day they read their perfect *Law*,
Thrice pray'ers from willing *Heav'en* a bleſſing draw;
Thrice in glad *Hymns* ſwell'd with the *Great Ones* praiſe,
61 The plyant *Voice* on her ſev'en ſteps they raiſe,
Whilſt all th' *enlivened Inſtruments* around

To

To the juſt feet with various concord ſound;
Such things were *Muſes* then, contemn'd low earth;
Decently proud, and mindful of their *birth*.
'Twas *God* himſelf that here tun'ed every Toung;
And gratefully of him alone they ſung.
62 They ſung how *God ſpoke out* the worlds vaſt ball;
From *Nothing*, and from *No where* call'd forth *All*.
No *Nature* yet, or *place* for't to poſſeſs,
But an unbottom'ed *Gulf* of *Emptineſs*.
Full of *Himſelf*, th' *Almighty* ſat, his own
63 *Palace*, and without *Solitude Alone*.
But he was *Goodneſs* whole, and all things will'd;
Which ere they *were*, his *active word* fulfill'd;
And their aſtoniſht heads o'th' ſudden rear'ed;
An unſhap'ed kind of *Something* firſt appear'ed,
Confeſſing its new *Being*, and undreſt
As if it ſtept in haſt before the reſt.
Yet buried in this *Matters* darkſome womb,
Lay the rich *Seeds* of ev'ery thing to com.
From hence the chearful *Flame* leapt up ſo high;
Cloſe at its heels the nimble *Air* did fly;
Dull *Earth* with his own weight did downwards pierce
To the fixt *Navel* of the *Univerſe*,
And was quite loſt in *waters*: till God ſaid
To the proud *Sea*, ſhrink in your inſolent head,
See how the gaping *Earth* has made you place;
That durſt not murmure, but ſhrunk in apace.
Since when his bounds are ſet, at which in vain
He foams, and rages, and turns back again.
With richer ſtuff he bad *Heav'ens* fabrick ſhine,
And from him a quick ſpring of *Light divine*
Swell'd up the *Sun*, from whence his cher'iſhing flame
Fills the whole world, like *Him* from whom it came.
He ſmooth'd the rough-caſt *Moons* imperfect mold,
And comb'ed her beamy locks with ſacred gold;
Be thou (ſaid he) *Queen* of the mournful night,
And as he ſpoke, ſhe aroſe clad o're in *Light*,
With thouſand *ſtars* attending on her train;
With her they riſe, with her they ſet again.
Then *Herbs* peep'ed forth, new *Trees* admiring ſtood,
And ſmelling *Flow'ers* painted the infant wood.
Then flocks of *Birds* through the glad ayr did flee,
Joyful, and ſafe before *Mans Luxurie*,
Teaching their *Maker* in their untaught lays:
Nay the *mute Fiſh* witneſs no leſs his praiſe.
For thoſe he made, and cloath'd with ſilver ſcales;
From *Minoes* to thoſe *living Iſlands*, *Whales*.
Beaſts too were his command: what could he more?
Yes, *Man* he could, the *bond* of all before;
In him he all things with ſtrange order hurl'd;

In him, that *full Abridgment* of the *World.*
This, and much more of *Gods* great works they told;
His *mercies*, and ſome *judgments* too of old:
How when all earth was deeply ſtain'd in ſin;
With an impetuous noyſe the waves came ruſhing in.
Where *birds* e're while dwelt, and ſecurely ſung;
There *Fiſh* (an unknown *Net*) entangled hung.
The face of *ſhipwrackt Nature* naked lay;
The *Sun* peep'd forth, and beheld nought but *Sea.*
This men forgot, and burnt in luſt again;
Till ſhow'rs, ſtrange as their Sin, of *fiery rain*,
And ſcalding brimſtone, dropt on *Sodoms* head;
Alive they felt thoſe *Flames* they fry in *Dead.*
No better end raſh *Pharaohs* pride befel
When *wind* and *Sea* wag'ed war for *Iſrael.*
In his gilt chariots amaz'ed *fiſhes* ſat,
And grew with corps of wretched *Princes* fat.
The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies ſtain;
Nor was it ſince call'd the *Red-ſea* in vain.
Much too they told of faithful *Abrams* fame,
64 To whoſe bleſt paſſage they owe ſtill their *Name*:
Of *Moſes* much, and the great ſeed of *Nun*;
What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won.
How many *Kings* they ſlew or *Captive* brought;
They held the *Swords*, but *God* and *Angels* fought.
Thus gain'd they the wiſe ſpending of their days;
And their whole *Life* was their dear *Makers* praiſe.
No minutes reſt, no ſwifteſt thought they ſold
To that beloved *Plague* of *Mankind*, *Gold.*
Gold for which all mankind with greater pains
Labour towards *Hell*, then thoſe who dig its veins.
Their *wealth* was the *Contempt* of it; which more
They valu'd then rich fools the ſhining *Ore.*
The *Silk-worm's* pretious death they ſcorn'd to wear,
And *Tyrian Dy* appear'd but ſordid there.
Honor, which ſince the price of *Souls* became,
Seem'd to theſe *great ones* a low idle *Name.*
Inſtead of *Down*, hard beds they choſe to have,
Such as might bid them not forget their *Grave.*
Their *Board* diſpeopled no full *Element*,
Free *Natures* bounty thriftily they ſpent
And ſpar'ed the *Stock*; nor could their bodies ſay
We owe this *Crudeneſs* t'Exceſs yeſterday.
Thus *Souls* live *cleanly*, and no ſoiling fear,
But entertain their welcome *Maker there.*
The *Senſes* perform nimbly what they're bid,
And *honeſtly*, nor are by *Reaſon* chid.
And when the Down of *ſleep* does ſoftly fall,
65 Their *Dreams* are heavenly then, and myſtical.
With haſty wings *Time preſent* they outfly,

And

And tread the doubtful *Maze* of *Deſtiny*.
There walk and ſport among the *years to come*;
And with quick *Eye* pierce ev'ery *Cauſes womb*.
Thus theſe wiſe *Saints* enjoy'd their *Little All*;
Free from the ſpight of *much-miſtaken Saul*:
For if mans Life we in juſt ballance weigh,
David deſerv'd his *Envy* leſs then *They*.
Of this retreat the hunted *Prince* makes choice,
Adds to their *Quire* his nobler *Lyre* and *Voyce*.
But long unknown even here he could not lye;
So bright his *Luſtre*, ſo quick *Envies* Eye!
1 Sam. 19. 20. Th'offended Troop, whom he eſcap'ed before,
Purſue him here, and fear miſtakes no more;
Belov'ed revenge freſh rage to them affords;
Some part of him all *promiſe* to their *Swords*.
They came, but a new ſpirit their hearts poſſeſt,
Scatt'ring a ſacred calm through every breſt:
The furrows of their brow, ſo rough erewhile,
Sink down into the dimples of a *Smile*.
Their cooler veins ſwell with a peaceful tide,
And the chaſte ſtreams with even current glide.
A ſudden *day* breaks gently through their eyes,
And *Morning-bluſhes* in their cheeks ariſe.
The thoughts of war, of blood, and murther ceaſe;
In peaceful tunes they adore the *God* of *Peace*.
Ib. v. 21 New Meſſengers twice more the *Tyrant* ſent,
And was twice more mockt with the ſame event.
His heightned rage no longer brooks delay;
Ib. v. 23. It ſends him there himſelf; but on the way
His *fooliſh Anger* a *wiſe Fury* grew,
And *Bleſſings* from his mouth *unbidden* flew.
His Kingly robes he laid at *Naioth* down,
Began to *underſtand* and *ſcorn* his *Crown*;
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things;
And felt more *ſolid joys* then *Empire* brings.
Embrac'ed his wondring *Son*, and on his head
The *balm* of all paſt *wounds*, kind *Tears* he ſhed.
Num. 22: So cov'etous *Balam* with a fond intent
Of *curſing* the *bleſt Seed*, to *Moab* went.
But as he went his *fatal tongue* to ſell;
Ib. v. 28. His *Aſs* taught him *to ſpeak*, *God* to *ſpeak well*.
Num. 24. 5 How comely are thy *Tents*, oh *Iſrael!*
(Thus he began) what conqueſts they foretel!
Leſs fair are *Orchards* in their *autumn* pride,
Adorn'd with *Trees* on ſome fair *Rivers* ſide.
Leſs fair are *Valleys* their green mantles ſpread!
Or *Mountains* with tall *Cedars* on their head!
'Twas *God* himſelf (thy *God* who muſt not fear?)
Brought thee from *Bondage* to be *Maſter* here.

Slaughter

Slaughter ſhall wear out theſe; new *Weapons* get;
And *Death* in triumph on thy darts ſhall ſit.
When *Judahs Lyon* ſtarts up to his prey,
The *Beaſts* ſhall hang their ears, and creep away.
When he lies down, the *Woods* ſhall ſilence keep,
And dreadful *Tygers* tremble at his *ſleep*.
Thy *Curſers*, *Jacob*, ſhall twice *curſed* be;
And he ſhall bleſs *himſelf* that bleſſes *Thee*.

NOTES
UPON THE
FIRST BOOK

1 THE cuſtom of beginning all *Poems*, with a *Propoſition* of the whole work, and an *Invocation* of ſome God for his aſſiſtance to go through with it, is ſo ſolemnly and religiouſly obſerved by all the ancient *Poets*, that though I could have found out a better way, I ſhould not (I think) have ventured upon it. But there can be, I believe, none better; and that part, of the *Invocation*, if it became a *Heathen*, is no leſs Neceſſary for a *Chriſtian Poet*. *A Jove principium, Muſæ*; and it follows then very naturally, *Jovis omnia plena*. The whole work may reaſonably hope to be filled with a *Divine Spirit*, when it begins with a *Prayer* to be ſo. The *Grecians* built this *Portal* with leſs ſtate, and made but one part of theſe *Two*; in which, and almoſt all things elſe, I prefer the judgment of the *Latins*; though generally they abuſed the Prayer, by converting it from the *Deity*, to the worſt of *Men*, their *Princes*: as *Lucan* addreſſes it to *Nero*, and *Statius* to *Domitian*; both imitating therein (but not equalling) *Virgil*, who in his *Georgicks* chuſes *Auguſtus* for the *Object* of his *Invocation*, a *God* little ſuperior to the other two.

2 I call it *Judah*'s, rather than *Iſrael*'s *Scepter* (though in the notion of diſtinct *Kingdoms*, *Iſrael* was very much the greater) Firſt, becauſe *David* himſelf was of that Tribe. Secondly, becauſe he was firſt made King of *Judah*, and this Poem was deſigned no farther than to bring him to his *Inauguration* at *Hebron*. Thirdly, becauſe the Monarchy of *Judah* laſted longer, not only in his Race, but out-laſted all the ſeveral Races of the Kings of *Iſrael*. And laſtly, and chiefly, becauſe our *Saviour* deſcended from him in that *Tribe*, which makes it infinitely more conſiderable than all the reſt.

3 I hope this kind of boaſt (which I have been taught by almoſt all the old *Poets*) will not ſeem immodeſt; for though ſome in other Languages have attempted the writing a *Divine Poem*; yet none, that I know of, has in Engliſh: So *Virgil* ſays in the 3. of his *Georgicks*,

Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor, juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
Castalian molli divertitur orbita clivo.

Because none in *Latin* had written of that subject. So *Horace*,

Libera, per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,
Non aliena meo pressi pede. ——

And before them both *Lucretius*,

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius antè
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes
Atq; haurire ——

And so *Nemesianus*,

——*Ducitq; per avia, quà sola nunquam*
Trita rotis ——

Though there he does wrong to *Gratius*, who treated of the same Argument before him. And so *Oppian*, 1. *Ven.*

Ἔρρετο, καὶ τραχεῖαν ὑπεύδιον ἄλετο νῆα
Τὴν μετόπιν πνοιὴ πέλε τῆς ἐπάλυνεν ἀοιδῆς.

My own allusion here is to the passage of the *Israelites* through the *Wilderness*, in which they were guided by a *Pillar* of *Flame*.

4 Though there have been three *Temples* at *Jerusalem*, the first built by *Solomon*, the second by *Zorobabel*, and the third by *Herod* (for it appears by *Josephus* that *Herod* pluckt down the old *Temple*, and built a new one) yet I mention only the first and last, which were very much superiour to that of *Zorobabel* in riches and magnificence, though that was forty six years a building, whereas *Herods* was but eight, and *Solomons* seven; of all three the last was the most stately; and in that, and not *Zorobabels* Temple, was fulfilled the Prophesie of *Hagai*, that the glory of the last House should be greater than of the first.

5 To be made an *Apostle* for the conversion of *Poetry* to *Christianity*, as S. *Paul* was for the conversion of the *Gentiles*; which was done not only by the *Word*, as *Christ* was the Eternal *Word* of his *Father*; but by his becoming a *Particular Word* or *Call* to him. This is more fully explained in the Latin Translation.

6 It was the same case with *Hercules*; and therefore I am not afraid to apply to this subject that which *Seneca* makes *Juno* speak of him in *Hercul. Fur.*

Superat, & crescit malis,
Irâq; nostrâ fruitur, in laudes suas
Mea vertit odia, dum nimis sæva impero.
Patrem probavi; gloriæ feci locum.

And a little after,

Minorq; labor est Herculi jussa exequi,
Quàm mihi jubere ——

7 In the publique *Games* of *Greece*, *Palm* was made the sign and reward of *Victory*, because it is the nature of that *Tree* to resist, overcome, and thrive the better for all pressures,

——*Palmaq; nobilis*
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos. Hor. Od. 1.

From whence *Palma* is taken frequently by the *Poets*, and *Orators* too, for the *Victory* it self. And the Greek *Grammarians* say, that νίκην (to overcome) is derived from the same sense, παρὰ τὸ μὴ εἴκειν, *à non cedendo.*

8 *Shore* is properly spoken of the *Sea*, and *Banks* of *Rivers*: and the same difference is between *Littus* and *Ripa*; but yet *Littus* is frequently taken among the best *Latin Authors* for *Ripa*, as I do here *Shore* for *Bank*; *Virgil*

Littora quæ dulces auras diffunditis agris,

Speaking of *Minëius.*

9 That the *Matter* of *winds* is an *Exhalation* arising out of the concavities of the Earth, is the opinion of *Aristotle*, and almost all *Philosophers* since him, except some few who follow *Hippocrates* his doctrine, who defined the wind to be *Air in Motion*, or flux. In those concavities, when the *Exhalations* (which *Seneca* calls *Subterranean Clouds*) overcharge the place, the moist ones turn into water, and the dry ones into *Winds*; and these are the secret *Treasuries*, out of which God is in the Scripture said to bring them. This was also meant by the *Poets*, who feigned that they were kept by *Æolus*, imprisoned in deep caves,

——Hic vasto Rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos tempestatesq; sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis & carcere frænat.

Upon which methinks, *Seneca* is too critical, when he says, *Non intellexit, nec id quod clausum est, esse adhuc ventum, nec id quod ventus est, posse claudi; nam quod in clauso est, quiescit, & aeris statio est, omnis in fugâ ventus est*: For though it get not yet out, it is wind as soon as it stirs within, and attempts to do so. However, my Epithete of *unfletcht Tempests* might pass with him; for as soon as the *wings* are grown, it either flies away, or in case of extream resistance (if it be very strong) causes an *Earthquake*. *Juvenal Sat.* 5. expresses very well the *South wind*, in one of these dens.

——Dum se continet Auster,
Dum sedet, & siccat madidas in carcere pennas.

10 To give a probable reason of the perpetual supply of waters to *Fountains* and *Rivers*, it is necessary to establish an *Abyss* or deep gulph of waters, into which the *Sea* discharges it self, as Rivers do into the Sea; all which maintain a perpetual *Circulation* of water, like that of *Blood* in mans body: For to refer the original of all *Fountains* to condensation, and afterwards dissolution of vapors under the earth, is one of the most unphilosophical opinions in all *Aristotle*. And this *Abyss* of waters is very agreeable to the *Scriptures*. *Jacob* blesses *Joseph* with the Blessings of the Heavens above, and with the Blessings of the Deep beneath; that is, with the dew and rain of Heaven, and with the Fountains and Rivers that arise from the Deep; and *Esdras* conformably to this, asks, What habitations are in the heart of the Sea, and what veins in the root of the *Abyss*? So at the end of the *Deluge*, *Moses* says, that God stopt the windows of Heaven, and the fountains of the *Abyss*.

And undisturb'd by Moons in silence sleep. For I suppose the *Moon*

to be the principal, if not sole cause of the *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the Sea, but to have no effect upon the waters that are beneath the Sea it self.

11 This must be taken in a Poetical sense; for else, making *Hell* to be in the *Center* of the Earth, it is far from infinitely large, or deep; yet, on my conscience, where e're it be, it is not so strait, as that *Crowding* and sweating should be one of the *Torments* of it, as is pleasantly fancied by *Bellarmin. Lessius* in his Book *de Morib. Divinis*, as if he had been there to *survey* it, determines the *Diameter* to be just a *Dutch mile*. But *Ribera*, upon (and out of the *Apocalypse*) allows *Pluto* a little more elbow-room, and extends it to 1600 furlongs, that is 200 Italian miles. *Virgil* (as good a Divine for this matter as either of them) says it is twice as deep as the distance betwixt Heaven and Earth:

Bis patet in præceps tantum tenditq; sub umbras
Quantus ad æthereum cœli suspectus Olympum.

Hesiod is more moderate:

Τόσσον ὕπερθ' ὑπὸ γῆς ὅσον οὐρανός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαίης.

Statius puts it very low, but is not so punctual in the distance: He finds out an *Hell* beneath the vulgar one,

Indespecta tenet vobis qui Tartara, quorum
Vos estis superi——

Which sure *Æschylus* meant too by what he calls Τάρταρος ὑπερδυσώδης ἄβυσσος, the *Scripture* terms it *Utter Darkness*, Σκότος ἐξώτερον, & Ζόφον σκότους.

12 There are two opinions concerning *Samuels* annointing of *David*: one (which is *Josephus's*) that he did it privately, and that it was kept as a secret from *Davids Father* and *Brethren*; the other, that it was done before them, which I rather follow; and therefore we use the word *Boldly*: nay, I believe, that most of the people, and *Jonathan*, and *Saul* himself knew it, for so it seems by *Sauls* great jealousie of his being appointed to succeed him; and *Jonathan* avows his knowledge of it to *David* himself; and therefore makes a *Covenant* with him, that he should use his family kindly when he came to be *King*. Anointing did properly belong to the *Inauguration of High Priests*; and was applyed to *Kings* (and likewise even to *Prophets*) as they were a kind of extraordinary *High Priests*, and did often exercise the duties of their Function, which makes me believe that *Saul* was so severely reproved and punished; not so much for offering Sacrifice (as an usurpation of the *Priests* Office) as for his infidelity in not staying longer for *Samuel*, as he was appointed by *Samuel*; that is, by *God* himself. But there is a Tradition out of the *Rabbins*, that the manner of anointing *Priests* and *Kings* was different; as, that the *Oyl* was poured in a *Cross* (*decussatim*, like the figure of Ten X) upon the *Priests* heads, and Round in fashion of a *Crown* upon their *Kings*; which I follow here, because it sounds more poetically (*The royal drops round his enlarged head*) not that I have any faith in the authority of those *Authors*.

13 The *Propheste* of *Jacob* at his death concerning all his Sons, *Gen.* 49. v. 10. The *Scepter* shall not depart from *Judah*, nor the *Lawgiver* from between his feet, till *Shilo* come, and to him shall belong

belong the assembling of Nations. All *Interpreters* agree, that by *Shilo* is meant the *Messias*; but almost all translate it differently. The *Septuagint*, *Donec veniant*, τὰ ἀποκείμενα αὐτῷ, *quæ reposita sunt ei*. *Tertullian*, and some other Fathers, *Donec veniat cui repositum est*. The vulgar *Edition*, *Qui mittendus est*; some of the Rabbies, *Filius ejus*; others, *Filius mulieris*; others, *Rex Messias*; others, *Sospitator*, or *Tranquillator*; ours, and the French Translation retain the word *Shilo*, which I choose to follow.

14 Though none of the *English Poets*, nor indeed of the ancient *Latin*, have imitated *Virgil* in leaving sometimes half-verses (where the sense seems to invite a man to that liberty) yet his authority alone is sufficient, especially in a thing that looks so naturally and gracefully: and I am far from their opinion, who think that *Virgil* himself intended to have filled up those broken *Hemestiques*: There are some places in him, which I dare almost swear have been made up since his death by the putid officiousness of some *Grammarians*; as that of *Dido*,

——*Moriamur inultæ?*
Sed moriamur, ait.——

Here I am confident *Virgil* broke off; and indeed what could be more proper for the passion she was then in, then to conclude abruptly with that resolution? nothing could there be well added; but if there were a necessity of it, yet that which follows, is of all things that could have been thought on, the most improper, and the most false,

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras;

Which is contrary to her sense; for to have dyed revenged, would have been

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Shall we dye (says she) *unrevenged*? That's all that can make death unpleasant to us: but however it is necessary to dye. I remember, when I made once this exception to a friend of mine, he could not tell how to answer it, but by correcting the Print, and putting a note of *Interrogation* after the first *Sic*.

Sic? sic juvat ire sub umbras:

Which does indeed a little mend the sense; but then the expression (to make an *Interrogation* of *Sic* alone) is lame, and not like the *Latin* of *Virgil*, or of that age: But of this enough. Though the *Ancients* did not (as I said) imitate *Virgil* in the use of these broken verses; yet that they approved it, appears by *Ovid*, who (as *Seneca* reports in the 16. *Controversie*) upon these two verses of *Varro*,

Desierant latrare canes, urbesq; silebant,
Omnia noctis erant placidâ composta quiete,

Said they would have been much better, if the latter part of the second verse had been left out; and that it had ended,

Omnia noctis erant----

Which it is pity that *Ovid* saw not in some of his own verses, as most remarkably in that,

Omnia pontes erant, deërant quoq; littora ponto,
All things was *Sea*, nor had the *Sea* a *Shore*.

Where

Where he might have ended excellently with

Omnia pontus erat——

But the addition is superfluous, even to ridiculousness.

15 An *Aposiopæsis*, like *Virgils*

Quos ego-----*Sed motos præstat componere fluctus.*

This would ill befit the mouth of any thing but a *Fury*; but it were improper for a *Devil* to make a whole speech without some lies in it; such are those precedent exaltations of the *Devils* power, which are most of them false, but not *All*, for that were too much even for a *Fury*; nor are her boasts more false, than her threatnings vain, where she says afterwards, *'Tis not thy God himself*----yet *Seneca* ventures to make a man say as much in *Her. Fur.*

Amplectere aras, nullus eripiet Deus
Te mihi-----

16 *Cain* was the first and greatest example of *Envy* in this world; who slew his *Brother*, because his Sacrifice was more acceptable to God than his own; at which the *Scripture* says, *He was sorely angred, and his countenance cast down.* It is hard to guess what it was in *Cains Sacrifice* that displeased God; the *Septuagint* make it to be a defect in the *Quality*, or *Quantity* of the *Offering*, ἐὰν, ἐὰν ὀρθῶς προσενέγκῃς, ὀρθῶς δὲ μὴ διέλῃς, ἥμαρτες; If thou hast offered right, but not rightly divided, hast thou not sinned? but this Translation, neither the Vulgar Edition, nor ours, nor almost any follows. We must therefore be content to be ignorant of the cause, since it hath pleased God not to declare it; neither is it declared in what manner he slew his Brother: And therefore I had the Liberty to chuse that which I thought most probable; which is, that he knockt him on the head with some great stone, which was one of the first ordinary and most natural weapons of Anger. That this stone was big enough to be the *Monument* or *Tombstone* of *Abel*, is not so Hyperbolical, as what *Virgil* says in the same kind of *Turnus*,

——*Saxum circumspicit ingens,*
Saxum antiquum ingens, campo qui fortè jacebat
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret agris,
Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus,
Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hostem:

Which he takes from *Homer*, but addes to the *Hyperbole*,

Ὁ δ' ἑ λύσ' ἄνδρε φέρεσιν,
Οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν, ὁ δ' μιν ῥέα πάλλε μόνος. Il. 21.

Ovid is no less bold, *Metamorph.* 12.

Codice qui misso quem vix juga bina moverent
Juncta, Pholoeniden à summo vertice fregit.

17 Though the *Jews* used to bury, and not to Burn the Dead, yet it is very probable that some Nations, even so anciently, practised Burning of them, and that is enough to make it allowable for the *Fury* here to allude to that custom: which if we believe *Statius*,

was

was received even among the *Græcians* before the *Theban War.*

18 *Belzebub.* That one evil *Spirit* presided over the others, was not only the received opinion of the Ancients, both *Jews* and *Gentiles*; but appears out of the *Scriptures*, where he is called, *Prince of this world*, John 12. 31. *Prince of this age*, Corinth. 11. 6. *Prince of the power of the Air*, Ephes. 11. 2. *Prince of Devils*, Mat. 12. 24. by the expres name of *Belzebub*; which is the reason why I use it here. *Porphyrius* says his name is *Serapis*, Μήποτε ἄτοί εἰσιν ὧν ἀρχὴ ὁ Σάραπις, ἢ τῶτον Σύμβολον ὁ τετράγωνος κύων, ὅτ' ἐστιν ὁ ἐν τοῖς τετραστοιχείοις, ὕδατι, γῇ, ἀέρι πονηρὸς δαίμων. According to which *Statius* calls him *Triplicis mundi summum*; but names him not: for he addes, *Quem scire nefastum est.* This is the *Spirit* to whom the two Verses, cited by the same *Porphyry* addres themselves,

Δαῖμον ἀλιλεονίων ψυχῶν διάδημα λελόγχως
Ἠεείων ὑπένερθε μυχῶν, χθονίων τ' ἐφύπερθεν.

O thou *Spirit* that hast the command of guilty *souls*, beneath the vaults of the Air, and above those of the Earth; which I should rather read χθονίων τ' ὑπένερθε; And beneath the Vaults of the Earth too.

Now for the name of *Belzebub*, it signifies the *Lord* of *Flies*; which some think to be a name of *scorn* given by the *Jews* to this great *Jupiter* of the *Syrians*, whom they called Βιελσάμην, *id est*, Δία ἐφέσιον, because the Sacrifices in his *Temple* were infested with multitudes of *Flies*, which by a peculiar priviledge, notwithstanding the daily great number of Sacrifices, never came (for such is the *Tradition*) into the *Temple* at *Jerusalem.* But others believe it was no mock-name, but a *Surname* of *Baal*, as he was worshipt at *Ekron*, either from bringing or driving away *swarms* of *Flies*, with which the Eastern Countrys were often molested; and their reason is, because *Ahaziah* in the time of his sickness (when it is likely he would not railly with the *God* from whom he hoped for relief) sends to him under the name of *Belzebub.*

19 That even insensible things are affected with horrour at the presence of *Devils*, is a frequent exaggeration of stories of that kind; and could not well be omitted at the appearance of *Poetical Spirits*,

Tartaream intendit vocem, quà protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, & sylvæ intonuere profundæ,
Audiit & Triviæ longè lacus, &c. —— Virg. Æneid. 7.

And *Seneca* nearer to my purpose in *Thyestes*: *Sensit introitus tuos Domus, & nefando tota contactu horruit*——*Jam tuum mœstæ pedem Terræ gravantur, Cernis ut fontes liquor Introrsus actus liquat, ut regio vacent, &c.* And after, *Imo mugit è fundo solum, Tonat dies serenus ac totis domus ut fracta tectis crepuit, & moti Lares vertere vultum.* When *Statius* makes the Ghost of *Laius* to come to *Eteocles* to encourage him to the war with his *Brother*, I cannot understand why he makes him assume the shape of *Tiresias*, *Longævi vatis opacos Induitur vultus,*

vultus, vocémq; & vellera, since at his going away he discovers him to be *Laius,*

——*Ramos, ac vellera fronti*
Diripuit confessus avum——

Neither do I more approve in this point of *Virgils* method, who in the 7. *Æneid,* brings *Alecto* to *Turnus* at first in the shape of a *Priestess,*

Fit Calybe Junonis anus;——

But at her leaving of him; makes her take upon her, her own figure of a *Fury,* and so speak to him; which might have been done, methinks, as well at first, or indeed better not done at all; for no person is so improper to perswade man to any undertaking, as the *Devil* without a disguise: which is the reason why I make him here both come in, and go out too in the likeness of *Benjamin,* who as the first and chief of *Sauls* Progenitors, might the most probably seem concern'd for his welfare, and the easilliest be believed and obeyed.

20 I fancy here that the *statue* of *Benjamin* stood in manner of a *Colossus* over *Sauls Gate;* for which perhaps I shall have some *Criticks* fall severely upon me; it being the common opinion, that the use of all *statues,* nay, even pictures, or other representations of things to the sight, was forbidden the *Jews.* I know very well, that in latter ages, when they were most rigid in observing of the *Letter* of the *Law* (which they began to be about the time when they should have left it) even the *civil use* of *Images* was not allowed, as now among the *Mahumetans.* But I believe that at first it was otherwise: And first, the words of the *Decalogue* forbid the making of *Images,* not absolutely, but with relation to the end of *bowing down, or worshipping them;* and if the *Commandment* had implyed more, it would bind us *Christians* as well as the *Jews,* for it is a *Moral one.* Secondly, we have several examples in the *Bible,* which shew that *statues* were in use among the *Hebrews,* nay, appointed by *God* to be so, as those of the *Cherubins,* and divers other *Figures,* for the ornament of the *Tabernacle* and *Temple;* as that likewise of the *Brazen Serpent,* and the *Lyons* upon *Solomons Throne,* and the *statue* of *David,* placed by *Michol* in his Bed, to deceive the Souldiers who came to murder him; of which more particularly hereafter. *Vasques* says, that such *Images* only were unlawful, as were *Erectæ aut constitutæ modo accomodato adorationi,* made, erected, or constituted in a *Manner* proper for *Adoration;* which *Modus accommodatus adorationis,* he defines to be, when the *Image* is made or erected *Per se,* for its own sake, and not as an *Appendix* or addition for the ornament of some other thing; as for example, *Statues* are *Idols,* when *Temples* are made for *them;* when they are only made for *Temples,* they are but *Civil Ornaments.*

21 *Enchanted Vertues.* That is, whose operation is stopt, as it were, by some Enchantment. Like that *Fascination* called by the *French, Novement d'esguillette,* which hinders the natural faculty of Generation.

22 So *Homer,* Ἀχαιδες, οὐκ' Ἀχαιοι.
And *Virg.* *O verè Phrygiæ, neq; enim Phryges!*

23 The number of years from *Benjamin* to *Sauls* reign; not exactly: but this is the next *whole number*, and *Poetry* will not admit of *broken ones*: and indeed, though it were in prose, in so passionate a speech it were not natural to be punctual.

24 In this, and some like places, I would not have the Reader judge of my opinion by what I say; no more than before in divers expressions about *Hell*, the *Devil*, and *Envy*. It is enough that the Doctrine of the *Orbs*, and the *Musick* made by their motion had been received very anciently, and probably came from the *Eastern* parts; for *Pythagoras* (who first brought this into *Greece*) learnt there most of his *Philosophy*. And to speak according to common opinion, though it be false, is so far from being a fault in Poetry, that it is the custom even of the Scripture to do so; and that not only in the Poetical pieces of it; as where it attributes the *members* and *passions* of mankind to *Devils*, *Angels*, and *God* himself; where it calls the *Sun* and *Moon* the two *Great Lights*, whereas the latter is in truth one of the smallest; but is spoken of, as it *seems*, not as it *Is*, and in too many other places to be collected here. *Seneca* upon *Virgils* Verse,

Tarda venit seris factura nepotibus umbram,

Says in his 86. *Epistle*, That the Tree will easily grow up to give shade to the *Planter*: but that *Virgil* did not look upon, what might be spoken most *Truly*, but what most *gracefully*; and aimed more at *Delighting* his *Readers*, than at *instructing Husbandmen*: Infinite are the examples of this kind among the *Poets*; one there is, that all have from their *Master Homer*; 'tis in the description of a *Tempest* (a common place that they all ambitiously labour in) where they make all the four winds blow at once, to be sure to have enough to swell up their Verse,

Una Eurúsq; Notúsq; ruunt, creberq; procellis
Africus——— And *Statius*,
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus.

And so all the rest. Of this kind I take those Verses to be of *Statius* to *Sleep* in his fifth *Sylva*, which are much commended, even by *Scaliger* himself,

———*Jacet omne pecus, volucresq; feræque,*
Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.

Hitherto there is no scruple; for he says only, *The bowing Mountains seem to nod.* He addes,

Nec trucibus fluviis idem sævus, occidit horror
Æquoris, & terris maria inclinata quiescunt;

Which is false, but so well said, that it were ill changed for the *Truth*.

25 I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of *Readers*, that it is not by *negligence* that this verse is so loose, long, and as it were, *Vast*; it is to paint in the number the nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers other places of this *Poem*, that else will pass for very careless verses: as before, *And over-runs the neighb'ring fields with violent course.* In the second Book, *Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all*---and,

And

And fell adown his shoulders with loose care. In the 3. *Brass was his Helmet, his Boots Brass, and ore his breast a thick Plate of strong Brass he wore.* In the 4. *Like some fair Pine ore-looking all th' ignobler Wood*; and, *Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong*; and many more: but it is enough to instance in a few. The thing is, that the disposition of words and numbers should be such, as that out of the order and sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the *Greeks* were not so accurate as to bind themselves to; neither have our *English Poets* observed it, for ought I can find. The *Latins* (*qui Musas colunt severiores*) sometimes did it, and their *Prince*, *Virgil*, always. In whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious men, so that it is superfluous to collect them.

26 *Eternity* is defined by *Boet.* Lib. 5. *de Consolat. Interminabilis vitæ tota simul & perfecta possessio.* The whole and perfect possession, ever all at once, of a Being without beginning or ending. Which *Definition* is followed by *Tho. Aquin.* and all the *Schoolmen*; who therefore call *Eternity Nunc stans*, a *standing Now*, to distinguish it from that *Now*, which is a difference of *time*, and is alwaies *in Fluxu.*

27 *Seneca*, methinks, in his 58. *Epist.* expresses this more divinely than any of the *Divines*: *Manent enim cuncta, non quia æterna sunt, sed quia defenduntur curâ regentis, Immortalia tutore non egent, hæc conservat Artifex, fragilitatem materiæ vi suâ vincens.* And the *Schoolmen* all agree (except, I think, *Durandus*) that an immediate *concourse* of *God* is required as well now for the *Conservation*, as at first it was necessary for the *Creation* of the world, and that the nature of things is not left to it self to produce any action, without a concurrent act of God; which when he was pleased to omit, or suspend, the fire could not burn the three young men in the red-hot Furnace.

28 The Book of *Tobias* speaks of *Seven Angels* superior to all the rest; and this has been constantly believed according to the Letter, by the ancient *Jews* and *Christians*. *Clem. Alexand. Stromat.* 6. Ἑπτὰ τὰς ἐν μεγίστῃ δυνάμει ἔχοντας πρωτογόνους ἀγγέλους. The *Seven* that have the greatest power, the *First-born Angels*, *Tob.* 12. 15. I am *Raphael*, one of the *Seven holy Angels*, which present the Prayers of the Saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy one; and this *Daniel* may very well be thought to mean, when he says, *Chap.* 10. 13. *Lo Michael one of the chief Princes came to help me.* That some *Angels* were under the command of others, may be collected out of *Zechar.* 2. 3. where one *Angel* commands another; *Run, speak to this young man, &c.* and out of *Rev.* 12. 7. where *Michael* and his *Angels*, fought with the *Dragon* and his *Angels*. The number of just *seven* supream *Angels*, *Grotius* conceived to be drawn from the *seven chief Princes* of the *Persian Empire*; but I doubt whether the *seven* there were so ancient as this *Tradition*. Three names of these *seven* the *Scripture* affords, *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*; but for the other four, *Oriphiel*, *Zachariel*, *Samael*, and *Anael*, let the Authours

of them answer, as likewise for their presiding over the *Seven Planets*.

The Verses attributed to *Orpheus* have an expression very like this of the *Angels*.

Τῶνδε θεὸν πυθέσθαι παρεστάειν πολύμοχθοι
Ἄγγελοι, οἵσι μέμηλε βροτοῖς ὃς πάντα τελεῖται.

So *Gabriel* is called *Luke* 1. 19. ὁ παρεστηκὼς ἐνώπιον τοῦ θεοῦ. He that *stands* before the face of *God*. And *Daniel* had his vision interpreted by one, τῶν ἑστώτων, of the *standers* before *God*.

The *Poets* are so civil to *Jupiter*, as to say no less when he either
29 *Spoke*, or so much as *Nodded*. Hom.

—— Μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

Virgil. *Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.*

Stat. ——*Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu.*

30 *Friends* in the plural, as an intimation of the *Trinity*; for which cause he uses sometimes *We*, and sometimes *I*, and *Me*.

31 I do not like *Homers* repeating of long Messages just in the same words: but here I thought it necessary, the Message coming from *God*, from whose words no creature ought to vary, and being delivered by an *Angel*, who was capable of doing it punctually. To have made him say a long, eloquent, or figurative speech, like that before of *Envy* to *Saul*, would have pleased perhaps some *Readers*, but would have been a crime against τὸ πρέπον, that is, *Decency*.

32 That *Timotheus* by *Musick* enflamed and appeased *Alexander* to what degrees he pleased, that a Musician in *Denmark* by the same art enraged King *Ericius*, even to the striking of all his friends about him; that *Pythagoras* taught by the same means a woman to stop the fury of a young man, who came to set her House on fire; that his Scholar *Empedocles* hindred another from murdering his Father, when the Sword was drawn for that purpose; that the fierceness of *Achilles* his nature was allayed by playing on the Harp (for which cause *Homer* gives him nothing else out of the Spoils of *Eëtion*) that *Damon* by it reduced wild and drunken Youths; and *Asclepiades*, even seditious multitudes to Temper and Reason; that the *Corybantes* and effeminate Priests of *Cybele*, could be animated by it to cut their own flesh (with many more examples of the like kind) is well known to all men conversant among Authors. Neither is it so wonderful, that sudden passions should be raised or suppresst (for which cause *Pindar* says to his *Harp*, Τὸν αἰχμᾶν κεραυνὸν σβεννύεις. *Thou quenchest the raging Thunder.*) But that it should cure settled Diseases in the Body, we should hardly believe, if we had not both Humane and Divine Testimony for it. *Plin. Lib.* 28. *cap.* 1. *Dixit Homerus profluvium sanguinis vulnerato femine*

femine Ulyssem inhibuisse carmine, Theophrastus Ischiadicos sanari, Cato prodidit luxatis membris carmen auxiliari. Mar. Varro Podagris; Where *Carmen* is to be understood as joined with *musical* notes. For the cure of the *Sciatick*, *Theophrastus* commends the *Phrygian Musick* upon the *Pipe*, and *A. Gell.* for giving ease to it, *Ut memoriæ proditum est*, as it is (says he) reported. *Apollon.* in his Book *de Miris* speaks thus. It is worthy admiration, that which *Theophrastus* writes in his Treatise of *Enthysiasm*, that *Musick* cures many passions and diseases, both of the Mind and Body, Καθάπερ λιποθυμίας, φόβου, καὶ τὰς ἀπὸ μανίας, γιγνομένας τῆς διανοίας ἐκστάσεις. ἰᾶται γὰρ φησὶν ἡ κατάνυξις καὶ Ἰσχιάδα καὶ Ἐπιληψίαν. And the same Author witnesses, that many in his time, especially the *Thebans*, used the *Pipe* for the cure of several sicknesses, which *Galen* calls κηλεῖν τὸν τόπον, *Super locum affectum tibiâ canere*; or, *Loca dolentia decantare*. So *Zenocrates* is said to have cured Mad men, *Terpander* and *Arion* divers other Maladies. But if it were not for this example of *David*, we should hardly be convinced of this *Physick*, unless it be in the particular cure of the *Tarantism*, the experiments of which are too notorious to be denyed or eluded, and afford a probable argument that other Diseases might naturally be expelled so too, but that we have either lost, or not found out yet the Art. For the explication of the reason of these cures, the Magicians fly to their *Colcodea*; the *Platoniques*, to their *Anima Mundi*; the *Rabbies* to Fables and Prodigies not worth the repeating. *Baptista Porta* in his *Natural Magick*, seems to attribute it to the *Magical Power of the Instrument*, rather than of the *Musick*; for he says, that *Madness* is to be cured by the harmony of a *Pipe* made of *Hellebore*, because the *Juice* of that Plant is held good for that purpose; and the *Sciatique* by a *Musical Instrument* made of *Poplar*, because of the virtue of the *Oyl* of that Tree to mitigate those kind of pains. But these, and many *Sympathetical* experiments are so false, that I wonder at the negligence or impudence of the *Relators*. *Picus Mirand.* says, That *Musick* moves the *Spirits* to act upon the *Soul*, as Medicines do to operate upon the *Body*, and that it cures the *body* by the *Soul*, as *Physick* does the *Soul* by the *Body*. I conceive the true natural reason to be, that in the same manner as *Musical* sounds move the outward air, so that does the *Inward*, and that the *Spirits*, and they the *Humours* (which are the seat of *Diseases*) by *Condensation*, *Rarefaction*, *Dissipation*, or *Expulsion* of *Vapours*, and by Vertue of that *Sympathy* of *Proportion*, which I express afterwards in Verse. For the producing of the effect desired, *Athan. Kercherus* requires four conditions: 1. *Harmony*. 2. *Number* and *Proportion*. 3. *Efficacious* and pathetical *words* joined with the *Harmony* (which (by the way) were fully and distinctly understood in the *Musick* of the *Ancients*.) And 4. An adapting of all these to the Constitution, Disposition, and Inclinations of the *Patient*. Of which, and all things on this subject, he is well worth the diligent reading, *Liber de Arte magnâ Consoni & Dissoni*.

Scaliger

33 *Scaliger* in his *Hypercrit.* blames *Claudian* for his excursion concerning the burning of *Ætna*, and for enquiring the cause of it in his own person. If he had brought in, says he, any other person making the relation, I should endure it. I think he is too *Hypercritical* upon so short a *Digression*; however, I chuse here upon this new occasion, by the by to make a new short *Invocation* of the *Muse*, and that which follows, *As first a various unform'ed*, is to be understood as from the person of the *Muse*: For this second *Invocation* upon a particular matter, I have the authority of *Homer* and *Virgil*; which nevertheless I should have omitted, had the digression been upon any subject but *Musick*. *Hom. Il.* 2.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι.
Ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαί ἐστε, πάρεστέ τε, ἴστέ τε πάντα.
Ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἷον ἀκούομεν, οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν.

And *Virgil* twice in the same Book (Æn. 7.)

Nunc age qui Reges, Erato——
Tu Vatem tu Diva mone, &c.——

And a little after,

Pandite nunc Helicona Deæ, cantúsq; ciete——
Et meministis enim Divæ, & memorare potestis,
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur auras.

34 I have seen an excellent saying of S. *Augustines*, cited to this purpose, *Ordinem sæculorum tanquam pulcherrimum Carmen ex quibusdam quasi antithetis honestavit Deus*——*sicut contraria contrariis opposita sermonis pulchritudinem reddunt, ità quâdam non verborum sed rerum eloquentiâ contrariorum oppositione sæculi pulchritudo componitur.* And the *Scripture* witnesses, that the World was made in *Number*, *Weight*, and *Measure*; which are all qualities of a good *Poem*. This order and proportion of things is the true *Musick* of the world, and not that which *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Tully*, *Macrob.* and many of the *Fathers* imagined, to arise audibly from the circumvolution of the *Heavens*. This is their *musical* and loud voice, of which *David* speaks, *Psalm* 19. *The Heavens declare the glory of the Lord*——*There is no Speech nor Language where their voice is not heard. Their sound is gone out through all the Earth, and their words to the end of the world*——Or as our Translation nearer the *Hebrew* (they say) renders it, Their *Line* is gone out, *Linea, vel amussis eorum*: To shew the exactness of their proportion.

Even this distinction of sounds in the art of Musick, is thought
35 by some to have been invented from the consideration of the elementary qualities: In imitation of which, *Orpheus* is said to have formed an Harp with four strings, and set them to different Tunes: The first to *Hypate*, to answer to the *Fire*. The second to *Parhypate*, for the *Water*. The third to *Paranete*, for the *Air*. And the fourth to *Nete*, for the *Earth*.

36 Because the *Moon* is but 28 days, and *Saturn* above 29 years in finishing his course.

37 There is so much to be said of this subject, that the best way is to say nothing of it. See at large *Kercherus* in his 10. Book *de Arte Consoni & Dissoni*.

The

38 The *Weapon-Salve.*

39 The common Experiment of *Sympathy* in two *Unisons*, which is most easily perceived by laying a straw upon one of the strings, which will presently move upon touching the other.

40 Here may seem to want connexion between this verse and the *Psalm.* It is an *Elleipsis*, or leaving something to be understood by the *Reader*; to wit, *That* David *sung to his Harp, before* Saul, *the ensuing Psalm.* Of this kind is that in *Virgil*,

Jungimus hospitio dextras, & tecta subimus.
Templa Dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto.
Da propriam Thymbræe domum, &c.——

Where is understood *Et venerans dixi*, or some such words, which methinks, are more gracefully omitted, than they could have been supplyed by any care. Though *Scaliger* be of another mind in the 4. Book of *Poesie*, where he says, that there are some places in *Virgil*, where the sense is discontinued & interrupted by the leaving out of some verses, through the overmuch severity of his judgment (*morosissimo judicio*) with an intent of putting in better in their place; and he instances in these, where for my part I should be sorry that *Virgil* himself had filled up the gap. The like *Elleipsis* is in his 5. Book, upon the death of *Palinurus*,

Multa gemens casuq; animum percussus amici,
O nimium cœlo & pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ.

And such is that in *Statius*, 2 *Theb.*

——*Ni tu Tritonia Virgo*
Consilio dignata virum.---Sate gente superbi
Oeneas, absentes cui dudum vincere Thebas
Annuimus----

And why do I instance in these, since the examples are so frequent in all Poets?

41 For this liberty of inserting an *Ode* into an *Heroick Poem*, I have no authority or example; and therefore like men who venture upon a new coast, I must run the hazard of it. We must sometimes be bold to innovate,

Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græca
Ausi deserere---Hor.

42 Psal. 58. 5. *They are like the deaf Adder, that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of the Charmer, charm he never so wisely.* So Jerem. 8. 17. *Behold I will send Serpents, Cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed: Serpentes Regulos quibus non est Incantatio*: which Texts are ill produced by the *Magick-mongers* for a proof of the power of *Charms*: For the first is plainly against them, *Adder* being there taken for *Serpent* in general, not for one *Species* of *Serpents*, which alone had a quality of resisting *Incantations*: And the other is no more than if the Prophet should have said, Though you practise *Magick Arts*, like other Nations; and think like them, that you can *charm* the very *Serpents*, yet you shall find with all your *Magick*, no remedy against those which I shall send among you; for nothing in all the whole humane, or diabolical

lical Illusion of *Magick* was so much boasted of as the power of Spells upon *Serpents*, they being the creatures most *antipathetical* and terrible to humane nature.

Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis. Virg.
Vipereas rumpo verbis & carmine fauces. Ovid.
Inq; pruinoso coluber distenditur arvo,
Viperei coëunt abrupto corpore nodi,
Humanoq; cadit Serpens afflata veneno. Lucan.

43 Nothing is more notorious (for it was accounted one of the *wonders* of the *World*) then the κῆπος or παράδεισος κρεμαστὸς, rendred by the *Latines*, *Hortus pensilis* at *Babylon*, which was planted on the top of prodigious buildings, made for that purpose, fifty Cubits high, foursquare, and each side containing four Acres of ground. It was planted with all sorts of Trees, even the greatest, and adorned with many Banquetting-Houses. The particular description see in *Diodor. Sicul. l.* 11. and out of him in *Qu. Curt. l.* 5. It was built, they say, by a *Syrian King* (to wit, *Nabu-chodonosar*, for so *Josephus*, *l.* 10. and *Suidas* expresly say) in favour of a *Persian Wife* of his, who as *Q. Curt.* speaks, *Desiderio nemorum sylvarumq; in campestribus locis virum compulit naturæ genium amœnitate hujus operis imitari.* And *D. Chrysostome* mentions another of the like kind at *Susæ*, in his *Sermon* of *Riches*, Οὐδ' ἂν γένοιτο ποτὲ ἀνδρωποι τοιοῦτοι οἷοι Σολόμωνος ἀνδῶνες ἢ ἀρχῆς, οὐδ' ἂν ἡ ἐν Σούσοις παράδεισον τοιοῦτον ἐπιδείξαιτο, ὃς ἦν, ὡς φασι, μιλίων ἓξ ἄναξ. These were miracles of their kind; but the use of Gardens made upon the top of Palaces, was very frequent among the ancients, *Seneca*, *Trag. Act.* 3. *Thyest.*

Nulla culminibus meis Imposita nutat sylva. Sen. Epist. 122.
Non vivunt contra naturam qui pomaria in summis turribus serunt? quorum silvæ in tectis domorum ac fastigiis nutant, inde ortis radicibus, quò improbè cacumina egissent. Plin. *In tecta olim Romæ scandebant silvæ*; Which luxury, as all others, came out of *Asia* into *Europe*; and that it was in familiar use among the Hebrews, even in *Davids* time, several Texts of Scripture make me conjecture, 2 *Sam.* 26. 22. *They spread for Absalom a Tent upon the top of the House, and Absalom went unto his Fathers Concubines in the sight of all Israel,* 2 Sam. 11. 2. *And it came to pass in an evening, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the Kings house; and from the roof he saw a woman washing her self.* And 1 Sam. 9. 25. *Samuel communed with Saul upon the top of the House.* And again, *verse* 26.

44 1 *Sam.* 19. 13. *And Michol took an image, and put it in the bed, and put a pillow of goats hair for his Bolster, and covered it with a cloath.* An *Image*, the Hebrew is *Theraphim*, a word much disputed of, and hardly ever used in a good sense but here. The Images that *Rachel* stole from *Laban*, are so called; which there the *Septuagint* translate by Εἴδωλον, in other places by Θεραπεῖν, or Θεραφεῖν, sometimes by γλυπτὸν, here by παράδειγμα, the most improperly of all, *Herse*, or the representations of the *Dead*, laid upon *Herses*. The *Latin* uses *Simulachrum*, or *Statua*, and *Aquila*, μορφώματα. The fancy of *Josephus* is extraordinarily *Rabbinical*. He says, that *Michol* put

put between the cloathes the Liver of a she-Goat, newly cut out, and shewed the palpitation of it under the coverlet to the Souldiers saying that it was *David*, and that he had not slept all night: How come such men as he to have such odd dreams? *Ribera* upon *Hosea* says thus, What *Statue* was it that she placed in the bed? Certainly no Idol, for those were not to be found in the house of *David*; nor any *Astronomical Image*, made for the reception of celestial influences, which *R. Abraham* believes, for those were not allowable among the Jews; but she made some figure like a man, out of several cloaths, which she stuft with other things, like *Scar-crows*, or those figures presented to wild Bulls in the *Theatres*, or those that are placed upon great mens *Herses*. And she put the skin of a she-Goat about his head, to represent his red hair; which last is most ridiculous, and all before only improbable: For what time had she to make up such a *Puppet*? I do therefore believe, that she had a statue of *David* in the house, and laid that in the bed, pretending that he was speechless: & even this deceit I am forced to help, with all the circumstances I could imagine, especially with that most material one, *And for th'impression God prepared their sense*. And now concerning the *Civil use* of *Images* among the Jews, I have declared my opinion before, which whether it be true or no, is not of importance in *Poetry*, as long as it hath any appearance of probability.

45 It was a necessary condition required in all Sacrifices, that they should be without *Blemish*. See *Levit.* 1. and this was observed too among the Heathen.

46 *Rama*, or *Ramatha*, and *Naioth*, were not several Towns; but *Naioth* was a place in, or close by *Rama*, where there were wont to be solemn Religious meetings. *Adricom.*

47 The Description of the *Prophets Colledge* at *Naioth*, looks at first sight, as if I had taken the pattern of it from ours at the *Universities*; but the truth is, ours (as many other *Christian* customs) were formed after the example of the *Jews*. They were not properly called *Prophets*, or foretellers of future things, but Religious persons, who separated themselves from the business of the world, to employ their time in the contemplation and praise of God; their manner of praising him was by singing of Hymns, and playing upon Musical Instruments: for which cause in 1 *Sam.* 10. 5. they carryed with them a *Psaltery*, *Tabret*, *Pipe*, and *Harp*; These it is probable were instituted by *Samuel*; for the 19, and 20. they saw the company of Prophets prophesying (that is, saw them together in *Divine Service*) and *Samuel* standing, as appointed over them, *stantem super eos*; which the Chaldee interprets *Stantem docentem eos*, *Preaching* to them. These are the first *Religious Orders* heard of in Antiquity, for whom *David* afterward composed *Psalms*. They are called by the *Chaldee Scribes*, because they laboured in reading, writing, learning and teaching the Scriptures; and they are called *Filii Prophetarum*, as 2 *King.* 2. 3. The Sons of the *Prophets* that were at *Bethel*; and *v.* 5. the *Sons* of the Prophets that were at *Jericho*; out of which may be collected, that *Colledges* of them were founded in several Towns. They are thus named (*Sons* of

the *Prophets*) either becauſe they were taught by *Samuel*, *Elias*, *Eliſha*, or ſome of the great and properly called *Prophets*, or in the ſenſe that the *Greeks* term *Phyſitians*, Ἰατρῶν παῖδας, The *Sons* of the *Phyſitians*; and the *Hebrews Men*, the *Sons of Men*; but I rather believe the former, and that none but the young Scholars or Students are meant by this appellation. To this alludes S. *Matth.* 11. 19. *Wiſdom is juſtified of her Children.* And the *Maſters* were called *Fathers*, as *Eliſha* to *Elijah*, 2 King. 2. 12. *My Father, my Father, &c.*

48 For the ſeveral Sprinklings and Purifications by water, commanded in the Law of *Moſes*, and ſo often mentioned in the Books of *Exod. Levit. Numb.* and *Deuteron.* the omiſſion of which, in ſome caſes was puniſhed with no leſs then death, *Exod.* 30. 20.

49 I have learned much of my *Maſters*, or *Rabbies*, more of my *Companions*, moſt of my *Scholars*, was the ſpeech of an ancient *Rabbi*; from whence we may collect this diſtinction, of *Scholars*, *Companions*, and *Rabbies*, or *Doctors*. The chief *Doctors* ſate in the *Synagogues*, or *Schools*, in high chairs (perhaps like *Pulpits*) the *Companions* upon Benches below them, and the *Scholars* on the ground at the feet of their *Teachers*, from whence S. *Paul* is ſaid to be brought up at the feet of *Gamaliel*; and *Mary* ſate at *Jeſus* his *feet*, and heard his word, *Luke* 10. 39. After the Scholars had made good progreſs in learning, they were *Elected* and made, by impoſition of hands, *Companions* to the *Rabbies*, like our *Fellows* of *Colledges* to the *Maſters*, which makes me call them *Th'Elect Companions.*

50 The Furniture of the *Prophet Eliſha*'s chamber, 2 *Kings* 4. 10.

51 It was the ancient cuſtom to cover the Seats and *Table-Beds* with Beaſts skins: So *Enmæus* places *Ulyſſes*, *Odyſſ.* 14.

Ἔσθεσαν δ' ἐν Κῶμα ἰοειδέα ἄγεο δ' ἀγρίς.

Collocavit ſuper pellem villoſæ ſilveſtris capræ.

So *Enander Æneas*, 8 *Æneid.*

Præcipuumq; toro & villoſi pelle Leonis
Accipit Æneam——

Ovid. *Qui poterat pelles addere, dives erat.*

52 There is a great diſpute among the Learned, concerning the antiquity of this cuſtom of *Lying down* at meat; and moſt of the *Critiques* are againſt me, who make it here ſo ancient. That the *Romans* at firſt uſed *ſitting* at table, is affirmed by *Pliny*; that the *Græcians* did ſo too, appears by *Athenæus*, *l.* 7. *c.* 15. That in our Saviours time (long before which the *Romans* and *Græcians* had changed *ſitting* into *lying*) the *Jews* lay down is plain from the ſeveral words uſed in the New Teſtament upon this occaſion, as ἀναπεσεῖν, *Luke* 22. ἀνακεῖσθαι, *Matth.* 26. κατακεῖσθαι, *Luke* 14. ἀναπίπτειν, *Matth.* 14. ſo *John* is ſaid to lean on *Jeſus boſom*, Joh. 13. 23. that is, lay next to him at the Feaſt; and alluding to this cuſtom, *Chriſt* is ſaid to be in the *boſom* of his *Father*, and the Saints in the *boſom* of *Abraham.* Some think the *Jews* took this faſhion from the *Romans* after they were ſubdued by them, but that is a miſtake; for the *Romans* rather took it from the Eaſtern people: even in the *Prophets* time we have teſtimony of this cuſtom, *Ezek.* 23. 41. *Thou ſateſt*

upon

upon a stately bed, and a table prepared before it, Amos 2. 8. *They lay themselves upon cloathes laid to pledge by every Altar*; that is, they used garments laid to pledge instead of *Beds*, when at the Altars they eat things sacrificed to *Idols*. What was the fashion in *Samuels* time, is not certain; it is probable enough for my turn, that *Discubation* was then in practice, and long before; for the plucking off their shoes when they went to *Table*, seems to imply it, that being done to preserve the *Beds* clean. And why had the *Jews* a strict particular command to have their shoes on their feet at the eating of the *Passover*, but because they were wont to have their shoes off at other meals?

53 There is no matter capable of receiving the marks of *Letters*, that hath not been made use of by the Ancients for that purpose. The *twelve Tables* of the *Roman Laws* were ingraven in *Brass*; so was the League made with the *Latines*, *Liv. Dec. j. Lib.* 2. and *Talus* among the *Cretans* was feigned to be a Man made of *Brass* by *Vulcan* (of whom they report many ridiculous stories) because he carried about in that Country the Laws graven in brass, and put them severely in execution. *Pausan.* in *Boetic.* makes mention of the whole Book of *Hesiods* Ἔργων καὶ ἡμερῶν, written in Lead; which kind of plates *Sueton.* in *Nerone* calls *Chartam plumbeam*, *Leaden paper*. This fashion was in use before *Jobs* time; for he says, *Job* 19. 23. 24. *Oh that my words were graven with an Iron pen and Lead in the Rock for ever. Rock*, that is, the *Leaden plates* should be placed upon *Rocks* or *Pillars*. They likewise anciently engraved the very pillars themselves; as those two famous ones of *Enoch*, one of which was extant even in *Josephus* his days. And *Iamblicus* avows, that he took the principles of his mystical Philosophy from the *Pillars* of *Mercurie*. *Plin. l.* 7. 56. reports, that the *Babylonians* and *Assyrians* write their Laws in *Coctis lateribus*, that is, *Pillars* of *Brick*. *Moses* his in *Stone*. *Horace*,

Non inciſa notis marmora publicis.

But of this kind of writing, I was not to make mention in a *private Library*. They used also of old *Plates* or Leaves of *Ivory*; from whence they were termed *Libri Elephantini*; not as some conceive, from their *bigness*. Mart.

Nigra tibi niveum littera pingat ebur.

As for *Wood* and *Slates*, we may easily believe, that they and all other capable materials were written upon. Of thin shavings of wood the *Longobards* at their first coming into *Italy*, made *Leaves* to write on: some of which *Pancirollus* had seen and read in his time.

54 See *Plin. l.* 13. 11. From whence *Letters* are called *Phœnicean*, not from the *Country*, but from φοῖνιξ, a *Palm*-tree. But *Guiland. de Papyro*, thinks that *Phœnicea* in *Pliny* is not the same with φοῖνιξ, and has a long discourse to prove that *Palm Leaves* were not in use for writing, and that we should read *Malvarum* instead of *Palmarum*, which is a bold correction upon very slight grounds. It is true, they did anciently write too upon *Mallows*, as appears by *Isidor.* and the *Epigram* of *Cinna* cited by him:

Hæc tibi Arateis multùm invigilata lucernis
Carmina queis ignes novimus æthereos,
Lævis in aridulo Malvæ descripta libello,
Prusiacâ vexi munera naviculâ.

But this was a *raritie*; for *Mallows* are too soft to be proper for that use. At *Athens* the names of those who were expelled the Senate, were written in some kind of *Leaf*, from whence this sentence was called Ἐκφυλλοφόρησις, as the names of those baniſht by the people were in *Shells*; but at *Syracuse*, it was in *Olive Leaves*, and called πιλαισμοὶ ἐν τῷ πιλάλῳ ἐλαίας. And in this manner wrote *Virgils Sybilla*,

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda.

Pliny testifies that the Books of *Numa* continued so long a time under ground unperished, by having been rubbed over with the Oyl of *Cedar*. *Horace, de Ar. Po.*

——*Speramus carmina fingi*
Posse linenda Cedro, aut lævi servanda Cupresso?

Ovid.——*Nec Cedro charta notetur*; and,

——*Cedro digna locutus*;

Who speaks things worthy to be preserved always by *Cedar Oyl*; which was likewise used in the Embalming of dead Bodies.

55 Of *Linen Books Livy* makes often mention: They were called *Libri Lintei*, and were *Publique Records*; by others termed too *Linteæ Mappæ*, and *Carbasina volumina*, Silken Volumns, *Claud. de B. Get.*

——*Quid carmina poscat*
Fatidico custos Romani carbasus ævi.

And *Sym. l. 4. Epist. Monitus Cumanos lintea texta sumpserunt.* And *Pliny* says, the *Parthians* used to have Letters woven in their cloaths.

55 *Tender Barks.* The thin kind of skin between the outward Bark and the body of the Tree. The paper used to this day in *China* and some part of the *Indies*, seems to be made of the same kind of stuff. The name of *Liber*, a Book, comes from hence.

Some the sharp style, &c. These waxen Table-books were very ancient, though I am not sure there were any of them in the *Library* at *Naioth*. *Iliad.* 6. *Prætus* sent a Letter in such Table-books by *Bellerophon*. The *Style* or *Pen* with which they wrote, was at first made of Iron, but afterwards that was forbid at *Rome*, and they used *styles* of Bone; it was made sharp at one end to cut the Letters, and flat at the other to deface them; from whence *stylum vertere*.

56 *Pliny* says, that *Paper* (so called from the Name of the Reed of which it was made) or *Charta* (termed so of a Town of that name in the Marshes of *Egypt*) was not found out till after the building of *Alexandria*; and Parchment, not till *Eumenes* his time, from whose Royal City of *Pergamus* it was denominated *Pergamena*. In both which he is deceived; for *Herod.* in *Terps.* says, that the *Ionians* still call *Paper-skins*, because formerly when they wanted Paper, they were forced to make use of *skins* instead of it.

See

See *Melch. Guiland. de Pap.* upon this argument. And the *Diptheræ* of the *Grecians* were nothing else but the skins of beasts; that wherein *Jupiter* is feigned to keep his Memorials of all things was made of the she-Goat that gave him milk. And many are of opinion, that the famous *Golden-Fleece* was nothing but a Book written in a *Sheep-Skin. Diod. Sicul. l.* 2. affirms that the *Persian Annals* were written in the like Books; and many more Authorities, if needful, might be produced: however, I call *Parchment* and the *Paper of Egypt new Arts* here, because they were later than the other.

57 *Hieroglyphicks.* The use of which it is very likely the *Jews* had from *Egypt* where they had lived so long, *Lucan l.* 3.

Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere Biblos
Noverat, & saxis tantùm volucresq; feræq;
Sculptaq; servabant magicas animalia linguas.

58 *Nathan* and *Gad* were famous *Prophets* in *Davids* time; and therefore it is probable they might have lived with *Samuel* in his *Colledge*, for their particular *Professorships*, the one of *Astronomy*, the other of *Mathematicks*, that is a voluntary gift of mine to them, and I suppose the places were very lawfully at my disposing. *Seraia* was afterwards *Scribe* or *Secretary* to *David*, called 1 *Kings* 42. *Sisha*, and 1 *Chron.* 18. 16. *Shausha. Mahol* the *Reader* of *Natural Philosophy*, is mentioned, 1 *Kings* 4. 31. *Heman* and *Asaph* are often spoken of in the Scripture, 1 *Kings* 4. 1 *Chron.* 15. 17, 19. and 16. 5. and 37. 41, 42. and 25.

59 A *Pyramide* is a figure broad beneath, and smaller and sharper by degrees upward, till it end in a point, like our Spire-Steeples. It is so called from πῦρ, *Fire*, because *Flame* ascends in that Figure. *Number* is here called a *Turn'd Pyramide*, because the bottom of it is the point *One* (which is the beginning of *Number*, not properly *Number*, as a *Point* is of *Magnitude*) from whence it goes up still larger and larger, just contrary to the nature of *Pyramidical Ascension.*

60 *Sacred Blew.* Because of the use of it in the *Curtains* of the *Tabernacle*, the Curtain for the Door, the *Vail*, the *Priests Ephod*, *Breast-Plate*, and briefly all sacred Ornaments. The reason of chusing *Blew*, I suppose to have been in the *Tabernacle*, to represent the seat of *God*, that is, the *Heavens*, of which the *Tabernacle* was an *Emblem*, Numbers 15. 38. The Jews are commanded to make that lace or ribband of *Blew*, wherewith their fringes are bound to their cloaths; and they have now left off the very wearing of Fringes; because, they say, the art is lost of dying that kind of *Blew*, which was the perfectest sky-colour. *Cæruleus* is derived by some, *Quasi cœluleus.*

61 *Virg. l.* 6. *Æn.*

Obloquitur numeris Septem discrimina vocum.

From which *Pancirollus* conjectures that, as we have now six notes in *Musick*, *Ut. Re. Mi. Fa. So. La.* (invented by a *Monk* from the *Hymn* to S. *John*, beginning every line with those syllables) so the ancients had *seven*; according to which *Apollo* too instituted the Lyre with seven

seven strings; and *Pindar* calls it Ἑπτάτονον, his Interpreter, Ἑπτάμιτον, and the *Argives* forbad under a penalty, the use of more strings.

62 *Porphyrius* affirmed, as he is cited by *Eusebius*, 3. *Præpar Evang.* that the *Egyptians* (that is, the *Thebans* in *Egypt*) believed but *one God*, whom they called Κνὴφ (whom *Plutarch* also names *de Is. & Osyr.* & *Strabo*, l. 17. *Cnuphis*) and that the image of that God was made with an *Egg* coming out of his mouth, to shew that he *Spoke out the world*, that is, made it with his *word*; for an *Egg* with the *Egyptians* was the *symbol* of the *world*. So was it too in the mystical Ceremonies of *Bacchus*, instituted by *Orpheus*, as *Plut. Sympos.* l. 11. *Quæst.* 3. and *Macrob.* l. 7. c. 16. whence *Proclus* says upon *Timæus*, Τὸ Ὀρφικὸν ᾠὸν καὶ τὸ τῶν Πλατωνικῶν Ὄν, to be the same things. *Voss. de Idol.*

63 *Theophil.* l. 2. *adversus Gent.* Θεὸς δὲ χωρεῖται, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ὅτι τόπος ἐστὶ τῶν ὅλων, God is in no place, but is the *Place* of all things; and *Philo*, Αὐτὸς ἑαυτοῦ τόπος, καὶ αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ πλήρης. Which is the same with the expression here.

64 Gen. 14. 13. *And there came one that had escaped, and told Abram the Hebrew, &c.* which Text hath raised a great controversie among the Learned, about the derivation of the name of the *Hebrews*: The general opinion received of old was, that it came from *Eber*; which is not improbable, and defended by many learned men, particularly of late by *Rivet* upon *Gen.* 11. The other, which is more followed by the late Critiques, as *Arpennius*, *Grotius*, and our *Selden*, is, that the name came from *Abrahams* passage over *Euphrates* into *Canaan* (as the name of *Welch* is said to signifie no more than *strangers*, which they were called by the people amongst whom they came, and ever after retained it) which opinion is chiefly grounded upon the Septuagint Translation in this Text, who render *Abram* the *Hebrew*, τὸν περάτην, The *Passenger*; and *Aquila*, Περάτην.

65 For even these *Sons* of the *Prophets* that were Students in Colledges did sometimes likewise foretel future things, as to *Elisha* the taking up of *Elijah*, 2 King. 2. 3, &c.

The

THE CONTENTS.

THe *Friendſhip betwixt* Jonathan *and* David; *and upon that occaſion a digreſſion concerning the nature of* Love. *A diſcourſe between* Jonathan *and* David, *upon which the latter abſents himſelf from* Court, *and the former goes thither, to inform himſelf of* Sauls *reſolution. The Feaſt of the* New-Moon, *the manner of the Celebration of it; and therein a Digreſſion of the Hiſtory of* Abraham. Sauls *Speech upon* Davids *abſence from the Feaſt, and his anger againſt* Jonathan. Davids *reſolution to fly away; he parts with* Jonathan, *and falls aſleep under a Tree. A Deſcription of* Phanſie; *an* Angel *makes up a* Viſion *in* Davids *head; the* Viſion *it ſelf, which is, A* Propheſie *of all the ſucceſſion of his Race till* Chriſts *time, with their moſt remarkable actions. At his awaking,* Gabriel *aſſumes an humane ſhape, and confirms to him the truth of his* Viſion.

DAVIDEIS.

The ſecond Book.

BUt now the early birds began to call
The morning forth; up roſe the *Sun* and *Saul*;
Both, as men thought, roſe freſh from ſweet repoſe;
But both, alas, from reſtleſs labours roſe.
For in *Sauls* breaſt, *Envy*, the toilſome *Sin*,
Had all that night active and ty'rannous bin;
She'expell'd all forms of *Kindneſs*, *Vertue*, *Grace*;
Of the paſt day no footſtep left or trace.
The new-blown ſparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his *Love* dwell longer with his *fear*.
So near a ſtorm wiſe *David* would not ſtay,
Nor truſt the glittering of a faithleſs Day.
He ſaw the *Sun* call in his beams apace,
And angry Clouds march up into their place.
The *Sea* it ſelf ſmooths his rough brow awhile,
Flattering the greedy *Merchant* with a ſmile;
But he, whoſe ſhip-wrackt Barque it drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
Such is the *Sea*, and ſuch was *Saul*:
But *Jonathan*, his *Son*, and *Only Good*,
Was gentle as fair *Jordans* uſeful Flood:
Whoſe innocent ſtream as it in ſilence goes,
Freſh *Honours*, and a ſudden ſpring beſtows
On both his banks to every flower and tree;
The manner *How* lies hid, th'*effect* we ſee.
But more than *all*, more than *Himſelf* he lov'ed
The man whoſe worth his *Fathers* Hatred mov'ed.

For

For when the noble *youth* at *Dammin* ſtood
Adorn'd with *ſweat*, and painted gay with *Blood*,
Jonathan pierce'd him through with greedy Eye
And underſtood the future *Majeſtie* 1 Sam. 18. 1.
Then deſtin'ed in the glories of his look;
He ſaw, and ſtrait was with amazement ſtrook,
To ſee the ſtrength, the feature, and the grace
Of his young limbs; he ſaw his comely face
Where Love and Rev'erence ſo well mingled were;
2 And *Head*, already *crown'd* with *golden haire*.
He ſaw what *Mildneſs* his bold *Sp'irit* did tame,
Gentler then *Light*, yet powerful as a *Flame*.
He ſaw his *Valour* by their *Safety* prov'ed;
He ſaw all this, and as he ſaw, he *Lov'ed*.
What art thou, *Love*, thou great myſterious thing?
From what hid ſtock does thy ſtrange *Nature* ſpring?
'Tis thou that mov'eſt the *world* through every part
And holdſt the vaſt frame cloſe, that nothing ſtart
From the due *Place* and *Office* firſt ordain'd.
3 By *Thee* were all things *Made*, and are *ſuſtain'd*.
Sometimes we ſee thee *fully*, and can ſay
From hence thou took'eſt thy *Riſe*, and went'ſt that way;
But oftner the ſhort beams of *Reaſons* Eye,
See onely, *There thou art*, not *How*, nor *Why*.
How is the *Loadſtone*, Natures ſubtle pride,
By the rude *Iron* woo'd, and made a *Bride*?
How was the *Weapon wounded*? what hid *Flame*
The ſtrong and conqu'ering *Metal* overcame?
4 *Love* (this *Worlds Grace*) exalts his *Natural* ſtate;
He feels thee, *Love*, and feels no more his *Weight*.
5 Ye learned *Heads*, whom Ivy *garlands* grace,
Why does that twining plant the *Oak* embrace?
The *Oak* for courtſhip moſt of all unfit,
And rough as are the *Winds* that fight with it?
How does the abſent *Pole* the *Needle* move?
How does his *Cold* and *Ice* beget *hot Love*?
Which are the *Wings* of *Lightneſs* to aſcend?
Or why does *Weight* to th' *Centre* downwards bend?
Thus Creatures void of *Life* obey thy Laws,
And ſeldom *We*, *they* never know the *Cauſe*.
In thy large ſtate, *Life* gives the next degree,
6 Where *Senſe*, and *Good Apparent* places thee;
But thy chief *Palace* is *Mans Heart* alone,
Here are thy *Triumphs*, and full glories ſhown,
7 Handſome *Deſires*, and *Reſt* about thee flee,
Union, *Inhærence*, *Zeal*, and *Extaſie*.
Thouſand with *Joys* cluſter around thine head,
O're which a gall-leſs *Dove* her wings does ſpread,
A gentle *Lamb*, purer and whiter farre
Then *Conſciences* of thine own *Martyrs* are,

Lies at thy feet; and thy right hand does hold
The myſtick *Scepter* of a *Croſs* of Gold.
Thus do'eſt thou ſit (like Men e're ſin had fram'ed
A guilty bluſh) *Naked*, but not *Aſham'ed*.
What cauſe then did the fab'ulous Ancients find,
When firſt their ſuperſtition made thee *blind*?
'Twas *They*, alas, 'twas *They* who could not ſee,
When they miſtook that *Monſter*, *Luſt*, for *Thee*.
Thou art a bright, but not conſuming *Flame*;
Exo. 3 2. Such in th'amazed Buſh to *Moſes* came;
When that ſecure its new-crown'd head did rear,
And chid the trembling Branches needleſs fear.
Thy *Darts* of healthful *Gold*, and downwards fall
Soft as the *Feathers* that they're fletcht withal.
Such, and no other, were thoſe ſecret Darts,
Which ſweetly toucht this nobleſt pair of Hearts.
Still to one end they both ſo juſtly drew,
As courteous *Doves* together yok'd would do.
No weight of *Birth* did on one ſide prevaile,
Two *Twins* leſs even lie in *Natures Scale*.
They mingled Fates, and both in each did ſhare,
They both were *Servants*, they both *Princes* were.
If any Joy to one of them was ſent,
It was moſt his, to whom it leaſt was meant,
And fortunes malice betwixt both was croſt,
For ſtriking one, it wounded th'other moſt.
Never did *Marriage* ſuch true *Union* find,
Or mens deſires with ſo glad violence bind;
For there is ſtill ſome tincture left of *Sin*,
And ſtill the *Sex* will needs be ſtealing in.
Thoſe joys are full of droſs, and thicker farre,
Theſe, without matter, clear and liquid are.
Such ſacred *Love* does he'avens bright *Spirits* fill,
Where *Love* is but to *Underſtand* and *Will*,
With ſwift and unſeen *Motions*; ſuch as We
Somewhat expreſs in heightned *Charitie*.
O ye bleſt One! whoſe *Love* on *earth* became
So pure that ſtill in *Heav'en* 'tis but the ſame!
There now ye ſit, and with mixt ſouls embrace,
Gazing upon great *Loves* myſterious Face,
And pity this baſe world where *Friendſhip's* made
A *bait* for ſin, or elſe at beſt a *Trade*.
Ah wondrous *Prince!* who a true *Friend* could'ſt be,
When a *Crown Flatter'ed*, and *Saul threatned* Thee!
Who held'ſt him dear, whoſe *Stars* thy birth did croſs!
And bought'ſt him nobly at a *Kingdoms loſs*!
Iſra'els bright *Scepter* far leſs glory brings;
There have been fewer *Friends* on earth then *Kings*.
To this ſtrange pitch their high affections flew;
Till *Natures* ſelf ſcarce look'd on them as *Two*.

Hither

Hither flies *David* for advice and ayde, 1 Sam. 20. 1
As ſwift as Love and Danger could perſwade,
As ſafe in *Jonathans* truſt his thoughts remain
As when *Himſelf* but *dreams* them o're again.
My deareſt *Lord*, farewel (ſaid he) farewel;
He'aven bleſs the *King*; may no misfortune tell
Th'injuſtice of his hate, when I am dead;
They'are coming now, perhaps; my guiltleſs head
Here in your ſight, perhaps, muſt bleeding ly,
And ſcarce your own ſtand ſafe for being nigh.
Think me not ſcar'ed with *death*, howere't appear,
I know thou can'ſt not think ſo: tis a fear
From which thy *Love*, and *Dammin* ſpeaks me free;
I have met him face to face, and ne're could ſee
One terrour in his looks to make me *fly*
When *Vertue* bids me *ſtand*; but I would *dy*
So as becomes my *Life*, ſo as may prove
Sauls Malice, and at leaſt excuſe your *Love*.
He ſtopt, and ſpoke ſome paſſion with his eyes;
Excellent *Friend* (the gallant *Prince* replyes)
Thou haſt ſo prov'd thy Virtues, that they're known
To all good men, more then to each his *own*.
Who lives in *Iſrael*, that can doubtful be
Of thy great actions? for he lives by *Thee*.
Such is thy *Valour*, and thy vaſt *ſucceſs*,
That all things but thy *Loyalty* are leſs.
And ſhould my *Father* at thy ruine aim,
'Twould wound as much his *Safety* as his *Fame*.
Think them not coming then to ſlay thee here,
But *doubt* miſhaps, as little as you *feare*.
For by thy loving God who e're deſign
Againſt *thy Life* muſt ſtrike at it through *Mine*.
But I my royal *Father* muſt acquit
From ſuch baſe guilt, or the low thought of it.
Think on his ſoftneſs when from death he freed
The faithleſs *King* of *Am'alecks* curſed ſeed; 1 Sam. 15. 9.
Can he to'a *Friend*, to'a *Son* ſo bloudy grow,
He who ev'n ſin'd but now to ſpare a *Foe*?
Admit he could; but with what ſtrength or art
Could he ſo long cloſe, and ſeal up his heart?
Such counſels jealous of themſelves become,
And dare not fix without conſent of ſome.
Few men ſo boldly ill, great ſins to do,
Till licens'ed and approv'ed by others too.
No more (believe't) could he hide this from me, 1 Sam. 20. 2.
Then *I*, had he diſcover'd it, from *Thee*.
Here they embraces join, and almoſt tears;
Till gentle *David* thus new prov'd his fears.
The praiſe you pleas'd (great *Prince*) on me to ſpend
Was all out-ſpoken when you ſtil'd me *Friend*.

That name alone does dang'erous glories bring,
And gives excuſe to th' *Envy* of a *King*.
What did his Spear, force, and dark plots impart
But ſome eternal rancour in his heart?
Still does he glance the fortune of that day
When drown'd in his own blood *Goliah* lay,
And cover'd half the plain; ſtill hears the ſound
How that vaſt *Monſter* fell, and ſtrook the ground:
The *Dance*, and, *David his ten thouſand ſlew*,
Still wound his ſickly ſoul, and ſtill are new.
Great acts t'ambitious *Princes Treaſons* grow,
So much they *hate* that *Safety* which they *ow*.
Tyrants dread all whom they raiſe high in place,
From the *Good*, *danger*; from the *Bad*, *diſgrace*.
They doubt the *Lords*, miſtruſt the *Peoples* hate,
Till *Blood* become a *Principle* of *State*.
Secur'd nor by their *Guards*, nor by their *Right*,
But ſtill they *Fear* ev'en more then they *Affright*.
Pardon me, *Sir*, your Father's rough and ſtern:
His *Will* too ſtrong to bend, too proud to learn.
Remember, Sir, the *Honey's* deadly ſting;
Think on that ſavage Juſtice of the *King*.
When the ſame day that ſaw you do before
Things above Man, ſhould ſee you Man no more.
'Tis true th'accurſed *Agag* mov'ed his ruth,
He pitied his tall Limbs and comely youth
Had ſeen, alas the proof of heav'ens fierce hate,
And fear'd no miſchief from his powerleſs fate.
Remember how th'old Seer came raging down,
And taught him boldly to ſuſpect his Crown.
Since then his pride quakes at th'*Almighties* rod,
Nor dares he love the man belov'ed by *God*.
Hence his deep rage and trembling *Envy* ſprings;
Nothing ſo wild as *Jealouſie* of *Kings*.
Whom ſhould he counſel aſk, with whom adviſe,
Who *Reaſon* and *Gods counſel* does deſpiſe?
Whoſe head-ſtrong will no *Law* or *Conſcience* daunt,
Dares he not ſin, do'you think, without your grant?
Yes, if the truth of our fixt love he knew,
He would not doubt, believe't, to kill ev'en *you*.
The Prince is mov'ed, and ſtraight prepares to find
The deep reſolves of his griev'd Fathers mind.
The danger now appears, *Love* can ſoon ſhow't,
And force his *Stubborn piety* to know't.
1 Sam. 20. 5. &c. They agree that *David* ſhould conceal'd abide,
Till his great friend had the Courts temper tryde,
Till he had *Sauls* moſt ſecret purpoſe found,
And ſearcht the depth and rancour of his wound.
Lev. 23. 24 & Nu. 26. 1. 'Twas the years ſeventh-born *Moon*; the ſolemn *Feaſt*
That with moſt noiſe its ſacred mirth expreſt.

From

From op'ening Morn till night ſhuts in the day,
On *Trumpets* and *ſhrill Horns* the *Levites* play.
9 Whether by this in myſtick *Type* we ſee
The *New-years-Day* of great *Eternitie*,
When the chang'd *Moon* ſhall no more changes *make*,
And ſcatter'd *Deaths* by *Trumpets* ſound awake;
10 Or that the *Law* be kept in Mem'ory ſtill, Exo. 19.
Giv'en with like noiſe on *Sina*'s ſhining Hill, 19.
11 Or that (as ſome men teach) it did ariſe
From faithful *Abrams* righteous *Sacrifice*,
Who whilſt the *Ram* on *Iſaac*'s fire did fry,
His *Horn* with joyful tunes ſtood ſounding by.
Obſcure the *Cauſe*; but *God* his will declar'ed;
And all nice knowledge then with eaſe is ſpar'ed.
12 At the third hour *Saul* to the hallowed Tent
Midſt a large train of *Prieſts* and *Courtiers* went;
The ſacred *Herd* marcht proud and ſoftly by;
13 Too fat and gay to think their deaths ſo nigh.
Hard fate of *Beaſts*, more innocent then *We*!
Prey to our *Lux'ury*, and our *Pietie*!
Whoſe guiltleſs blood on *boards* and *Altars* ſpilt,
Serves both to *Make*, and *Expiate* too our guilt!
14 Three Bullocks of free neck, two guilded Rams,
Two well-waſht Goats, and fourteen ſpotleſs Lambs,
With the three vital fruits, *Wine*, *Oyl*, and *Bread*,
(Small fees to heav'en of all by which we're fed)
Are offer'ed up; the hallowed flames ariſe,
And faithful pray'rs mount with them to the ſkies.
15 From thence the *King* to th'outmoſt Court is brought,
Where heav'enly things an inſpir'ed *Prophet* taught,
And from the ſacred Tent to his Palace gates,
With glad kind ſhouts th'Aſſembly on him waites;
The chearful *Horns* before him loudly play,
And freſh-ſtrew'd flowers paint his triumphant way.
Thus in ſlow ſtate to th' *Palace Hall* they go,
Rich dreſt for ſolemn *Luxury* and *Show*;
16 Ten pieces of bright *Tap'eſtry* hung the room,
The nobleſt work e're ſtretcht on *Syrian* loom;
For wealthy *Adri'el* in proud *Sydon* wrought
And giv'en to *Saul* when *Sauls* beſt gift he ſought 1 Sam.
The bright-ey'd *Merab*; for that mindful day 18. 19.
No ornament ſo proper ſeem'd as they.
17 There all old *Abrams* ſtory you might ſee;
18 And ſtill ſome *Angel* bore him companie.
His painful, but well-guided Travels, ſhow
The fate of all his *Sons*, the *Church* below.
19 Here beauteous *Sara* to great *Pharo* came, Gen. 21. 14.
He bluſht with ſudden *paſſion*, ſhe with *ſhame*;
Troubled ſhe ſeem'd, and lab'oring in the ſtriſe
Twixt her own *Honor*, and her *Husbands Life*.

Here

Here on a conqu'ering *Hoſt* that careleſs lay,
Gen. 14. Drown'd in the joys of their new gotten prey,
The *Patriarch* falls; well mingled might you ſee
20 The confus'd marks of *Death* and *Luxury*.
Gen. 14. 18 21 In the next piece bleſt *Salems* myſtick King
22 Does ſacred Preſents to the *Victor* bring;
Like him whoſe *Type* he bears, his rights receives;
Strictly requires his *Due*, yet freely *gives*.
Ev'en in his port, his habit, and his face;
The *Mild*, and *Great*, the *Prieſt* and *Prince* had place.
Gen. 15. 5. Here all their ſtarry hoſt the heavens diſplay;
And, Lo, an heav'enly *Youth*, more fair then they,
Leads *Abram* forth; points upwards; ſuch, ſaid he,
23 So bright and numberleſs thy *Seed* ſhall be.
Gen. 17. 24 Here he with God a new *Alliance* makes,
And in his fleſh the marks of *Homage* takes;
Gen. 18. 2. Vers. 10. 25 Here he the three myſterious *perſons* feaſts,
Gen. 18. Well paid with joyful tidings by his *Gueſts*.
23. Here for the *wicked Town* he prays, and near
Gen. 19. 24 Scarce did the *wicked Town* through *Flames* appear.
* Gen. 11. 31. And all his *Fate*, and all his *Deeds* were wrought,
*Gen. 25. 9 Gen. 22. 26 Since he from * *Ur* to *Ephrons* cave was brought.
Ver. 3. But none'mongſt all the forms drew then their eyes
Like faithful *Abrams* righteous *Sacrifice*.
27 The ſad old man mounts ſlowly to the place,
With *Natures* power triumphant in his face
O're the *Minds* courage; for in ſpight of all
From his ſwoln eyes reſiſtleſs waters fall.
Ver. 6. 28 The inn'ocent *Boy* his cruel burthen bore
With ſmiling looks, and ſometimes walk'd before,
And ſometimes turn'd to talk; above was made
Ver. 9. The *Altars* fatal *Pile*, and on it laid
29 The *Hope* of *Mankind*; patiently he lay,
And did his *Syre*, as he his *God*, obey.
The mournful *Syre* lifts up at laſt the knife,
Ver. 10. And on one moments ſtring depends his *life*
In whoſe young *loyns* ſuch brooding *wonders* ly.
A thouſand *Spir'its* peep'd from th'affrighted ſky,
Amaz'ed at this ſtrange *Scene*; and almoſt fear'd,
For all thoſe joyful *Prophecies* they'd heard.
Ver. 11. Till *one* leapt nimbly forth by *Gods* command
Like *Lightning* from a *Cloud*, and ſtopt his hand.
The gentle *Spirit* ſmil'ed kindly as he ſpoke,
New beames of joy through *Abrams* wonder broke.
Ver. 13. The *Angel* points to'a tuft of buſhes near,
Where an entangled *Ram* does half appear,
And ſtruggles vainly with that fatal net,
Which though but ſlightly *wrought*, was firmly *ſet*.
For, lo, anon, to this ſad glory doom'd,
The uſeful *Beaſt* on *Iſaac's Pile* conſum'ed;

Whilſt

Whilſt on his *Horns* the ranſom'ed couple plaid,
And the glad *Boy* danc'd to the tunes he made.
Near this *Halls* end a *Shittim Table* ſtood;
Yet well-wrought plate ſtrove to conceal the wood.
For from the foot a golden vine did ſprout,
And caſt his fruitful riches all about.
Well might that beauteous *Ore* the *Grape* expreſs,
Which does weak Man intoxicate no leſs.
Of the ſame wood the guilded beds were made,
And on them large embroidered *carpets* laid,
From *Egypt* the rich ſhop of *Follies* brought,
But *Arts* of *Pride* all *Nations* ſoon are taught.
30 Behold ſev'en comely blooming *Youths* appear,
And in their hands ſev'en ſilver *waſhpots* bear,
31 Curl'd, and gay clad; the choiceſt Sons that be
Of *Gibeons* race, and *Slaves* of high degree.
Seven beauteous *Maids* marcht ſoftly in behind;
Bright ſcarfs their cloathes, their hair freſh Garlands bind,
32 And whilſt the *Princes* waſh, they on them ſhed
Rich *Oyntments*, which their coſtly odours ſpread
O're the whole room; from their ſmall *priſons* free
With ſuch glad haſte through the wide ayr they flee.
33 The *King* was plac'ed alone, and o're his head 1 Sam. 20. 25.
A well-wrought *Heav'en* of ſilk and gold was ſpread.
Azure the ground, the *Sun* in gold ſhone bright,
But pierc'd the wandring *Clouds* with ſilver light.
The right hand bed the *Kings* three Sons did grace,
The third was *Abners*, *Adriels*, *Davids* place.
And twelve large Tables more were fill'd below,
With the prime men *Sauls Court* and *Camp* could ſhow;
The Palace did with *mirth* and *muſick* ſound,
34 And the crown'd *goblets* nimbly mov'ed around.
But though bright joy in every gueſt did ſhine,
The plenty, ſtate, muſick, and ſprightful wine
Were loſt on *Saul*; an angry care did dwell
In his dark breſt, and all gay forms expell.
Davids unuſual abſence from the feaſt, 1 Sam. 20
To his ſick ſpir'it did jealous thoughts ſuggeſt. 26. 27
Long lay he ſtill, nor drank, nor eat, nor ſpoke,
And thus at laſt his troubled ſilence broke.
Where can he be? ſaid he; It muſt be ſo:
With that he paus'd awhile; Too well we know
His boundleſs pride: he grieves and hates to ſee
The ſolemn *triumphs* of my *Court* and *Me*.
Believe me, friends, and truſt what I can ſhow
From thouſand proofs, th'ambitious *David* now
Does thoſe vaſt things in his proud ſoul deſign
That too much *buſineſs* give for *Mirth* or *Wine*.
He's kindling now perhaps, rebellious fire
Among the *Tribes*, and does ev'n now conſpire

Againſt

Againſt *my Crown*, and all *our Lives*, whilſt we
Are loth ev'en to *ſuſpect*, what we might *See*.
35 By the *Great Name*, 'tis true.
With that he ſtrook the board, and no man there
1 Sam. 20. 28. 29. But *Jonathan* durſt undertake to clear
The blameleſs *Prince*; and ſcarce ten words he ſpoke,
V. 30. 31. When thus his ſpeech th'enraged *Tyrant* broke.
36 Diſloyal *Wretch*! thy gentle *Mothers ſhame!*
Whoſe cold pale *Ghoſt* ev'en bluſhes at thy *name*!
Who fears leſt her chaſt bed ſhould doubted be,
And her white fame ſtain'd by black deeds of *thee*!
Can'ſt thou be *Mine*? a *Crown* ſometimes does hire
Ev'en *Sons* againſt their *Parents* to conſpire,
But ne're did ſtory yet, or fable tell
Of one ſo wild, who meerly to *Rebel*
Quitted th'unqueſtion'd *birthright* of a *Throne*,
And bought his *Fathers* ruine with his *own*:
Thou need'ſt not plead th'ambitious *youths* defence;
Thy crime clears his, and makes that *Innocence*.
Nor can his foul *Ingratitude* appear,
Whilſt thy *unnatural guilt* is plac'ed ſo near.
Is this that noble *Friendſhip* you pretend?
Mine, thine own *Foe*, and thy worſt *Enemies Friend*?
If thy low ſpirit can thy great *birthright* quit,
The thing's but juſt, ſo ill deſerv'eſt thou it.
I, and thy *Brethren* here have no ſuch mind;
Nor ſuch prodigious worth in *David* find,
That we to him ſhould our juſt rights reſign,
Or think *Gods choice* not made ſo well as *Thine*.
Shame of thy *Houſe* and *Tribe*! hence, from mine Eye,
To thy falſe *Friend*, and ſervile *Maſter* fly;
He's e're this time in arms expecting thee;
Haſte, for thoſe arms are rais'ed to ruine *Mee*.
Thy ſin that way will *nobler* much appear,
Then to remain his *Spy* and *Agent* here.
When I think this, *Nature* by thee forſook,
Forſakes me too. With that his ſpear he took
Ver. 33. To ſtrike at him; the mirth and muſick ceaſe;
The gueſts all riſe this ſudden ſtorm t'appeaſe;
Ver. 34. 37 The *Prince* his *danger*, and his *duty* knew;
And low he bow'd, and ſilently withdrew.
Ver. 35. To *David* ſtrait, who in a foreſt nigh
Waits his advice, the royal *Friend* does fly.
The ſole advice, now like the danger clear,
Was in ſome foreign land this ſtorm t'outwear.
All marks of comely grief in both are ſeen;
And mournful kind diſcourſes paſt between.
Ver. 42. Now generous tears their haſty tongues reſtrain,
Now they begin, and talk all o're again

A reverent *Oath* of conſtant love they take, Ver. 42.
And *Gods* high name their dreaded *witneſs* make;
Not that at all their *Faiths* could doubtful prove;
But 'twas the tedious *zeal* of endleſs *Love*.
Thus e're they part, they the ſhort time beſtow
In all the pomp *Friendſhip* and *Grief* could ſhow.
And *David* now with doubtful cares oppreſt,
Beneath a ſhade borrows ſome little reſt;
When by command divine thick *miſts* ariſe,
And ſtop the *Senſe*, and cloſe the conque'red eyes.
38 There is a place which *Man* moſt high doth rear,
The *ſmall Worlds Heav'en*, where *Reaſon* moves the *Sphære*.
Here in a robe which does all colours ſhow,
(Th'envy of birds, and the clouds gawdy *bow*)
Phanſie, wild *Dame*, with much laſcivious pride
By twin-*Camelions* drawn, does gaily ride.
Her coach there follows, and throngs round about
Of ſhapes and airy *Forms* an endleſs rout.
A *Sea* rowls on with harmleſs fury here;
Straight 'tis a *field*, and trees and herbs appeare.
Here in a moment are vaſt *Armies* made,
And a quick *Scene* of war and blood diſplaid.
Here ſparkling *wines*, and brighter *Maids* come in,
The *bawds* for *ſenſe* and lying baits of *ſin*.
39 Some things ariſe of ſtrange and quarr'elling kind,
The forepart *Lyon*, and a *Snake* behind;
Here golden *mountains* ſwell the cove'tous place,
40 And *Centatures* ride *Themſelves* a painted race.
Of theſe ſlight wonders *Nature* ſees the ſtore,
And onely then accounts herſelf but *poore*.
Hither an *Angel* comes in *Davids* trance;
And finds them mingled in an antique dance;
Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
And joyns them wiſely, and this *Viſion* makes.
First *David* there appears in Kingly ſtate,
Whilſt the twelve *Tribes* his dread commands await;
Straight to the wars with his joyn'd ſtrength he goes, 2 Sam. 5. 1.
Settles new *friends*, and frights his ancient *Foes*. 1 Chro. 12. 23.
To *Solima*, *Cana'ans* old head, they came, Ver. 6.
(Since high in note, then not unknown to *Fame*)
41 The *Blind* and *Lame* th'undoubted wall defend, 2 Sam. 5. 6.
And no *new* wounds or dangers apprehend.
The buſie *image* of great *Joab* there
Diſdains the mock, and teaches them to fear.
He climbs the *airy* walls, leaps raging down,
New-minted ſhapes of ſlaughter fill the town.
They curſe the guards their mirth and bravery choſe;
All of them now are ſlain, or made like *thoſe*.
42 Far through an inward *Scene* an *Army* lay,
Which with full banners a fair *Fiſh* diſplay.

2 Sam. 5. 17,18,19 20,21,22 1 Chron. 14.8. From *Sidon* plains to happy *Egypts* coast
They seem all met; a vast and warlike *Hoast*.
Thither hasts *David* to his destin'ed prey,
Honor, and noble *Danger* lead the way;

Ver. 22. 23, 24. 1 Chro. 14. 14. 43 The conscious *Trees* shook with a reverent fear
Their *unblown* tops; *God* walkt before him there.
Slaughter the wearied *Riphaims* bosom fills,
Dead corps *imboss* the *vail* with little *hills*.

2 Sam. 8. 3. 1 Chro. 18. 3. Ver. 5. 2 Sam. 10. 6 44 On th'other side *Sophenes* mighty King
Numberless troops of the blest *East* does bring:
Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'ne;
45 *Damascus* and rich *Adad* help in vaine.

1 Chron. 19. 6. &. 19. 8. 46 Here *Nabathæan* troops in battel stand,
With all the lusty youth of *Syrian* land;
Undaunted *Joab* rushes on with speed,
Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed;
He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;
The *Syrians* leave, or possess *dead* the ground.

Ver. 10. On th'other wing does brave *Abishai* ride
Reeking in blood and dust; on every side
The perjur'd sons of *Ammon* quit the field,
Some basely *dye*, and some more basely *yield*.
Through a thick wood the wretched *Hannn* flies,
And far more justly then fears *Hebrew spies*.

2 Sam. 10. 3, 4. 1 Chro. 19. 3. 47 *Moloch*, their bloody God, thrusts out his head,
Grinning through a black cloud; him they'd long fed
In his *sev'en Chambers*, and he still did eat
New-roasted *babes*, his dear, delicious meat.

Ver. 15. 1 Chro 19. 16. Again they'arise, more ang'red then dismaid;
48 *Euphrates*, and *Swift Tygris* sends them aid:
In vain they send it, for again they're slain,

2 Sam. 11. 1. 49 And feast the greedy birds on *Helay* plain.

1 Chr. 20 50 Here *Rabba* with proud towers affronts the sky,
And round about great *Joabs* trenches ly.

2 Sam. 12. 30. 1 Chro. 20. 1. Ver. 31. 1 Chro. 20. 3. They force the walls, and sack the helpless town;
51 On *Davids* head shines *Ammons* massy Crown.
Midst various torments the curst race expires,
David himself his severe wrath admires.
Next upon *Israels* throne does bravely sit

1 King 1. 1 Chron. 23. 1. 52 A comely *Youth* endow'ed with wondrous wit.
53 Far from the *parched Line* a royal *Dame*,

1 King. 3. 12. 2 Chro. 1. 12. To hear his tongue and boundless *wisdom* came.
She carried back in her triumphant *womb*
The glorious stock of thousand *Kings* to come.

1 King. 10 Mat. 12. 42. Lu. 11. 31. Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display,
Here they a *Temples* vast foundations lay.

2 Chro. 19 1 King. 6. A mighty work; and with fit glories fill'd.
For *God* t'*enhabit*, and that *King* to *build*.

2 Chro. 3. & 4. 5. Some from the quarries hew out massy stone,
Some draw it up with cranes, some breathe and grone

In

In order o're the anvile; ſome cut down
Tall *Cedars*, the proud *Mountains* ancient crown;
Some carve the Truncks, and *breathing ſhapes* beſtow,
Giving the *Trees* more *life* then when they *grow*;
But, oh (alas) what ſudden cloud is ſpread
About this glorious *Kings eclypſed* head? 1 King. 11.
It all his fame benights, and all his ſtore,
Wrapping him round, and now he's ſeen no more.
When ſtraight his *Son* appears at *Sichem* crown'd. 1 Kin. 12.
With young and heedleſs *Council* circled round; 2 Chr. 10.
Unſeemly object! but a falling ſtate
Has always its *own* errours joyn'd with *fate*.
Ten *Tribes* at once forſake the *Jeſſian* throne,
And bold *Adoram* at his Meſſage ſtone; Ver. 18.
Brethren of Iſrael !——more he fain would ſay, 2 Chro.
But a flint ſtopt his mouth, and ſpeech i'th' way. 10. 18.
Here this fond Kings diſaſters but begin,
He's deſtin'ed to more ſhame by his *Fathers* ſin.
Suſack comes up, and under his command 1 Ki. 14. 25
54 A dreadful *Army* from ſcorcht *Africks* ſand 2 Chron. 12. 2.
As *numberleſs* as *that*; all is his prey,
The *Temples* ſacred wealth they bear away;
55 *Adrazars* ſhields and golden loſs they take;
Ev'n *David* in his dream does ſweat and ſhake.
Thus fails this wretched *Prince*; his *Loyns* appear 1 Kin. 12. 10.
Of leſs *weight* now, then *Solomons Fingers* were. 2 Chro. 10. 10.
Abijah next ſeeks *Iſra'el* to regain, 1 Ki. 15. 1.
And waſh in ſeas of blood his *Fathers* ſtain; 2 Chro. 13. 1.
56 Ne're ſaw the aged *Sun* ſo cruel fight, & 13. 3.
Scarce ſaw he *this*, but hid his baſhful light.
Nebats curſt ſon fled with not half his men,
Where were his *Gods* of *Dan* and *Bethel* then? 2 Chron.
Yet could not this the fatal ſtrife decide; 13. 17.
God *puniſht one*, but *bleſt not* th'other ſide.
Aſan a juſt and vertuous Prince ſucceeds; 2 Ki. 15. 9.
High rais'd by fame for great and godly deeds; 2 Chr.
57 He cut the ſolemn groves where *Idols* ſtood, 14. 1.
And *Sacrific'ed* the *Gods* with their *own wood*. ver. 13.
He vanquiſht thus the proud weak powers of hell, 2 Chro.
Before him next their doating ſervants fell. 14. 3.
58 So huge an Hoſt of *Zerahs* men he ſlew, 2 Chr.
As made ev'en that *Arabia Deſert* too. 14. 9.
59 Why fear'd he then the perjur'd *Baaſha's* fight? 2 Chron.
Or bought the dangerous ayd of *Syrian's* might? 16. 2.
Conqueſt Heav'ens *gift*, cannot by man be ſold; ver. 18.
Alas, what *weakneſs* truſts he? *Man* and *Gold*. 2 Chron. 16. 8.
Next *Joſaphat* poſſeſt the royal ſtate; 2 K. 15. 25
An happy *Prince*, well worthy of his fate; & 22. 43.
His oft Oblations on Gods Altar made, 2 Chr. 17.
With thouſand flocks, and thouſand herds are paid, 2 Chron. 17. 11.

Arabian Tribute! what mad troops are those,
Those *mighty Troops* that dare to be his foes?
2 Chro. 20. 17. He *Prays* them dead; with mutual wounds they fall;
One fury brought, one fury slays them all.
1 King. 22. 30. Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win;
Never o'recome but by's Friend *Ahabs* sin;
2 Chro. 18. 19. 60 On whose disguise fates then did onely look;
And had almost their *Gods* command *mistook*.
2 King. 3. 14. & 3. 9. & 3. 8. Him from whose danger heav'en securely brings,
And for his sake two ripely wicked *Kings*.
61 Their Armies languish, burnt with thirst at *Seere*,
Sighs all their *Cold*, *Tears* all their *Moisture* there.
They fix their greedy eyes on th'empty sky,
And fansie *clouds*, and so become *more dry*.
2 Ki. 3. 13. *Elisha* calls for waters from afarre
To come; *Elisha* calls, and here they are.
2 Ki. 3. 24. In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood;
2 Ki. 8. 16. & 8. 25. And the decrease repair with *Moabs blood*.
2 Chr. 21. 1. & 22. 1. 62 *Jehoram* next, and *Ochvziah* throng
For *Judahs* Scepter; both *short-liv'd too long*.
2 Kin. 11. 1 2 Chron. 22. 10. 63 A *Woman* too from *Murther Title* claims;
Both with her *Sins* and *Sex* the *Crown* she shames.
2 King. 12 2 Chro. 24 Proud cursed *Woman*! but her fall at last
To doubting men *clears* heav'en for what was past.
Joas at first does bright and glorious show;
In lifes fresh morn his *fame* did early *crow*.
Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,
But *Prophets* angry blood o'recast his day.
2 Chro. 24. 21. From thence his clouds, from thence his storms begin,
2 Ki. 12. 18 64 It cryes aloud, and twice let's *Aram* in.
2 Chro 24. 23 65 So *Amaziah* lives, so ends his raign;
Both by their *Trayt'erous* servants *justly slain*.
2 Kin. 14. 2 Chro. 25 *Edom* at first dreads his victorious hand,
2 Ki. 14. 7. Before him thousand *Captives* trembling stand.
2 Chron. 25. 11. & 25. 12. Down a prec'ipice deep, down he casts them all,
66 The *mimick shapes* in several postures fall.
2 Chron. 25. 14. But then (mad fool!) he does those *Gods* adore,
2 K. 14. 13 Which when pluckt down, had *worshipt* him before.
2 Chron. 25. 23. Thus all his life to come is loss and shame;
2 Ki. 15. 1. No help from *Gods* who themselves helpt not, came.
2 Chr. 26. 67 All this *Uzziahs* strength and wit repairs,
2 Ki. 15. 5. 2 Chr. 26. 19. Leaving a well-built greatness to his *Heirs*.
68 Till leprous scurff o're his whole body cast,
2 K. 15. 32. 2 Chr. 27. Takes him at first from *Men*, from *Earth* at last.
2 Chr. 27. 4. 69 As vertuous was his *Son*, and happier far;
Buildings his *Peace*, and *Trophies* grac'ed his *War*.
2 Ki. 16. 1. 2 Chr. 28. But *Achaz* heaps up sins, as if he meant
2 Ki. 16. 3. To make his worst forefathers *innocent*.
2 Chr. 28. 3. 70 He burns his Son at *Hinon*, whilst around
The roaring child drums and loud Trumpets sound.

This

This to the boy a *barb'arous mercy* grew,
And ſnatcht him from all mis'eries to enſue.
Here *Peca* comes, and hundred thouſands fall; 2 Ki.16.5.
Here *Rezin* marches up, and ſweeps up all: 2 Chro. 28.6.
71 Till like a Sea the *Great Belochus Son* 2 Ki.16.7.
Breaks upon both, and both does over-run,
The laſt of *Adads* ancient ſtock is ſlain,
Iſra'el captiv'ed, and rich *Damaſcus* ta'ne. 2 Ki.16.9.
All this wild rage to revenge *Juda's* wrong; & 15.27.
72 But wo to Kingdoms that have Friends too ſtrong! 2 Chro.
Thus *Hezechiah* the torn Empire took, 28.20.
And *Aſſurs King* with his worſe *Gods* forſook, 2 Kin.18.
Who to poor *Juda* worlds of Nations brings, 2 Chr.29.
There rages; utters *vain* and *Mighty* things, 2 Ki.18.7.
Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names, 2 King. 18.17.
Some of dear gold, and ſome of beauteous dames; 2 Chr.32.
Whilſt in the midſt of their huge *ſleepy boaſt*, Iſa.36.
73 An *Angel* ſcatters death through all the hoaſt. 2 K.19.35
Th'affrighted *Tyrant* back to *Babel* hies, 2 Chron. 32.21.
74 There meets an end far worſe then that he flies. 2 K.19.37.
Here *Hezekiahs* life is almoſt done! A Chr. 32.21.
So good, and yet, alas! ſo ſhort 'tis ſpunne.
Th'end of the *Line* was ravell'd, weak and old;
Time muſt go back, and afford better hold 2 Kin. 20.
To tye a new thread to it, of fifteen years; 2 Chr. 32.24.
'Tis done; Th'*almighty power* of *prayer* and *tears*! 2 K.20.11.
75 Backward the *Sun*, an unknown motion, went; 2 Chr.32.
The *Stars* gaz'ed on, and wondred what he meant: 2 Kin. 21.
76 *Manaſſes* next (forgetful man!) begins; 2 Chr. 33.
Enſlav'ed, and ſold to *Aſſur* by his ſins.
Till by the rod of *learned mis'ery* taught, 2 K.21.19.
Home to his *God* and *Countrey* both he's brought. 2 Chro.33 21.
It taught not *Ammon*, nor his hardneſs brake; 2 Kin. 22.
He's made th'*Example* he refus'd to *take*. 2 Kin.23.
Yet from this root a goodly *Cyon* ſprings;
Joſiah beſt of *Men*, as well as *Kings*.
77 Down went the *Calves* with all their gold and coſt;
The *Preiſts* then *truly* griev'ed, *Oſyris* loſt,
Theſe mad *Egyptian* rites till now remain'd;
Fools! they their worſer thraldome ſtill retain'd!
78 In his *own Fires Moloch* to aſhes fell, 2 Kin. 23.
And no more *flames* muſt have beſides his *Hell*. 10. Ib. v. 13.
79 Like end *Aſtartes horned Image* found,
80 And *Baals ſpired ſtone* to duſt was ground.
81 No more were *Men* in *female* habit ſeen,
Or *They* in *Mens* by the lewd *Syrian Queen*.
82 No luſtful *Maids* at *Benos Temple* ſit,
And with their bodies *ſhame* their marriage get.
83 The *double Dagon* neither nature ſaves,
Nor flies *She* back to th' *Erythræan* waves.

The

2 King. 23. 21. 84 The trav'elling *Sun* ſees gladly from on high
His *Chariots* burn, and *Nergal* quenched ly.
The Kings impartial Anger lights on all,
85 From *fly-blown Acca'ron* to the *thundring Baal.*
Here *Davids* joy unruly grows and bold;
Nor could *Sleeps* ſilken chain its vio'lence hold;
Had not the *Angel* to ſeal faſt his eyes
The humors ſtirr'd, and bad more miſts ariſe:
When ſtraight a *Chariot* hurries ſwift away,
And in it good *Joſiah* bleeding lay.
One hand's held up, one ſtops the wound; in vain
They both are us'd; alas, *he's ſlain, he's ſlain.*
2 King. 23 31. *Jehoias* and *Jehoikim* next appear;
Ib. v. 26. Both *urge* that vengeance which before was *near.*
2 Chr. 36. 1. & 5. He in *Egyptian* fetters captive dies,
2 K. 23. 34. 86 Thus by more *courteous* anger murther'd lies.
2 Chro. 36. 4. 87 His Son and Brother next do bonds ſuſtain,
Jer. 36. 30 *Iſra'els* now ſolemn and *imperial Chain.*
2 Ki. 24. 8. 2 Chro. 36 Her'es the laſt *Scene* of this proud Cities ſtate;
All ills are met ty'ed in one *knot* of *Fate.*
88 Their endleſs ſlavery in this tryal lay;
Great God had heapt up *Ages* in one *Day:*
Strong works around the wall the *Caldees* build,
2 Kin. 25. 1 Jer. 52. 4. The *Town* with grief and dreadful bus'ineſs fill'd.
To their carv'ed *Gods* the frantick women pray,
Gods which as near their *ruine* were as *they.*
At laſt in ruſhes the prevailing foe,
Does all the miſchief of proud *conqueſt* ſhow.
The wondring babes from mothers breaſts are rent,
2 Chr. 36. 17. And ſuffer ills they neither *fear'd* nor *meant.*
No ſilver rev'erence guards the ſtooping age,
No rule or method ties their boundleſs rage.
2 Chro. 36. 19. The glorious *Temple* ſhines in *flame* all o're,
2 King. 25. 9. Yet not ſo bright as in its *Gold* before.
Nothing but fire or ſlaughter meets the eyes,
Nothing the *ear* but groans and diſmal cryes.
The walls and towers are levi'ed with the ground,
And ſcarce ought now of that vaſt *Citie's* found
But ſhards and rubbiſh which weak ſigns might keep
Of forepaſt glory, and bid *Trav'ellers* weep.
Thus did triumphant *Aſſur* homewards paſs,
And thus *Jerus'alem* left, *Jeruſalem that was.*
Thus *Zedechiah* ſaw, and this not all;
2 Kin. 25. 7 Jer. 52. 10 Before his face his *Friends* and *Children* fall,
The ſport of ins'olent *victors*; this he viewes,
A *King* and *Father* once; ill fate could uſe
His *eyes* no more to do their maſter ſpight;
All *to be ſeen* ſhe took, and next his *Sight.*
89 Thus a *long death* in priſon he outwears;
Bereft of griefs *laſt ſolace*, ev'en his *Tears.*

Then

Then *Jeconiahs* ſon did foremoſt come, Mat. 1. 12
And he who brought the captiv'ed nation home; Luk. 3.
A row of *Worthies* in long order paſt
O're the ſhort ſtage; of all old *Joſeph* laſt.
Fair *Angels* paſt by next in ſeemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded baſquets in their hands.
Some as they went the blew-ey'd *violets* ſtrew,
Some ſpotleſs *Lilies* in looſe order threw.
Some did the way with full-blown *roſes* ſpread;
Their ſmell divine and colour ſtrangely red;
Not ſuch as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom *weathers* taint, and winds *rude kiſſes* tear.
Such, I believe, was the firſt *Roſes* hew,
Which at *Gods* word in beauteous *Eden* grew.
Queen of the *Flowers*, which made that *Orchard* gay,
The morning bluſhes of the *Springs new Day*.
90 With ſober pace an heav'enly *Maid* walks in,
Her looks all fair; no *ſign* of *Native ſin*
Through her whole body writ; *Immoderate Grace*
Spoke things far more then humane in her face.
It caſts a dusky gloom o're all the flow'rs;
91 And with *full beams* their *mingled Light* devowrs.
An *Angel* ſtraight broke from a ſhining clowd,
And preſt his wings, and with much reve'rence bow'd.
Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his ſacred Meſſage ſweetly ſaid:
Hail, full of *Grace*, thee the whole world ſhall call Lu. 1. 33.
Above all *bleſt*; *Thee*, who ſhalt bleſs them all.
Thy *Virgin womb* in wondrous ſort ſhall ſhrowd
Jeſus the God; (and then again he *bow'd*)
Conception the great *Spirit* ſhall breathe on thee;
92 Hail thou, who muſt *Gods Wife*, *Gods Mother* be!
With that, his ſeeming form to heav'n he rear'd;
She low obeiſance made, and diſappear'd.
Lo a new *Star* three eaſtern *Sages* ſee;
(For why ſhould onely *Earth* a *Gainer* be?) Mat. 2. 1.
They ſaw this *Phoſphors* infant-light, and knew
It bravely uſher'd in a *Sun* as New.
They haſted all this riſing *Sun* t'adore;
93 With them rich myrrh, and early ſpices bore.
Wiſe men; no fitter gift your zeal could bring;
You'll in a noiſome *ſtable* find your *King*.
Anon a thouſand *Dev'ils* run roaring in;
Some with a dreadful ſmile deform'edly grin.
Some ſtamp their cloven paws, ſome frown and tear
The gaping Snakes from their black-knotted hair.
As if all grief, and all the rage of hell
Were *doubled* now, or that juſt *now* they *fell*.
But when the dreaded *Maid* they entring ſaw,
All fled with trembling fear and ſilent aw.

In her chaſt arms th' *Eternal Infant* lies,
Th' *Almighty voyce* chang'ed into feeble cryes.
Heav'en contain'd *Virgins* oft, and will do more;
Never did *Virgin contain Heav'en* before.
Angels peep round to view this myſtick thing,
And *Halleluiah* round, all *Halleluiah* ſing.
No longer could good *David* quiet bear,
The *unwieldy pleaſure* which ore-flow'd him here.
It broke the fetters, and burſt ope his ey.
Away the tim'erous *Forms* together fly.
Fixt with amaze he ſtood; and time muſt take,
To learn if yet he were at laſt awake.
Sometimes he thinks that heav'en this *Viſion* ſent,
And order'ed all the *Pageants* as they went.
Sometimes, that onely 'twas wild *Phancies* play,
The looſe and ſcatter'd *reliques* of the *Day*.
94 When *Gabriel* (no bleſt *Spirit* more kind or fair)
95 Bodies and cloathes himſelf with thickned ayr.
All like a comely *youth* in lifes freſh bloom;
Rare workmanſhip, and wrought by heavenly loom!
He took for ſkin a cloud moſt ſoft and bright,
That e're the midday Sun pierc'ed through with light:
Upon his cheeks a lively bluſh he ſpred;
Waſht from the morning beauties deepeſt red.
An harmleſs flaming *Meteor* ſhone for haire,
And fell adown his ſhoulders with looſe care.
He cuts out a ſilk *Mantle* from the ſkies,
Where the moſt ſprightly azure pleas'd the eyes.
This he with ſtarry vapours ſpangles all,
Took in their prime e're they grow *ripe* and *fall*.
Of a new *Rainbow* e're it *fret* or *fade*,
The choiceſt piece took out, a *Scarf* is made.
Small ſtreaming clouds he does for wings diſplay,
Not Vertuous Lovers ſighes more ſoft then They.
Theſe he gilds o're with the Suns richeſt rays,
Caught gliding o're pure ſtreams on which he plays.
Thus dreſt the joyful *Gabriel* poſts away,
And carries with him his *own* glorious day
Through the thick woods; the gloomy ſhades awhile
Put on freſh looks, and wonder why they ſmile.
The trembling *Serpents* cloſe and ſilent ly,
96 The *birds obſcene* far from his paſſage fly.
A ſudden ſpring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by *Creation* roſe.
Thus he appears to *David*, at firſt ſight
All earth-bred fears and ſorrows take their flight.
In ruſhes joy divine, and hope, and reſt;
A Sacred calm ſhines through his peaceful breſt.
Hail, *Man* belov'ed! from higheſt heav'en (ſaid he)
My mighty *Maſter* ſends thee *health* by me.

The

The things thou saw'est are full of *truth* and *light*,
97 Shap'd in the *glass* of the divine *Foresight*.
Ev'n now old *Time* is harnessing the years
To go in order thus; hence empty fears;
Thy Fate's all *white*; from thy blest seed shall spring
The promis'd *Shilo*, the great *Mystick King*.
Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,
And reach to *Worlds*, that must not yet be *found*.
The *Southern Clime* him her sole *Lord* shall stile,
98 Him all the *North*, ev'en *Albions stubborn Isle*.
99 My *Fellow-Servant*, credit what I tell.
100 Straight into shapeless air unseen he fell.

NOTES
UPON THE
SECOND BOOK.

1 HOnours, that is, *Beauties*, which make things *Honoured*; in which ſenſe *Virgil* often uſes the word, and delights in it:

Et lætos oculis afflârat Honores.

And in the 2 *Georg.* (as in this place) for *Leaves.*

Frigidus & ſilvis Aquilo decuſſit honorem.

2 *Joſephus* calls *David*, Παῖς ξανθὸς. The *yellow*; that is, *yellow-haired Boy*, or rather, *Youth*. *Cedrenus* ſays, that *Valentinian* the *Emperor* was like *David*, becauſe he had beautiful Eyes, a ruddy complexion, and red, or rather, *yellow* hair.

3 *Power*, *Love*, and *Wiſdom*, that is, the whole *Trinity* (The *Father*, *Power*; the *Son*, *Love*; the *Holy Ghoſt*, *Wiſdom*) concurred in the *Creation* of the world: And it is not only preſerved by theſe *Three*, the *Power*, *Love*, and *Wiſdom* of *God*, but by the emanations and beams of them derived to, and impreſt in the *Creatures*. Which could not ſubſiſt without *Power* to *Act*, *Wiſdom* to *direct* thoſe *Actions* to *Ends* convenient for their Natures, and *Love* or *Concord*, by which they receive mutual neceſſary aſſiſtances and benefits from one another. Which *Love* is well termed by *Cicero* *Cognatio Naturæ*, The *Kindred*, or *Conſanguinity of Nature*. And to *Love* the *Creation* of the world, was attributed even by many of the ancient Heathens, the Verſe of *Orph.*

Καὶ Μῆτις πρῶτος γενέτωρ ἠ Ἔρως πολυμήτης.

Wiſdom and *Love* were Parents of the world: And therefore *Heſiod* in his mad confuſed *Poem* of the *Generation* of the *Gods*, after *Chaos*, the *Earth*, and *Hell*, brings in *Love*, as the firſt of all the *Gods*,

Ἦ τοι Ἔρως ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι.

Pherecides

Pherecides said excellently, that *God transformed* himself into *Love*, when he began to make the world,

Εἰς Ἔρωα μεταβλῆσθαι τὸν
Δία μέλλοντα δημιουργεῖν.

4 As *Humane Nature* is elevated by *Grace*, so other *Agents* are by *Love* to *Operations* that are *above*, and seem *contrary* to their *Nature*, as the ascension of heavy bodies, and the like.

5 *Garlands* of *Ivy* were anciently the ornaments of *Poets*, and other learned men, as *Laurel* of *Conquerors*, *Olive* of *Peace-makers*, and the like. *Horace.*

Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miscent superis——

Me Ivy the reward of learned brows does mingle with the Gods.

Virg. ——*Atq; hanc sine tempora circum*
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere laurus.

And let this humble *Ivy* creep around thy Temples with triumphant *Laurel* bound. Because *Ivy* is always *green*, and requires the support of some stronger *Tree*, as *Learning* does of *Princes* and great men.

6 The *Object* of the *Sensitive Appetite* is not that which is *truly good*, but that which *Appears* to be *Good*. There is great caution to be used in English in the placing of *Adjectives* (as here) after their *Substantives*. I think when they constitute specifical *differences* of the *Substantives*, they *follow* best; for then they are to it like *Cognomina*, or *Surnames* to *Names*, and we must not say, the *Great Pompey*, or the *Happy Sylla*, but *Pompey the Great*, and *Sylla the Happy*; sometimes even in other cases the *Epithete* is put last very gracefully, of which a good *ear* must be the *Judge* for ought I know, without any *Rule*. I chuse rather to say *Light Divine*, and *Command Divine*, than *Divine Light*, and *Divine Command*.

7 These are the *Effects* of *Love*, according to *Th. Aquinas in Prima Sec. Quæst.* 28. the 1, 2, 3, and 4. *Artic.* to whom I refer for the proof and explanation of them, *Amor est affectus quo cum re amatâ aut unimur, aut perpetuamus unionem.* Scal. de Subt.

8 1 Sam. 5. *And David said unto Jonathan, behold to morrow is the new-Moon, and I should not fail to sit with the King at meat, but let me go*, &c. Ecce Calendæ sunt crastino, & ego ex more sedere soleo juxtà regem ad vescendum, &c. The first day of every month was a Festival among the *Jews:* for the *First-fruits* of all things, even all distinctions of *Times* were *Sacred* to *God*; In it they neither bought nor sold, *Amos* 8. 4. *When will the new-Moon be gone, that we may sell Corn?* the Vulg. *Quando transibit mensis* (that is, *Primus dies*, or *Festum Mensis*) *& venundabimus merces?* They went to the Prophets to hear the word as upon Sabbaths, 2 Kings 4. 23. *Wherefore wilt thou go to him to day? it is neither New-moon nor Sabbath*; which was likewise a *Custom* among the *Romans:* for the day of the *Calends* the *High Priests* called together the people (from whence the name of *Calends à Calando plebem*) to instruct them in the divine dutys which they were to perform that month, *Macro.* 1. *Saturnal.* And lastly, there were greater Sacrifices on that, than upon other ordinary days, *Num.* 28. 11. But of all *New-moons*, that of the *seventh month*

was the moſt ſolemn, it being alſo the *Feaſt of Trumpets*. It is not evident that this was the *New-Moon* ſpoken of in this ſtory of *David*; but that it was ſo, may probably be conjectured, in that the *Text* ſeems to imply a greater Solemnity than that of ordinary *Calends*, and that the Feaſt laſted above one day, 1 *Sam.* 20. 27. *And it came to paſs, that on the morrow, which was the ſecond day of the month, Davids place was empty.* Now the reaſon of this greater obſervation of the Calends of the *Seventh Month* (called *Tiſri*, and anſwering to our *September*) was, becauſe according to the *Civil Computation* (for the Jews had two accounts of the beginning of the year, one *Civil*, the other *Religious*; this latter being inſtituted in memory of their paſſage out of *Egypt* in the month *Abib*, that is, about our *March*) this was the beginning of the year; from hence contracts, and the account of *Sabbatical years* and *Jubilees* bare date. It is called by ſome *Sabbathum Sabbathorum*, becauſe it is the *Sabboth* of *Months*; for as the ſeventh day, and the ſeventh year, ſo the ſeventh month too was conſecrated to God. Of this *New-Moon* it is that *David* ſpeaks, *Pſal.* 81. 3. *Blow the Trumpet in the New-Moon, in the time appointed on our ſolemn Feaſt-day. In inſigni die ſolennitatis veſtræ.* And the Pſalm is inſcribed, *Pro Torcularibus*; which concurs juſt with this ſeventh Moon; which *Philo* in *Decal.* terms, ἡ ἑβδομὰς ἀν ἐδιπτυξεν ἑορτὰς. And S. *Auguſt.* reads, *In initio Menſis Tubæ.* See the Inſtitution of this Feſtival, *Levit.* 23. 24. and *Numb.* 29. 1.

9 The *Prieſts* were wont to blow the *Trumpets* upon all *Feſtivals*, the year of *Jubilee* was proclaimed by them with the ſound of Trumpets through the whole Land; nay the *Sabbath* it ſelf was begun with it, as *Joſephus* teſtifies, *l.* 5. *Bel. Jud. c.* 9. But why the *Trumpets* were ſounded more extraordinarily on this day, is hard to find out; for which it is named *Dies Clangoris*. Some will have it to be only as a Solemn Promulgation of the *New-year*; which opinion is likewiſe adorned with an alluſion to the beginning (or as it were *New-years-Day*) of *Eternity*; which is to be proclaimed by *Angels* in that manner with a great ſound of a *Trumpet*, Mat. 24. 31.

10 This was Saint *Baſils* opinion, but is not much followed, becauſe when *Feſtivals* are inſtituted in memory of any paſt Bleſſing, they uſed to be obſerved on the ſame day that the bleſſing was conferred.

11 This third is the common opinion of the Jews; who therefore call this Feſtival *Feſtum Cornu*, and ſay, that they ſounded only upon Rams *Horns*: but that, methinks, if this be the true reaſon of it, is not neceſſary.

12 *The Third Hour*; 1. Nine a clock in the morning: For the day began at ſix a clock, and contained *twelve Little*, or *Four Great Hours*, or *Quarters*. The firſt *Quarter* from Six to Nine, was called the *Third Hour*, becauſe that cloſed up the *Quarter*.

13 *Gay*, becauſe the Beaſts to be Sacrificed, uſed to be *Crowned* with Garlands, and ſometimes had their *Horns gilt*, as I ſay afterwards.

For

14 For on the ordinary *New-Moons* there was offered up two *Bullocks*, one *Ram*, and seven *Lambs* of the first year without spot, *Numb.* 28. 11. and a *Kid* of the *Goats*, v. 15. and there was added on this *New-Moon*, one young Bullock, one Ram, seven Lambs of the first year without blemish, and one *Kid*, Numb. 29. which joined, make up my number. *Bullocks* of *Free-neck*; that is, which had never been yoked, implyed in the *Epithete Young. Intactâ cervice Juvenci.*

15 The outmost Court of the Tabernacle.

16 The custom of having Stories wrought in *Hangings*, *Coverlits*, nay even wearing Garments, is made to be very ancient by the Poets. Such is the history of *Theseus* and *Ariadne* in the Coverlit of *Thetis Pulvinar*, or *Marriage Bed.* Catull. Argonaut.

Talibus amplificè vestis variata figuris
Pulvinar complexa suo velabat amictu.

So *Æneas* in 5. *Æn.* gives a Coat to *Cloanthus*, in which was wrought the rape of *Ganymede*,

Intextusq; puer frondosâ regius Idâ.

And many authorities of this kind might be alleaged if it were necessary.

17 *You might see.* That is, *It might be seen*, or, *Any one might see.* This manner of speaking, which puts the second person Indefinitely, is very frequent among the Poets; as *Homer*,

φάσις κεν ζάκοτον τινὰ λιμὸν ἐπισπεῖν.

Virg. 4. Æn.

Migrantes cernas:

Upon which *Servius* says, *Honesta figura si rem tertiæ personæ in secundam transferas. Mugire videbis*, that is, *Videbit aut poterit videre aliquis.* So 8. Æn.

Credas innare revulsas Cycladas; that is, *Credat quis.*

18 *God* is said to have spoken with *Abraham* Nine times; that is, so many times *Angels* brought him Messages from *God.* An *Angel* is called by *Josephus* Πρόσωπον Θεοῦ.

19 Some make *Sara* to be the *Daughter* of *Haran*, *Abrams Brother*; others of *Therah* by another Wife, which marriages were then lawful, but the Scripture *Gen.* 11. calls her *Terahs Daughter in Law*, not *Daughter*; others think she was only *Abrams Kinswoman*; all which the Hebrews called *Sisters.* Ἀδελφὴ non Ἀδελφή. *Grot. Beauteous* were a strange *Epithete* for her at the Age she then had, which was above threescore years, but that the Scripture calls her so, and she proved her self to be so, by striking two Kings in love, *Pharaoh* and *Abimelech.* It is to be believed that people in those days bore their age better than now, and her barrenness might naturally contribute somewhat to it; but the chief reason I suppose to be a *Blessing* of *God* as particular, as that of her *child-bearing* after the natural season.

20 The Scripture does not say particularly, that *Abram* surprised this Army in, or after a debauch, but it is probable enough for my turn, that this was the case. Of these *Confused marks of death and luxury*,

luxury, there is an excellent deſcription in the 9 Æneid, where *Niſus* and *Eurialus* fall upon the quarter of the Enemy.

Somno vinoq; ſepultam.
Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum ſanguine miſta
Vina refert moriens, &c.

But I had no leiſure to expatiate in this place.

21 St. *Hierom* ſays this *Salem* was a Town near *Scythopolis*, called *Salem* even to his *Time*; and that there were then remaining ſome ruines of the Palace of *Melchiſedec*, which is not very probable. I rather believe him to have been King of *Jeruſalem*; for being a *Type* of *Chriſt*, that ſeat was moſt proper for him, eſpecially ſince we are ſure that *Jeruſalem* was once named *Salem*, Pſal. *In Salem is his Tabernacle, and his habitation in Sion.* And the addition of *Jeru* to it, was from *Jebu*, the Jebuſites; that is, *Salem of the Jebuſites*, *Adric.* The ſituation of *Jeruſalem* agrees very well with this ſtory. For *Abram* coming to *Hebron* from the parts about *Damaſcus*, paſſes very near *Jeruſalem*, nay nearer then to the other *Salem.* But concerning this King of *Salem*, *Melchiſedec*, the difficulties are more important. Some make him to be no *man*, but *God* himſelf, or the *Holy Ghoſt*, as the ancient *Melchiſedecians* and *Hieracites*; others, to be *Chriſt* himſelf; others, an *Angel*, as *Origen*; others to be *Sem* the ſon of *Noah*; which is little more probable then the former extravagant fancies. That which is moſt reaſonable, and moſt received too, is, that he was a King of a little Territory among the *Canaanites*, and a *Prieſt* for the *true God*, which makes him ſo remarkable among thoſe Idolatrous Nations; for which cauſe he is termed, ἀγενεαλόγητος, becauſe he was not of any of the *Genealogies* of the Scripture; and therefore the better typified or repreſented *Chriſt*, as being both a *King* and a *Prieſt*, without being of the Tribe of *Levi*: But this and the other controverſies about him, are too copious to be handled in a Comment of this Nature.

22 Ver. 18. *And Melchiſedec King of Salem brought forth bread and wine, &c.* The Romaniſts maintain, that this was only a *Sacrifice*, and a *Type* of the *Euchariſt*, as *Melchiſedec* himſelf was of *Chriſt*; others, that it was only a *Preſent* for the relief of *Abrams* men. Why may we not ſay that it was both? and that before the men were refreſht by bread and wine, there was an offering or prelibation of them to *God*, by the *Prieſt* of the moſt *High God*, as he is denominated? for even this oblation of bread and wine (uſed alſo among the *Hebrews*) is called θυσία, *Levit.* 2. and *Philo* ſays of *Melchiſedec* upon this occaſion, ὑπόμνημα ἱερὸν. I therefore name them *Sacred Preſents. Like him whoſe Type he bears*; that is, *Chriſt.* And the *Dues* he received were *Tenths*, whether of all *Abrams* ſubſtance, or of the *preſent Spoils* (ἀκροθίνια) is a great controverſie.

23 Gen. 15. 5. and Gen. 22. 17. *I will multiply thy ſeed as the ſtars of the heaven, and as the ſand upon the ſea ſhore.* An ordinary Proverb in all languages, for great numbers. Catul. *Aut quot ſidera multa cum tacet nox*; and in another place he joyns the ſand of the ſea too as this Text does. *Ille pulveris Erythræi Siderúmq; micantium ſubducat numerum.* It does no hurt, I think, to add *Bright* as well as *Numberleſs* to the ſimilitude.

Gen.

24 *Gen.* 17. It is called a *Covenant*; and circumcision may well be termed a *Mark* of *Homage*, because it was a renouncing of the flesh, and peculiar dedication of *Abram* and his seed to the service of the true *God*.

25 The received opinion is, that *two* of these persons were *Angels*, and the *Third*, *God* himself; for after the *two Angels* were gone towards *Sodom*, it is said, *Gen.* 18. 22. But *Abraham* stood yet before the *Lord*. So *Sulpit. Sever. Dominus qui cum duobus Angelis ad eum venerat. Lyra* and *Tostatus* report, that the Jews have a Tradition, that these *Three* were *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*. The first of which represented *God*, and remained with *Abraham*, the second destroyed *Sodom*, and the third brought *Lot* out of it. It was a very ancient opinion that these were the *Three persons* of the *Trinity*; from whence arose that notorious saying, *Tres vidit & unum adoravit*. This appearing of *Gods* in the manner of *strangers* to punish and reward men was a common tradition too among the Heathens, *Hom.* 5. *Odyss.*

Καὶ τε θεοὶ ξείνοισιν ἐοικότες ἀλλοδαποῖσι
Παντοῖοι τελέθοντες ἐπιστροφῶσι πόληας
Ἀνθρώπων ὕβριν τε καὶ εὐνομίην ἐφορῶντες.

The Gods in the habits of strangers went about to several Towns to be eye-witnesses of the justice and injustice of men. So *Homer* makes the Gods to go once a year to feast,

——— μετ' ἀμύμονας Αἰθιοπῆας,

With the *unblameable Ethiopians*. And we find these peregrinations frequent in the *Metamorphosis*,

Summo delabor Olympo———
Et Deus humanâ lustro sub imagine terras. 1. Metam.

26 From *Ur*, the place of his *Birth*, to *Ephrons Cave*, the place of his *Burial*. *Ur of the Chaldees*, Gen. 11. 31. Some of the Jews take *Ur* here for *Fire*, and tell a ridiculous fable, that *Abraham* and *Haran* his brother were cast by the *Chaldeans* into a burning furnace for opposing their *Idolatry*, in which *Haran* was consumed, but *Abraham* was preserved. *Josephus* and *Eusebius*, *lib.* 9. *Præpar. Evang.* say *Ur* was the name of a *City*, which *Josephus* calls οὖρα. and *Plin. l.* 5. *c.* 24. makes mention of *Ura*, a place *Usq; quem fertur Euphrates*. It was perhaps denominated from the worship of *Fire* in that Country. The name continued till *Ammianus* his time. *Ammian. lib.* 25.

27 *Mount*. For the place was the *Hill Moriah*, which the *Vulgar* translates *Montem Visionis*. Aquila τῷ ὑψηλῷ καλουμένῃ; which I conceive to be, not as some render it, *In terram lucidam*, but *terram apparentem*, the place which appears a great way off, as being a *Mountain*. *Symmachus* for the same reason has ὀπτασίαν, which is the same with the Latine *Visionis*; and the Septuag. call it ὑψηλὴν, the *High Country*; others interpret it, *The Country of Worship*, by *Anticipation*. And it was not perhaps without relation to this Sacrifice of *Abrahams*, that this was chosen afterwards to be the seat of *Solomons Temple*.

28 *The Boy*. Our English Translation, *Lad*, which is not a word for verse, the Latin *Puer*, *Boy*. *Aben Ezra* is cited to make him at that time

time but ten or twelve years old. But that is an age unfit for the carrying of such a Burden as he does here. *Rivet* for that reason conceives that he was about 16 years of age, *Josephus* 25. Others 33. because at that age our *Saviour* (whose *Type* he was) was sacrificed. Some of the *Jews* 36. none of which are contrary to the *Hebrew* use of the word *Boy*; for so all young men are termed, as *Benjamin*, Gen. 43. 8. and *Joseph*, *Joshua*, and *David* when he fought with *Goliah*. The *Painters* commonly make him very young, and my description agrees most with that opinion, for it is more poetical and pathetical than the others.

29 Because the *Covenant* and *Promises* were made in *Isaac*, Gen. 17. 21. *Heb.* 11. 17, 18.

30 The ancients (both *Hebrews* and other Nations) never omitted the *washing* at least of their *hands* and *feet* before they sat or lay down to *Table*. *Judg.* 19. 21. it is said of the *Levite* and his Concubine, *They washt their feet and did eat and drink*. So *Abraham* says to the three *Angels*, Gen. 18. 4. *Let a little water, I pray you be fetcht, and wash your feet, and rest your selves under the Tree, and I will fetch a morsel of Bread, &c.* So likewise *Josephs Steward* treats his Masters brethren. So *David* to *Uriah*, 2 Sam. 11. 8. *Go down to thy house, and wash thy feet, &c. and there followed him a mess of meat from the King*. It is in vain to adde more authorities of a thing so notorious. And this custom was then very necessary, for their *Legs* and *Thighs* being bare, they could not but contract much dirt, and were (of which this custom is some argument) to lie down upon *Beds*, which without washing they would have spoiled. *Homer* makes the *Wives* and *Daughters* even of *Princes* to wash the feet of their guests,

——ἀίσχιστον ϑ' ὧντε ἕϑεν. Athen. L. 1. c. 8.

For this (says he) was the ancient custom; and so the daughters of *Cocalus* washt *Minos* at his arrival in *Sicilie*. But the more ordinary, was to have young and beautiful servants for this and the like ministeries. Besides this, it was accounted necessary to have *wash pots* standing by at the *Jewish* feasts, to purifie themselves, if they should happen to touch any thing unclean. And for these reasons six *Water-pots* stood ready at the wedding feast of *Cana* in *Galilee*.

31 Eccles. 2. 8. *I gate men-singers, and women-singers, the delights of the sons of men*, οἰνοχόους καὶ οἰνοχόας. He and she servants to fill wine, says the Septuagint: Though I know the Vulgar, and our English Edition translate it otherwise; both differently: And it is incredible, how curious the ancients were in the choice of Servants to wait at *Table*. *Mart.*

Stant pueri, Dominos quos precer esse meos.

32 After *washing* they always *anointed* themselves with precious oyl. So *Judith* 10. 2. So *Naomi* to *Ruth*, *Wash thy self therefore, and anoint thy self*. So *David* after the death of his child, *Rose up and washt, and anointed himself, &c.* So *Hom. Od.* 6. of *Nausicaa* and her maids,

Αἱ ϑ' ἀπονιζόμεναι καὶ χριόμεναι λίπ' ἐλαίῳ
Δίνησιν ἵππων· ἀλσεῖο παρ' ὄχθησιν πολαμοῖο.

But

But this too is as notorious as the other fashion of *washing*. *Small Prisons*. *Boxes* of Oyntments, such as the woman poured upon the head of our *Saviour*, Mat. 26. 7. ἀλάβαστρον μύρου, that is, as we say, an *Inkhorn*, though it be not made of *Horn*, but any other matter; for this was not of *Alabaster*, S. *Mark* affirming that it was *broken*. Horace,

Nardi parvus Onyx.

Claudian. *Gemmatis alii per totum balsama tectum*
Effudêre cadis——

33 The *Roman* custom was, to have *three Beds* to each *Table* (from whence the word *Triclinium*) and *three persons* to each bed (though sometimes they exceeded in both;) and it is likely they took this from the *Asiatiques* as well as the very fashion of *discubation*, for conveniently there could be no more. To *Saul* for state I gave a whole *Bed*; and the other two, to his own Sons, *Jonathan*, *Ishui* and *Melchisua*, 1 Sam. 14. 49. to *Abner* his Cosin German, and Captain of his Hosts, and to his two Sons in Law, *Adriel* and *David*. Neither does it convince me, that *Lying down* was not in use, because it is said here, 1 *Sam.* 20. 25. *And* Saul *sate upon his seat as at other times, even upon a seat by the wall*: because the words of *Session* and *Accubation* are often confounded, both being in practice at several times, and in several Nations.

34 At the feasts of the ancients, not only the rooms were strewed with *flowers*, but the *Guests* and the *Waiters*, and the very drinking *Bowls* were *crowned* with them. *Virg.*

Crateras magnos statuunt & vina coronant; and
Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera coronâ
Induit, implevitq; mero——

Which cannot be interpreted as some do *Homers*,

Κεφαλῆφι ἐπιστέψαι πολοῖο.

Which they say are said to be *Crowned*, when they are filled so full, that the liquor standing higher then the brims of the Bowl, looks like a *Crown* upon it, *Athen l. j. c.* 11. But why may we not construe *Homer*, *They Crowned*, κεφαλῆφι πολοῖο, *Bowls of drink*, as well as *They Crowned Bowls with drink*?

35 The name of God, the *Tetragrammaton*, that was not to be pronounced.

36 1 Sam. 20. 30. *Thou Son of the perverse rebellious woman, &c.* The Vulg. *Fili mulieris virum ultrò rapientis*; that is as much as to say, *Thou Son of a Whore*. Upon which place *Grotius*. Sons use to be like their Parents, and therefore *Saul* who would not accuse himself, casts the fault of his stubbornness and ill nature upon his *Mother*. In which I cannot abide to be of his opinion; the words are so ungracious from the mouth of a *Prince*: I rather think that they import this, thou who art so stubborn and unnatural, that thou mayest seem to be not my son, but a *Bastard*, the son of a whore or rebellious woman; and that which follows in the same verse confirms this to me. *Thou hast chosen the Son of Jesse to thine own confusion, and to the confusion of thy Mothers nakedness*; that is, to her shame, who will be thought to have had thee of some other man, and not of *me*.

37 1 Sam. 20. 34. *And* Jonathan *arose from the Table in fierce anger,* In irâ furoris. But his passion (it seems) did not overcome his duty or discretion; for he arose without saying any thing.

I omit here *Jonathans* shooting arrows, and sending his Page for them, from the 35 to the 40 verse: By *Horace* his rule,

——*Et quæ*
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.

And what art or industry could make that story *shine?* besides it was a subtlety that I cannot for my life comprehend; for since he went to *David*, and talked to him himself, what needed all that politique trouble of the shooting?

38 The *Head*, which is the seat of *Fansie.*

39 These are called by the *Schoolmen*, *Entia Rationis*, but are rather *Entia Imaginationis*, or *Phantastique Creatures.*

Inter se quorum discordia membra videmus, Lucr. L. 5.

And afterwards,

Prima Leo, postrema Draco, media ipsa Chimæra,

Which is out of *Homer*,

Πρόσθε λέων ἠΰ ὄπιθε δράκων.

40 When the Country people in *Thessaly* saw men first that came on horseback, and drove away their Cattel, they imagined the *Horse* and *Men* to be all one, and called them *Centaures* from driving away of *Oxen*; according to which fancy, they are truly said to ride upon themselves.

41 Unless thou take away the *Lame* and the *Blind*, thou shalt not come in hither, thinking *David* cannot come in hither, 2. *Sam.* 5. 6. There are some other interpretations of the place, then that which I here give; as that the *Idols* of the *Jebusites* were meant by the *Lame* and the *Blind.* But this carries no probability. Thinking *David* cannot come hither; is a plain proof that they did it in scorn of *David*, and confidence of the extraordinary strength of the place; which without question was very great, or else it could not have held out so many hundred years since the entrance of the *Israelites* into the land, in the very midst of them.

42 *Fish*; *Dagon* the Deity most worshipt by the *Philistims.*

43 The English says *Mulberry* trees; the Latine, *Pear* trees; the safest is to leave it *indefinite.* The sound of a going in the Tops of the Mulberry trees, *v.* 24. Some interpret, The noise of the dropping of the dew like *Tears* from the Trees. From whence the *Greek* ἀπὸ κλαυθμῶν.

44 *Hadad-Esar* King of *Zobah*, which is called by *Josephus Sophene*, a part of *Cœlosyria*, confining upon the *Half Tribe* of *Manasses.* This Kingdom is first mentioned, 1 *Sam.* 14. 47. at what time (it seems) it was under several Princes, and against the *Kings* of *Zoba.*

45 *Adad* was at that time King of *Damascus*, according to *Josephus*, and the family of the *Adads* reigned there long after in great lustre.

46 The Children of *Ammon.*

47 *Moloch* is called peculiarly the *God* of the *Ammonites*, 1 *King.* 11. 5. & 7. *Fonseca* takes it to be *Priapus*, confounding it with *Belphegor*

of

of the *Moabites*; *Arias Montanus* will have it to be *Mercury*, deriving it from *Malach*, *Nuncius*. Others more probably, *Saturn*, becauſe the like Worſhip and like Sacrifices were uſed to him. *Macrob.* 1. *Saturn. Curt. Lib.* 4. *Diodor. Lib.* 20, &c. I rather believe the *Sun* was worſhipped under that name by the *Ammonites*, as the *King of Heaven*; for the word ſignifies *King*; and it is the ſame Deity with *Baal*, or *Bel* of the *Aſſyrians* and *Sidonians*, ſignifying *Lord*. Some think that children were not *burnt* or ſacrificed to him, but only *conſecrated* and initiated by paſſing between two fires; which perhaps might be a cuſtom too. But it is evident by ſeveral places of Scripture, that this was not all: And the *Jews* ſay, that *paſſing through the Fire*, is but a Phraſe for *Burning*. He had *ſeven Chappels* from the number of the *Planets*, of which the *Sun* is *King*; for which reaſon the *Perſians* likewiſe made *ſeven Gates* to him. In the firſt *Chappel* was offered to him a *Cake* of fine flower, in the ſecond a *Turtle*, in the third a *Sheep*, the fourth a *Ram*, the fifth an *Heifer*, the ſixth an *Ox*, and the ſeventh a *Man*, or *Child*, commonly a young *Child*. The *Image* was of *Braſs*, of wonderful greatneſs, with his hands ſpread, and ſet on fire within, perhaps to repreſent the heat of the Sun, and not as ſome think, to burn the Children in his Arms. He had likewiſe the face of a *Bullock*, in which figure too *Oſyris* among the Egyptians repreſented the *Sun*, and *Mithra* among the *Perſians*.

Stat. *Indignata ſequi torquentem cornua Mithram.*

But though they intended the worſhip of the *Sun*, under this name of *Moloch*, it was indeed the Devil that they worſhipped; which makes me ſay, *Grinning through a black Cloud, &c.*

48 *Swift Tygris.* Curt. L. 4. No River in the Eaſt runs ſo violently as *Tygris*, from which ſwiftneſs it takes the name; for *Tygris* in the *Perſian Language* ſignifies an *Arrow*.

49 *Helam*, or *Chelam*, which *Ptolomy* calls *Alamatha*, a Plain near the Foords of *Euphrates*.

50 The Metropolis of *Ammon*, ſince *Philadelphia*.

51 And he took their *Kings Crown* from off his head (the weight whereof was a Talent of Gold, with the precious ſtones) and it was ſet on *Davids* head, 2 *Sam.* 12. 30. and the like, 1 *Chro.* 20. 2. *Tulit diadema regis eorum de capite ejus, &c.* But the Seventy have it, Καὶ ἔλαβε τὸν στέφανον Μολχὸμ τοῦ Βασιλέως αὐτῶν ἀπὸ τῆς κεφαλῆς αὐτοῦ, &c. He took the *Crown* of *Molchom their King* from off his head. That is, The crown upon the head of their *Idol Moloch*, or *Melchom*; which makes ſome of the Greek Fathers ſay, That *Melchoms Image* had a bright precious ſtone in form of the *Morning-ſtar*, placed on the top of his forehead. I rather follow the Engliſh Tranſlation.

52 Some would have *Solomon* to have begun his reign at *eleven* years old, which is very unreaſonable. Sir *W. Raughley*, methinks, convinces that it was in the 19 year of his age; at which time it might truly be ſaid by *David* to *Solomon*, *Thou art a wiſe man*; and by *Solomon* to *God*, *I am but a young child.*

53 I am not ignorant that I go contrary to moſt learned men in this

point, who make *Saba*, of w^ch^ ſhe was *Queen*, a part of *Arabia Fœlix*,
Virg. *Solis eſt thurea virga Sabæis.*
And Frankincenſe was one of her preſents to *Solomon*. Pſalm. 72. *The Kings of Arabia and Saba.* The City where ſhe lived they ſay was called *Marab*; by *Strabo*, *Mariaba*; and her, ſome name, *Nicanna*; others, *Makeda*; the *Arabians*, *Bulkis*. This conſiſts well enough with her title of the *Queen of Ethiopia*; for there were two *Ethiopia's*, the one in *Aſia*, the other in *Africk*. Nevertheleſs, I make her here *Queen* of this latter *Ethiopia* for two reaſons; firſt becauſe ſhe is called in the *New Teſtament Queen* of the *South*, which ſeems to me to be too great a *Title* for the Queen of a ſmall Territory in *Arabia*, lying full Eaſt, and but a little *Southward of Judæa*; and therefore the *Wiſemen* that came to worſhip Chriſt from thoſe parts, are termed *Eaſtern*, and not *Southern Sages*. Secondly, all the Hiſtories of the *Abyſſines* or *African-Ethiopians* affirm, that ſhe was *Queen* of their Country, and derive the Race of their Kings from *her* and *Solomon*, which the ordinary names of them ſeem to confirm, and the cuſtom of Circumciſion uſed even to this day, though they be *Chriſtians*. In fine, whatever the truth be, this opinion makes a better ſound in *Poetry*.

54 This *Egyptian* Kings name is very variouſly written. *Shiſhac* the Engliſh, *Seſac* Latine, *Suſakim* Septuagint, *Suſac Joſephus*, *Suſeſin Cedrenus* alſo, *Saſuges*, *Soſonchis*, *Soſachis*; and by *Euſebius Smendes*, *Joſephus*, *l.* 8. proves that *Herodot.* falſely aſcribes the acts of this *Suſac* to *Seſoſtris*, and particularly his ſetting up of pillars in *Paleſtine*, with the figures of womens privy parts graven upon them, to reproach the effeminateneſs of thoſe Nations. The Scripture ſays, his Army was without number, compoſed of *Lubims*, i. *Lybians*, the Countreys weſt of *Egypt*. *Sukkyms*, from *Succoth Tents*, Lat. *Troglodítæ*, a people bordering upon the *Red ſea*; by others, *Arabes Egyptii*, or *Ichthyophagi*; and *Ethiopians*, *Cuſitæ*, Joſeph. which is more probable, then to make them, as ſome do, the people of *Arabia Deſerta* and *Petræa*. From this time the *Egyptians* claimed the Soveraignty of *Judæa*, 2 Chr. 12. 8.

55 *Adadeſar*, 1 Chron. 18. 7. I mention rather the golden ſhields taken by *David*, then thoſe made by *Solomon*, becauſe *David* might be more concerned in them.

56 The ſtory of this great battel between *Abijah* and *Jeroboam* is one of the ſtrangeſt and humanely moſt hard to believe, almoſt in the whole Old Teſtament, that out of a Kingdom, not half ſo big as *England*, five hundred thouſand choſen and valiant men ſhould be ſlain in one battel; and of this not ſo much as any notice taken in *Abijahs* or *Jeroboams* lives in the firſt of *Kings*. It adds much to the wonder, that this defeat ſhould draw no other conſequence after it but *Abijahs* recovery of two or three Towns; no more then all the mighty troubles and changes in *Iſrael*, that hapned afterwards in *Aſa's* time, who had beſides, the advantage of being a virtuous & victorious Prince. Sir *W. Raughley* makes a good diſcourſe to prove the reaſon of this to have been, becauſe the ſucceſſors of *Solomon* ſtill kept up that ſeverity and arbitrarineſs of Government, which

firſt

firſt cauſed the ſeparation, but that all the *Kings* of *Iſrael* allowed thoſe liberties to the people, upon the ſcore of which *Jeroboam* poſſeſt himſelf of the Crown; which the people choſe rather to enjoy, though with great wars and diſturbances, than to return to the quiet which they enjoyed with ſervitude under *Solomon*. There may be ſomething of this perhaps in the caſe; but even though this be true, it is ſo ſtrange that the *Kings* of *Judah* ſhould never (among ſo many changes) find a party in *Iſrael* to call them in again, that we muſt fly to the abſolute determination of *Gods* will for a cauſe of it, who being offended with the ſins of both, made both his inſtruments of vengeance againſt one another, and gave victories and other advantages to *Judah*, not for bleſſings to that, but for Curſes and Scourges to *Iſrael*. *God puniſht one, but bleſt not the other ſide.*

57 This Superſtition of conſecrating *Groves* to *Idols* grew ſo frequent, that there was ſcarce any fair green Tree that was not dedicated to ſome Idol,

——*Lucoſq; vetuſtâ*
Religione truces & robora Numinis inſtar. Claud.

The word it ſelf *Lucus* is conceived by ſome to come *à Lucendo*, from the conſtant *Light* of Sacrifices burnt there to the Gods, or rather perhaps from Tapers continually burning there in honour of them. At laſt the very Trees grew to be the *Idols*:

——*Quercus, oracula prima.* Ovid.

The *Druidæ* had their name from worſhipping an *Oak*; and among the *Celtæ* an Oak was the Image of *Jupiter*, the *Holm Tree* had no leſs honour with the *Hetrurians*. *Tacitus* ſays the ancient *Germans* called *Trees* by the names of the *Gods*, 2 Kings 23. 6. *Joſiah* is ſaid to bring out the *Groves* from the houſe of the Lord; where it ſeems the *Idols* themſelves are called *Groves*: either having gotten that name from ſtanding commonly in *Groves*, or perhaps becauſe they were the *Figures of Trees* adored by them, or of *Idols* with Trees repreſented too about them; as *Acts* 19. 24. the ſilver ſimilitudes of *Diana*'s *Temple*, made by *Demetrius*, are termed *Temples of Diana*.

58 The number of the Armies is here likewiſe more than wonderful, *Aſa*'s conſiſting of five hundred and eighty thouſand, and *Zerahs* of ten hundred thouſand men, called *Ethiopians*, *Cuſitæ*: Now though I took the *Cuſites* of *Suſacs* Army to be the *Ethiopians* of *Africk*, for it is very likely he might bring up thoſe as well as *Lybians*, into *Paleſtine*; yet it is improbable that *Zerah* ſhould march with ſuch an Army through all *Egypt*, out of that *Ethiopia*; beſides, *Gerar* and the Cities thereabout are ſpoiled by *Aſa*, as belonging to *Zera*, but that is in *Arabia Petræa*, which I ſuppoſe to be his Kingdom, though perhaps with other Countrys thereabouts; and with the help of his neighbour Princes: for otherwiſe it is hard to believe, that his Army could be ſo great. It is clear that the *Arabians* were called *Ethiopians* as well as the *Abyſſines*, both deſcending from *Chus*.

He

He lost so many of his Subjects of *Arabia Petræa*, as might make that like *Arabia Deserta*.

59 It is strange, that after his being able to bring such an Army into the field, after his great success against *Zerah*, and his Fathers but a little before against *Jeroboam*, he should be so alarmed with the War of *Baasha* (a murtherer, and an unsetled Usurper; for which cause I call him *Perjured*) as to give his own and the Temples Treasures for the assistance of *Benhadad*: But it was not so much out of fear of *Baasha* alone, as of *Benhadad* too at the same time, who would have joined with *Baasha*, if he had not been bought off to join with *Asa*. The Family of the *Adads* then reigned in *Damascus*, were grown mighty Princes, and so continued long after. But the Assistance was very Dangerous; for the *Syrians* having by this occasion found the weakness of both Kingdoms, of *Israel* and *Judæa*, and enriched themselves at once upon both, never ceased afterwards to molest and attaque them.

60 The *Fates*; that is, according to the *Christian Poetical* manner of speaking, the *Angels*, to whom the *Government* of this *world* is committed. The meaning is, that having a command to kill the *King*, and seeing *Jehosaphat* in Kingly Robes, and looking only upon the outward disguise of *Ahab* (without staying to consider who the person was) they had like to have caused the *King* of *Judah* to be slain instead of the *King* of *Israel*. He had like to have dyed as *Virgil* says, *Alieno vulnere*.

61 *Seir*, A little Country lying between *Edom* and *Moab*.

62 *Jehoram* is said to have reigned eight years in *Jerusalem*, 2 Kings 8.17. 2 Chron. 21.20. but it is apparent by most evident collection out of the Text, that either seven of those eight years (as some will have it) or at least four, are to be reckoned in the life of his Father *Jehosaphat*. Which makes me wonder at *Sulpit. Severus* his mistake, who says, *Joram filius regnum tenuit* (*Josaphat rege defuncto*) *annos duo deviginti*: Reigned *eighteen* years. I rather think it should be *annos duos*, and that *deviginti* is crept in since. *Ochosia*, or *Ahazia* reigned scarce one year.

63 *Athalia*, by some *Gotholia* Her murder of all that remained (as she thought) of the Family of *David*, made her only pretence to the Government, which was then *Vacua Possessio*, and belonged to the *first Possessor*. She had been in effect in possession of it all the time of her Husband *Jehoram*, and Son *Ochosia*, Ἐσπάσατο μὲν ἐν τῷ Δαβὶδ καλαπτὸν ὅλην, πᾶν δ' ἐξαφανίσαι τὸ γένος. Joseph. And after these Murders here was a double *Usurpation* of *Athaliah*, first as she was not of the *House* of *David*. And secondly, as she was a *Woman*. For the Crown of *David* did not, as the *French* say, Fall to the *Distaff*, *Tomber en quenoüille*, *Deut.* 17.15. Yet she reigned peaceably almost seven years, which was very much to be wondred at, not only in regard of her murders, usurpation, tyranny and Idolatry at home, but because *Jehu* then King of *Israel*, was a sworn enemy of the House of *Ahab*, and had vowed to root it all out, which likewise he effected, except in the person of this wicked woman, who nevertheless perished at last as she deserved, *Absolvitq; Deum*.

2 Kings

64 2 *Kings* mentions but one Invasion of *Hazaels* King of *Aram* or *Syria*, which was compounded by *Joas* for a great sum of money. The 2 of *Chronicles* mentions likewise but one, which ended in the loss of a battel by *Joas*, and the slaughter of most of the Princes of *Judah*. Some think that both those places signifie but one war, and that the composition followed the victory. That they were several Invasions appears to me more probable, and that mentioned in the *Chronicles* to be the former of the two, though it be generally otherwise thought; for it is more likely, that *Joas* should be driven to accept of that costly and shameful composition, after the loss of a battel, and of the greatest part of his Nobility, against a small number, then before he had ever tryed his fortune in the field against the *Aramites*. Neither is it so probable that the *Syrians* having made that agreement for a vast treasure, should again break it, and invade them with a small company, as that having at first with a party only defeated the *Judæan* Army, they should afterwards enter with greater Forces to prosecute the Victory, and therewith force them to accept of so hard and dishonourable conditions. But it may be objected, that it is said, 2 Chron. 24. 25. *When they* (the *Syrians*) *departed from him* (for they left him in great diseases) *his own servants conspired against him, and slew him*; as if this followed immediately after the battel. But he that observes the manner of writing used in the *Kings* and *Chronicles*, and indeed all other Historical parts of the *Scripture*, shall find the relation very imperfect and confused (especially in circumstances of *Time*) reciting often the latter things first, by *Anticipation*. So that *When they departed, &c.* may relate not to this defeat which in the Text it immediately follows, but to the other composition afterwards; which may be here omitted, because that second invasion was but a consequence; and almost *Continuance* of the former: In which respect one Relation (2 *Chronicles*) mentioning the first part, which was the battel only; and the other (2 *Kings*) the second, which was the sending in of new Forces, and the conditions of agreement both have fulfilled the duty of *Epitomies*.

65 That is, In the same manner as his Father *Joas*; both being virtuous and happy at first, wicked and unfortunate at the last; with the same resemblance in their defeats, the one by the *Syrians*, the other by the *Israelites*; and in the consequences of them, which were the loss of all their treasures, and those of the Temple, a dishonourable peace; and their murders, by their own servants.

66 This punishment, I suppose, was inflicted on them as *Rebels*, not as *enemies*.

67 *Uzziah*, so he is called in our Translation of the *Chronicles*, the Septuagint Ὀζίας, and so *Josephus*; but in *Kings* he is named *Azarias*, which was the *High Priests* name in his time.

68 *At first from men*, 2 Chron. 26. 21. *Dwelt in an house apart, being a Leper*. So likewise 2 *Kings* 15. 5. according to the Law con-

concerning *Lepers*, *Levit.* 13. 46. *From earth at last:* For *Josephus* reports, that the grief caused his death χρόνον μέν τινα διῆγεν ἔξω τῆς πόλεως ἰδιώτην ἀπολιπὼν βίον —— ὕστατα δὲ λύπης ἡ ἀθυμίας ἀπήλλαγεν.

69 *Josephus* gives *Jotham* an high Elogy. That he wanted no kind of vertue, but was religious towards God, just to men, and wise in Government.

70 To the Idol *Moloch*, of which before. When they burnt the Child in Sacrifice, it was the custom to make a great noise with Drums, Trumpets, Cymbals, and other Instruments, to the end that his cryes might not be heard. *Hinnon*, a valley full of Trees close by *Jerusalem*, where *Moloch* was worshipped in this execrable manner, called *Gehinnon*, from whence the word *Gehenna* comes for *Hell*; it was called likewise *Tophet*. Some think (as *Theodor. Salia. &c.*) that *Achaz* only made his Son pass between two fires for a *Lustration* and Consecration of him to *Moloch*, because it is said, 2 *Kings* 16. 2. He made his Son to pass through the fire. But 2 *Chron.* 28. 3. Explains it, He burnt his Children in the fire. And *Josephus*, εἰδώλοις ἴδιον ὁλοκάυτωσε παῖδα.

71 *Tiglat-pilleser*, or *Tiglat-phul-asar*. The Son of *Phul*, called by *Annius Phul Belochus*, by others *Belosus*, by *Diador*, *Beleses*, the Associate of *Arbaces* in destroying *Sardanapalus*, and the *Assyrian Empire*. After which, the Government of *Babylon* and *Assyria* was left to him by *Arbaces*, which he soon turned into an absolute Soveraignty, and made other great additions to it by conquest.

72 For after the spoil of *Syria* and *Israel*, which he destroyed upon *Achas* quarrel, he possest himself also of a great part of *Judæa*, which he came to succour, bore away the chief riches of the Countrey, and made *Achas* his *Tributary* and servant.

73 The *Rabbies*, and out of them *Abulensis* and *Cajetan* say the *Angel* of God destroyed them by *fire* from Heaven. *Josephus* says by a *Pestilence*, λοιμικῇ νόσῳ.

74 He was slain in the Temple of *Nesroth*, Septuagint, Νασραχ, *Josephus*, περὶ ναῷ Ἀράσκῃ λεγομένῳ, by his two eldest Sons *Adramelec* and *Saresar*, some say, because in his distress at *Pelusium* (of which see *Herodot.*) he had bound himself by vow to sacrifice them to his Gods. Others more probably, because he had declared *Asarhaddon*, their younger brother by another *Mother*, his *Successor*. *Herod.* reports that this *Sennacheribs* Statue was in the Temple of *Vulcan* in *Egypt*, with this Inscription,

Εἰς ἐμὲ τὶς ὁρῶν εὐσεβὴς ἔσω.

Let him who looks upon me learn to fear God.

75 It is not plain by the Scripture, that the *Sun* went backward, but that the *shadow* only, upon that particular *Dial*, which *Vatablus*, *Montanus*, and divers others believe. However this opinion hath the authority of all the *Greek* and *Latin Fathers*.

76 *Forgetful Man*, which is the signification of his name.

The

77 The *Egyptians* worshipped *Two Calves*, *Apis* and *Mnevis*, the one dedicated to the *Sun*, and the other to the *Moon*; or rather, the one being an *Idol* or *Symbol* of the *Sun*, and the other of the *Moon*; that is in their Sacred *Language*, of *Osyris* and *Isis*. From the *Egyptians* the *Israelites* took this Idolatry, but applying to it the name of the *True God*, whom they thought fit to worship under the same figure, as they had seen *Osyris* worshipped in *Egypt*. Such was *Aarons Calf*, or *Oxe*, and *Jeroboams two Calves* erected in *Dan* and *Bethel* (which Religion he learnt at the time of his banishment in *Egypt*) which I do not believe to have been two different Idols, in imitation of *Apis* and *Mnevis*, but that both were made to represent the same *true God*, which he thought might as well be adored under that *Figure*, as the *Osyris* was, or *Sun* of the *Egyptians*.

Of *Osyris*, see before the Note upon the Ode called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, ib.

78 See Note 47. where I say that his *Image* was of *Brass*; how then could it fall to *Ashes* in his own *Fires*? that is, it was first melted, and then beaten to dust, as the graven Image of the *Groves* which *Manasses* set up, and which *Josiah* burnt, and then stampt to powder; which stamping was not necessary if it had been of wood, for then it would have burnt to ashes. 2 *Kings*. 23. 6.

79 The *Sydonians* had two Principal *Idols*, *Baal* and *Astarte*, or *Astaroth*, i. The *Sun* and the *Moon*; which *Astarte* is perhaps the ἡ Βααλ. mentioned often in the Septuagint, *Tob.* 1. 5. ἔδωκε τὰ Βάαλ τῇ Δαμάλει. They sacrificed to *She-Baal* the *Cow*. Both the *Sun* and *Moon* were represented anciently under that *Figure*, *Luc. de D. a Syr.* Ἀσσύριοι δ' ἐγὼ δοκέω στεινοτάτην ἔμμεναι, her *Image* was the *Statue* of a *Woman*, having on her head the head of a *Bull*.

Syderum Regina bicornis. Hor.

80 *Herodian* testifies, that *Heliogabalus* (that is, the *Baal* of the *Tyrians*) was worshipped in a *Great Stone*, round at bottom, and ending in a Spire; to signifie the nature of *Fire*. In the like Figure *Tacitus* reports that *Venus Paphia* was worshipped, that is, I suppose, the *Moon*; *Astarte* (for the *Cyprian* superstition is likely to have come from the *Tyrians*) the Wife of *Baal*. I find also *Lapis* to have been a surname of *Jupiter*; *Jupiter Lapis*.

81 *Dea Syria*, which is thought to be *Venus Urania*, that is, the *Moon*, *Men* sacrificed to her in the habit of *women*, and they in that of *men*, because the *Moon* was esteemed, ἀρρενόθηλυς, both *Male and Female*, Macrob. Saturn. 3. 8. from whence it was called *Lunus* as well as *Luna*, and *Venus* too, *Deus Venus*; Jul. Firm. says of these Priests, *Virilem sexum ornatu muliebri dedecorant*, which is the occasion of the *Law*, Deut. 22. 5.

82 2 Kings 17. 30. *And the men of Babylon made Succoth Benoth*; that is, built a *Temple* or *Tabernacle* (for *Succoth* is a *Tabernacle*) to *Benoth*, or *Benos*, or *Binos*; for *Suid.* has Βίνως, ὄνομα θεᾶς, (i.) To *Melita*, the *Babylonian Venus*. Of whose worship *Herodot.*

L. 1. reports, That *Virgins* crowned with Garlands ſate in order in her Temple, ſeparated from one another by little cords, and never ſtirred from thence till ſome ſtranger came in, and giving them a piece of money took them out to lie with them; and till then they could not be married.

83 Some make *Dagon* to be the ſame with *Jupiter Aratrius*, Σιτὼν, deriving it from *Dagon*, *Corn*; but this is generally exploded, and as generally believed, that it comes from *Dag*, *a Fiſh*; and was an *Idol*, the upper part *Man*, and the lower *Fiſh*. *Deſinit in Piſcem mulier formoſa ſupernè.* I make it rather *Female* than *Male*, becauſe I take it to be the *Syrian Atergatis* (*Adder dagan*, the mighty *Fiſh*) and *Derceto*, whoſe *Image* was ſuch, and her Temple at *Aſcalon*, which is the place where *Dagon* was worſhipped. *Diodor.* ſays of the Image, *L.* 3. τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἔχει γυναικὸς, τὸ δ' ἄλλο σῶμα πᾶν ἰχθύος. And *Lucian*, Ἡμισὺν μὲν γυνὴ, τὸ δ', ὁκόσον ἐκ μηρῶν εἰς ἄκρους πόδας ἰχθύος ἀναλόγισαι. There is an ancient Fable, that ὠάννης, a Creature *Half-Man* and *Half-Fiſh*, aroſe out of the *Red-Sea*, and came to *Babylon*, and there taught men ſeveral Arts, and then returned again to the Sea. *Apollodor.* reports, that four ſuch *Oannes* in ſeveral ages had aroſe out of the *Red-ſea*, and that the name of one was ὠδάκων. From whence our learned *Selden* fetches *Dagon*, whom ſee at large upon this matter. *De D. Syris. Syntag.* 2. *c.* 3.

84 2 *Kings* 23. 11. *Chariots* and *Horſes* were dedicated to the *Sun*, in regard of the ſwiftneſs of his motion. See *Zen.* l. 8. *de Cyro.* 11. Ἀναβατ. *Pauſan. in Lacon. Heliodor. Æth.* 10. *Juſtin.* 1. *Herod* 1. They were *Living white Horſes* to repreſent the *Light*. *Nergal*, 2 Kings 17. 30. *And the men of Cuth made Nergal*, which ſignifies *Fire*; to wit, the *ſacred Fire* that was kept always burning in honour of the *Sun*, as that of *Veſta* among the Romans. The ancient *Perſians* worſhipt it, and had no other Idol of the *Sun*. From thence the *Cuthites* brought it, when they were removed into *Samaria*, who came from the borders of *Cuthus*, a River in *Perſia*. *Strabo* ſays of the *Perſians*, διὰ πρόπον τὸ Πυρὶ ἐυχονται, which was the reaſon they abhorred the *burning* of dead bodies, as a prophanation of their *Deity*.

85 *Belzebub.* The God of *Ekron* or *Accaron*. The *God of Flies*. See the Note on the eighth Stanza of the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, and the Note 18. upon the firſt Book.

Thundring Baal. The *Jupiter* and *Sun* of the *Sidonians*, and other neighbouring Countrys. See the Note 45. L. 3.

86 Neither the Book of *Kings* nor *Chronicles* make particular mention of the *ſlaughter* of *Jehoiakim* by the *Aſſyrians*. Nay the ſecond of *Chron.* 36. 6. ſeems at firſt ſight to imply the contrary. Againſt him came up *Nebuchadnezar*, and bound him in Fetters to carry him to *Babylon*. That is, he firſt bound him with an intent to carry him away captive, but after cauſed him to be ſlain there, to fulfil the *Propheſies* of *Jeremiah*, Jer. 36. 30. and *Joſephus* ſays expreſly, that *Nebuchadnezar* commanded him to be ſlain, and his body to be caſt over the walls.

Jehoiachin

87 *Jehoiachin*, the Son of *Jehoiakim*, a *Child*, and who was taken away captive after three months and ten days, *Zedechia* being set up in his place, the younger brother of *Jehoias* and *Jehoiakim*; The fourth *King* of the Jews successively, that was made a *Bond-slave. Israels now solemn and imperial Chain:* for it was the custom of the great Eastern Monarchs, as afterwards of the Romans too, *Ut haberent instrumenta servitutis & reges.* Tacit.

88 For though they were restored again to their Country, yet they never recovered their ancient Liberty, but continued under the yoke of the *Persians*, *Macedonians*, and *Romans* till their final destruction

89 In this manner *Oedipus* speaks, after he had put out his own eyes. In *Theb.*

Quid hic manes meos detineo?

Why do I keep my *Ghost* alive here so long? And to *Antigone*,

Funus extendis meum,
Longaſq; vivi ducis exequias patris.

And Oed. Act. 5.

Mors eligatur longa, quæratur via
Quà nec ſepultis miſtus & vivis tamen
Exemptus errem.——*Seneca* the Philoſop.

(But as a *Poet*, not a *Philoſopher*) calls *Baniſhment* it self (the leaſt of *Zedechia*'s affliction) a *Death*, nay a *Burial*,

Parce religatis, hoc eſt, jam parce ſepultis.
Vivorum cineri ſit tua terra Levis.

But *Seneca* the *Father* in the 19. *Controverſ.* has raiſed an objection againſt the next verſe, *Bereſt of griefs, &c. Ceſtius* (says he) ſpoke a moſt falſe ſenſe, into which many fall. *She was the more to be lamented, becauſe ſhe could not weep her ſelf.* And again, *So much cauſe, and no more power to weep. As if* (says he) *Blind people could not weep.* Truly, Philoſophically ſpeaking, The moyſture that falls through the place of the Eyes, if provoked by grief, is as much weeping, as if the Eyes were there; yet (ſure) weeping ſeems to depend ſo much upon the Eyes, as to make the expreſſion *Poetically true*, though not *Literally*. And therefore the *Tragedian* was not frighted with his *Criticiſm*; for *Oedip.* says in *Theb.*

Cuncta ſors mihi infeſta abſtulit.
Lacrymæ ſupererant, has quoq; eripui mihi.

I confeſs indeed in a *Declamation* I like not thoſe kind of *Flowers* ſo well.

90 I do not mean, that ſhe was without *Original Sin*, as her *Roman Adorers* hold very *temerariouſly*; but that neither *Diſeaſe* nor *Imperfection*, which are the effects and footſteps, as it were, of *Sin*, were to be ſeen in her body.

91 Their *mingled Light*; i. Their *Colours*; which are nothing but the ſeveral mixtures of *Light* with *Darkneſs* in the ſuperficies of opacous bodies; as for example, *Yellow* is the mixture of *Light* with a little darkneſs; *Green*, with a little more; *Red* with more yet. So that *Colours* are nothing but *Light* diverſly reflected

and shadowed. *Plato* calls them, φλόγα τῶν σωμάτων ἐκάστων ἀποῤῥέουσαν. *Flames*, that is, *Light* continually flowing from Bodies; and *Pindar. Od.* 6. elegantly attributes to Flowers, Πορφυρέους ἀκτῖνας. *Purple Beams.*

192 *Gods Wife.* Though the word seem bold, I know no hurt in the figure. And *Spouse* is not an *Heroical word.* The *Church* is called *Christs Spouse*, because whilst it is *Militant*, it is only as it were *Contracted*, not *Married*, till it becomes *Triumphant*, but here is not the same reason.

93 *Early*, i. *Eastern Spices.* From *Arabia* which is *Eastward* of *Judæa.* Therefore the Scripture says, that these *Arabian* wise men came ἀπ' ἀνατολῶν. We have seen his Star, ἐν τῇ ἀνατολῇ. Virg.

Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum.

And the Presents which these wise men brought, shew that they came from *Arabia.*

94 *Gabriel*; the name signifies, The *Power of God.* I have seen in some *Magical* Books, where they give barbarous names to the *Guardian Angels* of great persons, as that of *Mathattron* to the *Angel* of *Moses*, that they assign one *Cerviel* to *David*, And this *Gabriel* to *Joseph*, *Josua* and *Daniel.* But I rather use this than that *Diabolical Name* (for ought I know) of an *Angel*, which the Scripture makes no mention of. Especially because *Gabriel* is employed particularly in things that belong to the manifestation of *Christ*, as to the *Prophet Daniel*, to *Zacharia*, and to *Mary.* The *Rabbies* account *Michael* the Minister of *Gods Justice*, and *Gabriel* of his *Mercies*, and they call the former *Fire*, and the latter *Water.*

95 *Tho. Aquinas*, upon the second of the Senten. *Distinct.* 9. *Art.* 2. It is necessary that the Air should be *thickned*, till it come near to the propriety of earth; that is, to be capable of *Figuration*, which cannot be but in a solid body, &c. And this way of *Spirits* appearing in bodies of condensed air (for want of a better way, they taking it for granted that they do frequently appear) is approved of by all the *Schoolmen*, and the *Inquisitors* about Witches. But they are beholding for this Invention to the ancient *Poets.* Virg. 12.

Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem sine viribus umbram,
In faciem Æn. &c.

Which is the reason (perhaps) that *Apollo*, as the drawer up, and best Artificer of *Vapours*, is employed to make the *Phantasm* of *Æneas*, 5. *Iliad.*

Αὐλας δ' εἴδωλον τεῦξε ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
Ἀντῆ τ' Ἀινείᾳ ἴκελον καὶ τείχεσι τοῖιν.

96 *Obscene* was a word in use among the *Augures*, signifying that which portended *ill-Fortune.* And it is most frequently applyed to *Birds* of *ill Omen.* Virg. 3. Æn.

Sive Deæ, seu sint Diræ, obscœnaq; volucres.
Æn. 12. ——*Nec me terrete timentem*
Obscœnæ volucres.——
Ovid. ——*Obscœnæ quo prohibentur aves.*

And

And *Servius* interprets *Virgils Obscænam famem*, to be, The hunger that drives men to *Obscene*, that is, unclean or shameful things, or because it was foretold by an *Obscene*; i. *unluckie Bird.*

97 It is rightly termed a *Glass* or *Mirror*, for God foresees all things by looking only on himself, in whom all things always are.

98 *Albion* is the ancientest name of this *Island*, yet I think not so ancient as *Davids* time. But we must content our selves with the best we have. It is found in *Arist. de Mundo*, in *Plin. Ptolem.* and *Strabo*; by which appears the vanity of those who derive it from a *Latin* word, *Ab Albis Rupibus.*

99 So the Angel to S. *John*, Revel. 19. 10. and 22. 9. calls himself His *Fellow-servant.*

100 Virg. —— *Cum circumfusa repentè*
Scindit se nubes & in aera purgat apertum; and again,
Tenues fugit ceu Fumus in auras.

Hom. Σκιὴ ἰκελον ἢ καὶ ὀνείρῳ ἔπτατο.

The

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DAVIDEIS.

The third Book.

RAis'd with the news he from high Heav'en receives, 1 Sam. 21. 1.
Straight to his *diligent God* juſt thanks he gives.
1 To *divine Nobe* directs then his flight,
A ſmall *Town* great in *Fame* by *Levy's* right,
2 Is there with ſprightly wines, and hallowed bread, v. 4, 5, 6. Mat. 12. 4.
(But what's to *Hunger hallowed*?) largely fed.
3 The good old *Prieſt* welcomes his *fatal Gueſt*,
And with long talk prolongs the haſty feaſt.
4 He lends him *vain Goliahs Sacred* Sword, Ver. 9.
(The fitteſt help *juſt Fortune* could afford)
A *Sword* whoſe *weight* without a *blow* might ſlay,
Able *unblunted* to cut *Hoſts* away,
A *Sword* ſo great, that is was only fit
To take off his *great Head* who came with it.
Thus he arms *David*; I your own reſtore,
Take it (ſaid he) and uſe it as before.
I ſaw you then, and 'twas the braveſt ſight 1 Sam. 17.
That e're theſe Eyes ow'ed the diſcov'ering light.
When you ſtept forth, how did the *Monſter* rage,
In ſcorn of your ſoft looks, and tender age!
Some your *high Spirit* did *mad Preſumption* call,
Some piti'ed that ſuch *Youth* ſhould idly fall.
Th'uncircumcis'ed ſmil'ed grimly with diſdain;
I knew the day was yours: I ſaw it plain.
Much more the Reverend *Sire* prepar'ed to ſay,
Rapt with his joy; how the two *Armies* lay;
Which way th'amazed Foe did wildly flee,
All that his *Hearer* better knew then *He*.

But *Davids* haſt denies all needleſs ſtay;
1 Sam. 21. 10. To *Gath* an Enemies Land, he haſtes away,
Not there ſecure, but where one *Danger's near*,
The more *remote* though *greater* diſappear.
So from the *Hawk*, *Birds* to *Mans* ſuccour flee,
So from *fir'ed Ships Man* leaps into the *Sea*.
There in diſguiſe he hopes unknown t'abide!
Alas! in vain! what can ſuch greatneſs hide?
Stones of ſmall worth may lye unſeen by *Day*,
But *Night* it ſelf does the rich *Gem* betray.
5 *Tagal* firſt ſpi'ed him, a *Philiſtian* Knight,
Who erſt from *Davids* wrath by ſhameful flight
Had ſav'd the ſordid remnant of his age;
Hence the deep ſore of *Envy* mixt with *Rage*.
Straight with a band of Souldiers tall and rough,
Trembling, for ſcarce he thought that band enough,
On him he ſeiſes whom they all had fear'd,
Had the bold *Youth* in his *own ſhape* appear'd.
And now this wiſht-for, but yet dreadful prey
To *Achis* Court they led in haſt away,
With all unmanly rudeneſs which does wait
Upon th'*Immod'erate Vulgars Joy* and *Hate*.
His valour now and ſtrength muſt uſeleſs ly,
And he himſelf muſt arts unuſu'al try;
1 Sam. 21. 13. Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does ſpare
The goodly curles of his rich yellow haire.
Sometimes a violent laughter ſcru'd his face,
And ſometimes ready tears dropt down apace.
Sometimes he fixt his ſtaring eyes on ground,
And ſometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
More full revenge *Philiſtians* could not wiſh,
6 But call't the *Juſtice* of their *mighty Fiſh*.
They now in height of anger, let him *Live*,
Ver. 15. And *Freedom* too, t'encreaſe his *ſcorn*, they give.
He by *wiſe Madneſs* freed does homeward flee,
1 Sam. 22. 1. And *Rage* makes them all that *He ſeem'd* to be.
7 Near to *Adullam* in an aged Wood,
An *Hill* part earth, part rocky ſtone there ſtood,
Hollow and vaſt within, which *Nature* wrought
As if by 'her *Scholar Art* ſhe had been *taught*.
Hither young *David* with his *Kindred* came,
Servants, and *Friends*; many his ſpreading fame,
1 Sam. 22. 1. Many their wants or diſcontents did call;
Great men in war, and almoſt *Armies* all!
8 Hither came wiſe and valiant *Joab* down,
One to whom *Davids* ſelf muſt owe his *Crown*,
A mighty man, had not ſome cunning *Sin*,
1 Chr. 11. 20. Amidſt ſo many *Virtues* crowded in.
With him *Abiſhai* came by whom there fell
At once three hundred; with him *Aſahel*;

Aſahel,

9 *Aſahel*, ſwifter then the *Northern wind*; 1 Chr. 11. 26.
Scarce could the nimble *Motions* of his *Mind* 2 Sam. 2. 18.
Outgo his *Feet*; ſo ſtrangely would he runne,
That *Time it ſelf* perceiv'ed not what was done.
Oft o're the Lawns and meadows would he paſs,
His weight *unknown*, and harmleſs to the graſs;
Oft o're the ſands and hollow duſt would trace,
Yet no one *Atome* trouble or diſplace.
Unhappy *Youth*, whoſe end ſo neat I ſee! 2 Sam. 2. 23.
There's nought but thy *Ill Fate* ſo ſwift as *Thee*.
10 Hither *Jeſſides* wrongs *Benaiah* drew, 1 Chro. 11. 22.
He, who the vaſt *exceeding Monſter* ſlew.
Th'*Egyptian* like an *Hill* himſelf did rear,
Like ſome tall *Tree* upon it ſeem'd his *Spear*.
But by *Benaiahs ſtaff* he fell orethrown; Verſ. 23.
The *Earth*, as if worſt ſtrook, did loudeſt groan.
Such was *Benaiah*; in a narrow pit
He ſaw a Lyon, and leapt down to it. Verſ. 22.
As eas'ily there the *Royal Beaſt* he tore
As that it ſelf did *Kids* or *Lambs* before.
Him *Ira* follow'ed, a young lovely boy, 1 Chro. 11. 28.
But full of *Sp'irit*, and *Arms* was all his joy.
Oft when a *child* he in his dream would fight
With the vain air, and his wak'ed *Mother* fright.
Oft would he ſhoot young *birds*, and as they fall,
Would laugh, and fanſie them *Philiſtians* all.
And now at home no longer would he ſtay,
Though yet the face did ſcarce his *Sex* betray.
Dodos great Son came next, whoſe dreadful hand 1 Chro. 11. 12.
Snatcht *ripened Glories* from a conque'ring band;
Who knows not *Dammin*, and that barley field,
Which did a ſtrange and bloody *Harveſt* yield?
Many beſides did this new Troop encreaſe;
Adan, whoſe wants made him unfit for peace.
Eliel, whoſe full quiv'er did alwaies beare 1 Chro. 11. 46.
As many *Deaths* as in it *Arrows* were.
None from his hand did vain or inn'ocent flee,
Scarce *Love* or *Fate* could aim ſo well as *Hee*.
Many of *Judah* took wrong'ed *Davids* ſide, 1 Chr. 12. 16.
And many of old *Jacobs* youngeſt *Tribe*;
But his chief ſtrength the *Gathite* Souldiers are, 1 Chro. 12. 8.
Each *ſingle man* able t'orecome a *Warre!*
Swift as the *Darts* they fling through yielding air,
And hardy all as the ſtrong *Steel* they bare;
A *Lyons* noble rage ſits in their face,
Terrible comely, arm'ed with *dreadful grace!*
Th'undaunted *Prince*, though thus well guarded here, 1 Chr. 12. 8.
Yet his ſtout Soul *durſt* for his *Parents fear*;
He ſeeks for them a ſafe and quite ſeat,
Nor truſts his *Fortune* with a *Pledge* ſo great.

So when in hostile fire rich *Asias* pride
For ten years siege had fully satisfi'ed,
Virg. 2. Æn. *Æneas* stole an act of higher Fame,
And bore *Anchises* through the *wondring flame*,
A nobler *Burden*, and a richer *Prey*,
Then all the *Græcian* forces bore away.
Go pious *Prince*, in peace, in triumph go;
Enjoy the *Conquest* of thine *Overthrow*;
To have sav'd thy *Troy* would far less glorious be;
By this thou *Overcom'est* their *Victorie*.
11 *Moab*, next *Judah*, an old Kingdom, lies;
12 *Jordan* their touch, and his *curst Sea* denies.
13 They see *North-stars* from o're *Amorean* ground,
14 *Edom* and *Petra* their South part does bound.
15 Eastwards the Lands of *Cush* and *Ammon* ly,
The mornings happy beams they first espy.
The region with fat soil and plenty's blest,
A soil too good to be of old possest
16 By monstrous *Emins*; but *Lots* off-spring came
And conquer'ed both the *People* and the *Name*.
Num. 21. 26. 17 Till *Seon* drave them beyond *Arnons* flood,
And their sad *bounds* markt deep in their own *blood*.
18 In *Hesbon*, his triumphant *Court* he plac'ed,
Hesbon by *Men* and *Nature* strangely grac'ed.
A glorious Town, and fill'ed with all delight
Which Peace could yield, though well prepar'ed for *fight*.
Num. 21. 24, 25. But this proud *City* and her prouder *Lord*
Felt the keen rage of *Israels Sacred Sword*,
Whilst *Moab* triumpht in her torn estate,
To see *her own* become her *Conqu'erers* fate.
Yet that small remnant of *Lots* parted Crown
Judg. 3. 14. Did arm'ed with *Israels* sins pluck Israel down,
Ib. v. 21. Full thrice six years they felt fierce *Eglons* yoke,
Till *Ehuds* sword *Gods* vengeful Message spoke.
Since then their *Kings* in quiet held [illegible]yne,
Quiet the good of a not envy'd *Thro*[illegible]
And now a wise old *Prince* the Sceptre sway'd,
Well by his *Subjects* and *Himself* obey'd.
Onely before his *Fathers Gods* he fell;
Poor wretched Man, almost *too good* for *Hell*!
Hither does *David* his blest *Parents* bring,
1 Sam. 22. 3. With humble greatness begs of *Moabs* King,
A safe and fair abode, where they might live,
Free from those storms with which himself must strive.
The King with chearful grace his suit approv'd,
19 By hate to *Saul*, and love to *Virtue* mov'd.
Welcome great *Knight*, and your fair *Troop* (said he)
Your *Name* found *welcome* long before with me.
20 That to rich *Ophirs* rising *Morn* is knowne,
And stretcht out far to the burnt swarthy *Zone*.

Swift

21 Swift *Fame*, when her round journey she does make,
Scorns not sometimes *Us* in her way to take.
Are you the man, did that huge *Gyant* kill?
Great *Bâal of Phegor*! and how young he's still!
22 From *Ruth* we heard you came; *Ruth* was born here; Ru. 1. 4.
In *Judah* sojourn'd, and (they say) matcht there Ru. 4. 10.
To one of *Bethlem*; which I hope is true;
Howe're your *Virtues* here entitle you.
Those have the best *alliance* always bin,
To *Gods* as well as *Men* they make us *Kin*.
He spoke, and straight led in his thankful Guests,
To a stately Room prepar'ed for *Shows* and *Feasts*.
The Room with golden *Tap'estry* glister'ed bright,
At once to *please* and to *confound* the sight,
23 Th' excellent work of *Babylonian* hands;
24 In midst a Table of rich Iv'ory stands,
By three fierce *Tygers*, and three *Lyons* born,
Which grin, and *fearfully* the place *adorn*.
Widely they gape, and to the *eye* they roare,
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.
25 About it Beds of *Lybian Citron* stood,
26 With coverings dy'ed in *Tyrian Fishes* blood,
They say, th' *Herculean* art; but most delight
27 Some pictures gave to *Davids* learned sight.
Here several ways *Lot* and great *Abram* go, Gen. 13. 6.
Their too much wealth, vast, and *unkind* does grow.
Thus each extream to equal danger tends,
Plenty as well as *Want* can separate *Friends*;
Here *Sodoms* Towers raise their proud tops on high;
The *Towers* as well as *Men* outbrave the sky.
By it the waves of rev'erend *Jordan* run,
Here green with *Trees*, there gilded with the *Sun*.
Hither *Lots* Housholld comes, a numerous train,
And all with various business fill the plain. Ib. v. 10.
Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks,
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in *looks*.
Some drive the *Herds*; here a fierce Bullock scorns
Th'appointed way, and runs with threatning horns;
In vain the *Herdman* calls him back again;
The *Dogs* stand off afar, and bark in vain.
Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high,
With stuff, on top of which the *Maidens* ly.
Upon tall *Camels* the fair *Sisters* ride,
And *Lot* talks with them both on either side.
Another *Picture* to curst *Sodom* brings Gen. 14. 11, 12.
28 *Elams* proud *Lord*, with his three *servant Kings*:
They sack the Town, and bear *Lot* bound away; Ib. v. 10.
Whilst in a Pit the vanquisht *Bera* lay,
Buried almost alive for fear of *Death*.
29 But heav'ens just vengeance sav'ed as yet his breath.

Gen. 14. 13. *Abraham* purſues, and ſlays the Victors *Hoaſt*,
Scarce had their *Conqueſt* leiſure for a *boaſt*.
Gen. 19. 24. Next this was drawn the reckleſs *Cities* flame,
When a ſtrange *Hell* pour'd down from *Heaven* there came.
30 Here the two *Angels* from *Lots* window look
Ib. v. 11. With *ſmiling anger*; the lewd wretches, ſtrook
With ſudden blindneſs, ſeek in vain the dore,
31 Their *Eyes*, firſt cauſe of *Luſt*, firſt *Veng'eance* bore.
Through liquid Air, heav'ns buſie Souldiers fly,
And drive on *Clouds* where ſeeds of Thunder ly.
Here the ſad sky gloes red with diſmal ſtreaks,
Here *Lightning* from it with ſhort trembling breaks.
Here the blew flames of ſcalding brimſtone fall,
Involving ſwiftly in one ruine all.
The fire of *Trees* and *Houſes* mounts on high,
And meets half way new *fires* that ſhowre from sky.
Some in their arms ſnatch their dear babes away;
At once drop down the *Fathers arms*, and *They*.
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And more to *vex* their fate, are *burnt ev'en* there.
Men thought, ſo much a *Flame* by Art was ſhown,
The *Pictures* ſelf would fall in aſhes down.
Afar old *Lot* to'ward little *Zoar* hyes,
Gen. 19. 17. And dares not move (good man) his weeping eyes.
Ib. v. 26. 32 Behind his *Wife* ſtood ever fixt alone;
No more a *Woman*, not yet quite a *Stone*.
A laſting *Death* ſeiz'd on her turning head;
One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a *Cheek*; in vain to ſpeak ſhe ſtrove;
Her lips, though ſtone, a little ſeem'd to move.
One eye was clos'ed, ſurpris'ed by ſudden night,
The other trembled ſtill with parting light.
The wind admir'ed which her hair looſely bore,
Why it grew ſtiff, and now would play no more.
To heav'en ſhe lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a *Suppliant Pillar* ſtands.
She try'ed her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the *Heel*, but her *Toe's* rooted there:
Ah fooliſh woman! who muſt always be,
A ſight more *ſtrange* then that ſhe turn'd to ſee!
Whilſt *David* fed with theſe his curious eye,
The Feaſt is now ſerv'ed in, and down they lye.
Moab a goblet takes of maſſy gold,
33 Which *Zippor*, and from *Zippor* all of old
Quaſt to their *Gods* and *Friends*; an *Health* goes round
In the brisk grape of *Arnons* richeſt ground.
34 Whilſt *Melchor* to his harp with wondrous skill
35 (For ſuch were *Poets* then, and ſhould be ſtill)
His noble verſe through *Natures* ſecrets lead;
He ſung what *Spirit*, through the whole *Maſs* is *ſpread*,

Ev'ery

Ev'ery where *All*; how *Heavens Gods* Law approve,
And think it *Reſt* eternally to *Move*.
How the kind *Sun* uſefully comes and goes,
Wants it himſelf, yet gives to Man repoſe.
How his *round Journey* does for ever laſt,
36 And how he baits at every Sea in haſte.
He ſung how *Earth* blots the *Moons* gilded Wane,
37 Whilſt fooliſh men beat ſounding Braſs in vain,
Why the *Great Waters* her ſlight *Horns* obey,
Her changing *Horns*, not conſtanter than *They*;
38 He ſung how griſly *Comets* hang in ayr,
Why *Sword* and *Plagues* attend their fatal *hair*.
Gods Beacons for the world, drawn up ſo far,
To publiſh ills, and raiſe all earth to war.
39 Why *Contraries* feed *Thunder* in the cloud,
What *Motions* vex it, till it roar ſo loud.
40 How *Lambent Fires* become ſo wondrous tame,
And bear ſuch *ſhining Winter* in their *Flame*.
41 What radiant *Pencil* draws the *Watry Bow*:
What *tyes* up *Hail*, and *picks* the *fleecy Snow*.
What *Palſie* of the *Earth* here ſhakes fixt *Hills*,
From off her brows, and here whole *Rivers* ſpills.
Thus did this *Heathen Natures Secrets* tell,
And ſometimes miſt the *Cauſe*, but ſought it *Well*.
Such was the ſawce of *Moabs* noble feaſt,
Till night far ſpent invites them to their reſt.
Only the good old Prince ſtays *Joab* there,
And much he tells, and much deſires to hear.
He tells deeds *antique*, and the *new* deſires;
Of *David* much, and much of *Saul* enquires.
Nay gentle *Gueſt* (ſaid he) ſince now you're in,
The ſtory of your gallant friend begin.
His birth, his riſing tell, and various fate,
And how he ſlew that man of *Gath* of late,
What was he call'd? that huge and monſtrous man?
With that he ſtopt, and *Joab* thus began:
His birth, great Sir, ſo much to mine is ty'd, 1 Chr. 2. 16.
That praiſe of that might look from me like *pride*.
Yet without boaſt, his veins contain a flood Gen. 49. 9.
42 Of th' old *Judæan Lyons* richeſt blood. 1 Chr. 2.
From *Judah Pharez*, from him *Eſrom* came Mat. 1.
Ram, *Naſhon*, *Salmon*, *Names* ſpoke loud by *Fame*.
A *Name* no leſs ought *Boaz* to appear,
By whoſe bleſt match we come no *ſtrangers* here.
From him and your fair *Ruth* good *Obed* ſprung,
From *Obed Jeſſe*, *Jeſſe* whom fames kindeſt tongue,
Counting his birth, and high *nobility*, ſhall
Not *Jeſſe* of *Obed*, but of *David* call,
David born to him ſev'enth; the ſix births paſt 1 Chr. 2. 15.
Brave *Tryals* of a work more great at laſt. 1 Sam. 16.

Bleſs

Bleſs me! how ſwift and growing was his wit?
The wings of *Time* flag'd dully after it.
Scarce paſt a *Child*, all wonders would he ſing
Of *Natures Law*, and *Pow'er* of *Natures King*.
His *ſheep* would ſcorn their food to hear his lay,
And ſavage *Beaſts* ſtand by as *tame* as they.
The fighting *Winds* would ſtop there, and admire;
Learning *Conſent* and *Concord* from his Lyre.
Rivers, whoſe waves roll'd down aloud before;
Mute, as their *Fiſh*, would liſten to'wards the *ſhore*.
1 Sam. 16.14. 'Twas now the time when firſt *Saul God* forſook,
God Saul; the room in's heart wild *Paſſions* took;
Sometimes a Tyrant-Frenſie revell'd there,
Sometimes black ſadneſs, and deep, deep deſpair.
No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,
They cure but ſometime *Bodies*, never *Minds*.
Muſick alone thoſe ſtorms of *Soul* could lay;
1 Sam. 16.23. Not more *Saul* them, then *Muſick* they obey.
David's now ſent for, and his Harp muſt bring;
His Harp that *Magick* bore on ev'ery ſtring.
When *Sauls* rude paſſions did moſt tumult keep;
With his ſoft notes they all dropt down aſleep.
When his dull *Spir'its* lay drown'd in *Death* and *Night*;
He with quick ſtrains rais'd them to *Life* and *Light*.
Thus chear'd he *Saul*, thus did his fury ſwage,
Till *wars* began, and times more fit for *rage*.
1 Sam. 17. To *Helah* Plain *Philiſtian Troops* are come,
And Wars loud noiſe ſtrikes peaceful Muſick dumb.
Back to his rural Care young *David* goes,
For this rough work *Saul* his ſtout *Brethren* choſe.
He knew not what his hand in War could do,
Nor thought his *Sword* could cure mens *Madneſs* too.
Now *Dammin*'s deſtin'ed for this *Scene* of *Blood*,
On two near *Hills* the two proud *Armies* ſtood.
Between a fatal Valley ſtretcht out wide,
And *Death* ſeem'd ready now on either ſide,
When (Lo!) their Hoſt rais'd all a joyful ſhout,
1 Sam. 17. 4. 43 And from the midſt an huge & monſtrous man ſtept out.
Aloud they ſhouted at each ſtep he took;
We and the *Earth* it ſelf beneath him *ſhook*,
Vaſt as the *Hill*, down which he marcht, he appear'd;
Amaz'ed all Eyes, nor was their *Army* fear'd.
A young tall *Squire* (though then he *ſeem'd* not ſo)
Did from the Camp *at firſt* before him go;
At firſt he did, but ſcarce could follow ſtrait.
Sweating beneath a *Shields* unruly weight,
44 On which was wrought the *Gods*, and *Gyants* fight,
Rare work! all fill'd with *terrour* and *delight*.
45 Here a vaſt *Hill*, 'gainſt thundring *Baal* was thrown,
Trees and *Beaſts* on't fell burnt with *Lightning* down.

One

One flings a *Mountain*, and its *River* too
Torn up with't; that *rains back* on him that threw.
Some from the *Main* to pluck whole *Islands* try;
The *Sea* boils round with flames shot thick from sky.
This he *believ'd*, and on his *shield* he bore,
And prais'd *their* strength, but thought his *own* was more.
The *Valley* now this *Monster* seem'd to *fill*;
46 And we (methoughts) *lookt up* to him from our *Hill*.
47 All arm'd in *Brass*, the richest dress of *War*
(A dismal glorious sight) he shone afar.
The *Sun* himself started with sudden fright,
To see his beams return so dismal bright.
Brass was his *Helmet*, his *Boots brass*; and o're — 1 Sam. 17. 7, &c.
His breast a thick plate of strong *brass* he wore,
His *Spear* the *Trunk* was of a lofty *Tree*,
Which *Nature* meant some tall *ships Mast* should be,
The huge Iron head six hundred shekels weigh'd,
And of *whole bodies* but *one wound* it made,
Able *Deaths* worst command to overdo,
Destroying *Life* at once and *Carcase* too;
Thus arm'd he stood; all *direful*, and all *gay*,
And round him flung a scornful look away.
So when a *Scythian Tyger* gazing round,
An Herd of Kine in some fair Plain has found
Lowing secure, he swells with angry pride,
48 And calls forth all his *spots* on ev'ery side.
Then stops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,
In choise of some strong neck on which to fall.
Almost he scorns, so weak, so cheap a prey,
And grieves to see them trembling hast away.
Ye men of *Jury*, he cries, if *Men* you be, — Ib. v. 8.
And such dare prove your selves to *Fame* and *Me*,
Chuse out 'mongst all your Troops the boldest *Knight*,
To try his *strength* and *fate* with me in fight.
The chance of War let us two bear for all,
And they the *Conqu'eror serve* whose *Knight* shall fall. — Ib. v. 9. 10.
49 At this he paws'd a while; straight, I defie
Your *Gods* and *You*; dares none come down and *dy?*
Go back for shame, and *Egypts* slav'ery bear,
Or yield to *us*, and serve more nobly here.
Alas ye have no more *Wonders* to be done,
Your *Sorc'erer Moses* now and *Josua's* gone,
Your *Magick Trumpets* then could *Cities* take, — Jos. 6. 20.
And sounds of *Triumph* did your *Battels* make.
Spears in your hands and manly *Swords* are vain;
Get you your *Spells*, and *Conjuring Rods* again.
Is there no *Sampson* here? Oh that there were I
In his full strength, and long *Enchanted Hair*. — Judg. 16. 17.
This *Sword* should be in the weak *Razors* stead;
It should not cut his *Hair* off, but his *Head*.

Thus

Thus he blaſphem'd aloud; the *Valleys* round
Flatt'ering his voice *reſtor'd* the dreadful ſound.
We turn'd us trembling at the noiſe, and fear'd
We had behind ſome new *Goliah* heard.
1 Sam. 17.11. 'Twas Heav'en, Heav'en ſure (which *Davids* glory means
Through this whole *Act*) ſuch ſacred terrour ſent
To all our *Hoſt*, for there was *Saul* in place,
Who ne're ſaw *fear* but in his *Enemies face*,
His god-like *Son* there in bright Armour ſhone,
1 Sam. 14. Who ſcorn'd to conquer *Armies* not *Alone*.
Fate her own *Book* miſtruſted at the ſight;
On that ſide *War*, on this a *Single Fight*.
There ſtood *Benaiah*, and there trembled too,
He who th' *Egyptian*, proud *Goliah* ſlew.
1 Chr. 11. In his pale fright, rage through his eyes ſhot flame,
He ſaw his *ſtaff*, and bluſht with *generous ſhame*.
Thouſands beſide ſtood mute and heartleſs there,
Men valiant all; nor was *I* us'ed to *Fear*.
Thus forty days he marcht down arm'd to fight,
Once every morn he marcht, and once at night.
Slow roſe the Sun, but gallopt down apace,
With more than *Evening bluſhes* in his face.
1 Sam. 17. When *Jeſſey* to the Camp young *David* ſent;
12, &c. His purpoſe *low*, but *high* was *Fates* intent.
For when the *Monſters* pride he ſaw and heard,
Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they *fear'd*.
Anger and brave diſdain his heart poſſeſt,
Thoughts more than *manly* ſwell'd his *youthful* breſt.
1 Sam. 17.25. Much the rewards propos'd his ſpirit enflame,
Sauls Daughter much, and much the voice of *Fame*.
Theſe to their juſt intentions ſtrongly move,
But chiefly *God*, and his dear *Countrys Love*,
Reſolv'd for combat to *Sauls* Tent he's brought,
Where thus he ſpoke, as *boldly* as he fought:
Ib. v. 32. Henceforth no more, great *Prince*, your ſacred breſt
With that huge talking wretch of *Gath* moleſt.
This hand alone ſhall end his curſed breath;
Fear not, the wretch *blaſphemes* himſelf to death,
And cheated with falſe weight of his own might,
Has challeng'd *Heaven*, not *Us*, to ſingle fight.
Forbid it *God*, that where *thy* right is try'd,
The ſtrength of *man* ſhould find juſt cauſe for *pride!*
Firm like ſome *Rock*, and vaſt he ſeems to ſtand,
Exod. 17.6. But *Rocks* we know were op'ed at thy command.
That *Soul* which now does ſuch large members ſw[illegible]
Through one *ſmall wound* will creep in haſt away.
And he who now dares boldly *Heav'en* defie,
To ev'ery *bird* of *Heav'en* a prey ſhall lie.
For 'tis not humane force we ought to fear;
Did that, alas, plant our *Forefathers* here?

Twice

Twice fifteen *Kings* did they by that ſubdue? Joſh. 11.
51 By that whole *Nations* of *Goliahs* ſlew?
The *wonders* they perform'd may ſtill be done;
Moſes and *Joſua* is, but *God's* not gone.
We'have loſt their *Rod* and *Trumpets*; not their *skill*:
Pray'rs and *Belief* are as ſtrong *Witchcraft* ſtill.
Theſe are *more tall*, more *Gyants* far then *He*,
Can reach to *Heav'en*, and thence pluck *Victorie*.
Count this, and then, Sir, mine th'advantage is;
He's ſtronger far then *I*, my *God* then *His*.
Amazement ſeiz'd on all, and ſhame to ſee,
Their own fears ſcorn'd by one ſo young as He.
Brave Youth (replies the *King*) whoſe daring mind 1 Sam. 17. 33.
Ere come to *Manhood*, leaves it quite *behind*;
Reſerve thy valour for more equal fight,
And let thy *Body* grow up to thy *Spright*.
Thou'rt yet too tender for ſo rude a foe,
Whoſe *touch* would wound thee more then him thy *blow*.
Nature his Limbs onely for *war* made fit,
In thine as yet nought beſide *Love* ſhe'has writ.
With ſome leſs Foe thy unfleſht valour try;
This *Monſter* can be no *firſt Victory*.
The *Lyons* royal whelp does not at firſt
For blood of *Baſan Bulls* or *Tygers* thirſt.
In timorous *Deer* he hanſels his young paws,
And leaves the rugged *Bear* for firmer claws.
So vaſt thy hopes, ſo unproportion'd bee,
Fortune would be aſham'ed to *ſecond Thee*.
He ſaid, and we all murmur'd an aſſent;
But nought moves *David* from his high intent.
It brave to him, and om'inous does appear,
To be oppos'ed at firſt, and *conquer here*,
Which he reſolves; Scorn not (ſaid he) mine age, 1 Sam. 17. 33.
For *Vict'ory* comes not like an *Heritage*,
At *ſet-years*; when my Fathers flock I fed,
A *Bear* and *Lyon* by fierce hunger led,
Broke from the wood, and ſnatcht my *Lambs* away;
From their grim *mouths* I forc'ed the panting prey.
Both *Bear* and *Lyon* ev'en this hand did kill,
On our great *Oak* the *Bones* and *Jaws* hang ſtill.
My *God's* the ſame, which then he was, to day,
And this wild wretch almoſt the ſame as *They*.
Who from ſuch danger ſav'ed *my Flock*, will he
Of *Iſra'el*, his *own Flock* leſs careful be?
Be't ſo then (*Saul* burſts forth:) and thou on high,
Who oft in *weakneſs* do'ſt moſt *ſtrength* deſcry,
At whoſe dread beck *Conqueſt* expecting ſtands,
And caſts no look down on the *Fighters* hands,
Aſſiſt what *Thou* inſpir'eſt; and let all ſee,
As *Boys* to *Gyants*, *Gyants* are to *Thee*.

Thus; and with trembling hopes of ſtrange ſucceſs,
1 Sam. 17. 34. 52 In his own arms he the bold *Youth* does dreſs.
On's head an *helm* of well wrought braſs is place'd,
The top with warlike Plume *ſeverely grace'd*.
His breaſt a plate cut with rare Figures bore,
A *Sword* much practis'ed in *Deaths* art he wore.
Yet *David* uſe'd ſo long to no defence,
But thoſe *light Arms* of *Spirit* and *Innocence*,
No good in fight of that gay *burden* knows,
But fears his *own arms* weight more then his *Foes*.
He loſt himſelf in that *diſguiſe of warre*,
And guarded ſeems as men by *Priſons* are.
He therefore to *exalt* the wondrous ſight,
Prepares now, and *diſarms* himſelf for fight.
1 Sam. 17. 40. 'Gainſt Shield, Helm, Breaſt-plate, and inſtead of thoſe
Five ſharp ſmooth ſtones from the next brook he choſe,
And fits them to his ſling; then marches down;
For *Sword*, his *Enemies* he eſteem'd his *Own*.
We all with various paſſion ſtrangely gaz'ed
Some ſad, ſome 'ſham'ed, ſome angry, all amaz'ed.
Now in the Valley he ſtands; through's youthful face
Wrath checks the *Beauty*, and ſheds manly grace.
Both in his looks ſo joyn'd, that they might move
Fear ev'n in *Friends*, and from an *En'emy Love*.
Hot as ripe *Noon*, ſweet as the *blooming Day*,
Like *July* furious, but more fair then *May*.
Ib. v. 43. Th'accurſt *Philiſtian* ſtands on th'other ſide,
Grumbling aloud, and ſmiles 'twixt rage and pride.
The *Plagues* of *Dagon*! a ſmooth *Boy*, ſaid he,
A curſed *beardleſs foe* oppos'd to *Me*!
Hell! with what arms (hence thou fond *Child*) he's come!
Some friend his Mother call to drive him home.
Not gone yet? if one minute more thou ſtay,
The birds of heav'en ſhall bear thee *dead* away.
Gods! a curſt *Boy*! the reſt then murmuring out,
He walks, and caſts a deadly grin about.
David with chearful anger in his Eyes,
Advances boldly on, and thus replies,
Ib. v. 45. Thou com'eſt, vain Man, all arm'ed into the field,
And truſteſt thoſe *War toys*, thy *Sword*, and *Shield*;
Thy *Pride's* my *Spear*, thy *Blaſphemies* my *Sword*;
My *Shield*, thy *Maker*, Fool; the mighty *Lord*
Of *Thee* and *Battels*; who hath ſent forth me
Unarm'ed thus, not to *Fight*, but *Conquer* thee.
53 In vain ſhall *Dagon* thy falſe *Hope* withſtand;
In vain thy *other God*, thine own *right hand*.
Thy fall to man ſhall heavens ſtrong juſtice ſhew;
Wretch! 'tis the only *Good* which thou canſt do.
He ſaid; our Hoaſt ſtood dully ſilent by;
And durſt not truſt their *Ears* againſt the *Eye*.

As

As much their *Champions* threats to him they fear'd,
As when the *Monsters* threats to them they heard,
His flaming Sword th'enrag'd *Philistian* shakes,
And haſt to'his ruine with loud *Curſes* makes.
Backward the Winds his *active Curſes* blew,
54 And fatally round his own head they flew.
For now from *Davids* ſling the ſtone is fled, Ib. v. 49.
And ſtrikes with joyful noiſe the *Monsters* head.
It ſtrook his forehead, and pierc'ed deeply there;
As ſwiftly as it pierc'ed before the *Ayre*.
Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the ground;
Blood, *Brain*, and *Soul* crowd mingled through the *Wound*.
So a ſtrong *Oak*, which many years had ſtood
With fair and flouriſhing boughs, *it ſelf a Wood*;
Though it might long the *Axes* violence bear,
And play'd with *Winds* which other *Trees* did tear;
Yet by the *Thunders* ſtroke from th'root 'tis rent;
So ſure the blows that from high heav'en are ſent.
What tongue the joy and wonder can expreſs,
Which did that moment our whole Hoſt poſſeſs?
Their jocond ſhouts th'air like a ſtorm did tear,
Th'amazed *Clouds* fled ſwift away with *Fear*.
But far more ſwift th'accurs'd *Philiſtians* fly, 1 Sam.
And their ill fate to perfect, *baſely dye*. 17. 52.
With thouſand corps the ways around are ſtrown,
Till they, by the days flight ſecure their own.
Now through the Camp ſounds nought but *Davids* name;
All joys of ſeveral ſtamp and colours came
From ſeveral paſſions; ſome his Valour praiſe,
Some his free Speech, ſome the fair pop'ular rayes
Of Youth, and Beauty, and his *modeſt Guiſe*;
Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'ed the Female Eyes.
Some wonder, ſome they thought t'would be ſo ſwear;
And ſome ſaw *Angels* flying through the air.
The baſeſt ſpi'rits caſt back a crooked glance
On this great act, and fain would give't to *Chance*.
Women our Hoſt with *Songs* and *Dances* meet, 1 Sam.
With much joy *Saul*, *David* with more they greet. 18. 6.
Hence the Kings politique rage and envy flows, Ib. v. 8.
Which firſt he hides, and ſeeks his life t'expoſe
To *gen'erous dangers* that his hate might clear,
And *Fate* or *Chance* the blame, nay *David* bear.
So vain are mans deſigns! for *Fate*, and *Chance*,
And *Earth*, and *Heav'en* conſpir'ed to his advance;
His Beauty, Youth, Courage and wondrous Wit,
In all Mankind but *Saul* did Love begit. 1 Sam.
Not *Sauls* own houſe, not his own neareſt blood, 18. 16.
The noble cauſes ſacred force withſtood.
You'have met no doubt, and kindly us'ed the fame,
Of God-like *Jonathans* illuſtrious *Name*;

A *Name* which ev'ery wind to heav'en would bear,
Which *Men* to ſpeak, and *Angels* joy to hear.
No *Angel* e're bore to his *Brother-Mind*
A kindneſs more exalted and refin'd,
Then his to *David*, which look'd nobly down,
And ſcorn'd the falſe *Alarums* of a *Crown*.
1 Sam. 18. 1. At *Dammin* field he ſtood; and from his place
Leapt forth, the *wondrous Conqu'eror* to embrace;
Ib. v. 4. On him his Mantle, Girdle, Sword, and Bow,
On him his *Heart* and *Soul* he did beſtow.
Not all that *Saul* could threaten or perſwade,
In this cloſe knot the ſmalleſt looſeneſs made.
Oft his wiſe care did the Kings rage ſuſpend.
1 Sam. 20. 33. His own lifes danger ſhelter'd oft his *Friend*.
Which he expos'ed a Sacrifice to fall
By th'*undiſcerning rage* of furious *Saul*.
Nor was young *Davids* active vertue grown
Strong and triumphant in one *Sex* alone.
Imperious Beauty too it durſt invade,
1 Sam. 18. 20. 28. And deeper Prints in the *ſoft breaſt* it made,
For there t'*eſteem* and *Friendſhips* graver name,
Paſſion was pour'd like *Oyl* into the *Flame*.
Like two bright *Eyes* in a fair *Body* plac'ed,
Sauls Royal houſe two beauteous *Daughters* grac'ed.
Merab the firſt, *Michol* the younger nam'ed,
Both equally for different glories fam'ed.
Merab with ſpatious beauty fill'ed the ſight,
But too much *aw* chaſtis'ed the bold delight.
Like a calm Sea, which to th'enlarged view,
Gives *pleaſure*, but gives *fear* and *rev'erence* too.
Michols ſweet looks clear and free joys did move,
And no leſs *ſtrong*, though much more *gentle Love*.
Like virtuous *Kings* whom men rejoyce t'obey,
Tyrants themſelves leſs abſolute then *They*.
Merab appear'd like ſome fair Princely *Tower*,
Michol ſome *Virgin Queens* delicious *Bower*.
All *Beauties* ſtores in *Little* and in *Great*;
But the *contracted Beams* ſhot fierceſt heat.
A clean and lively *Brown* was *Merabs* dy,
Such as the *Prouder* colours might envy.
Michols pure skin ſhone with ſuch taintleſs *White*,
As ſcatter'd the weak rays of humane ſight.
Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did ſhew,
Then e're on fruits or flowers Heav'ens Pencil drew.
From *Merabs* eyes fierce and quick *Lightnings* came,
From *Michols* the *Suns mild*, yet active flame;
Merabs long hair was gloſſy cheſtnut brown,
Treſſes of paleſt gold did *Michol* crown.
Such was their outward form, and one might find
A difference not unlike it in the *Mind*.

Merab with comely *Majeſty* and *ſtate*
Bore high th' advantage of her *Worth* and *Fate*.
Such humble ſweetneſs did ſoft *Michol* ſhow,
That none who *reach ſo high* e're *ſtoopt ſo low*.
Merab rejoyc'd in her wrackt *Lovers* pain,
And fortifi'd her *vertue* with *Diſdain*.
The griefs ſhe caus'd gave gentle *Michol* grief,
She wiſht her *Beauties* leſs for their relief,
Ev'en to her *Captives civil*; yet th' exceſs
Of *naked Virtue* guarded her no leſs.
Buſineſs and *Power Merabs* large thoughts did vex,
Her *wit* diſdain'd the Fetters of her *Sex*.
Michol no leſs diſdain'd affairs and noiſe,
Yet did it not from *Ignorance*, but *Choiſe*.
In brief, both *Copies* were more ſweetly drawn;
Merab of *Saul*, *Michol* of *Jonathan*.

The day that *David* great *Goliah* ſlew,
Not great *Goliahs Sword* was more his due,
Then *Merab*; by *Sauls* publick promiſe ſhe
Was ſold then and betroth'd to *Victory*.
But haughty *ſhe* did this juſt match deſpiſe,
Her *Pride* debaucht her *Judgment* and her *Eyes*.
An unknown *Youth*, ne're ſeen at *Court* before,
Who *Shepherds-ſtaff*, and *Shepherds* habit bore;
The ſeventh-born Son of no rich houſe, were ſtill
Th' unpleaſant forms which her high thoughts did fill.
And much averſion in her ſtubborn mind
Was bred by being *promis'd* and *deſign'd*.
Long had the patient *Adriel* humbly born
The rougheſt ſhocks of her imperious ſcorn,
Adriel the *Rich*, but riches were in vain,
And could nor ſet him *free*, nor her *enchain*.
Long liv'ed they thus; but as the hunted *Dear*
Cloſely purſu'ed quits all her wonted fear,
And takes the neareſt waves, which from the ſhore
She oft with horrour had beheld before.
So whilſt the *violent Maid* from *David* fled,
She leapt to *Adriels* long avoided bed. 1 Sam. 18. 19
The match was nam'd, agreed, and finiſht ſtrait;
So ſoon comply'd *Sauls Envy* with her *Hate*.
But *Michol* in whoſe breaſt all virtues move
That hatch the *pregnant ſeeds* of ſacred *Love*,
With juſter eyes the noble *Object* meets,
And turns all *Merabs Poyſon* into *Sweets*.
She ſaw and wondred how a *Youth* unknown,
Should make all *Fame to come* ſo ſoon his own:
She ſaw, and wondred how a *Shepherds Crook*
Deſpis'd that *Sword* at which the *Scepter* ſhook.
Though he ſeventh-born, & though his Houſe but poor,
She knew it *noble* was, and *would* be more.

Oft had she heard, and *fansied* oft the fight,
With what a *generous calm* he marcht to fight.
In the great danger how exempt from *Fear*,
And after it from *Pride* he did appear.
Greatness, and *Goodness*, and an *Ayr divine*,
She saw through all his *words* and *actions* shine.
She heard his eloquent *Tongue*, and charming *Lyre*,
Whose artful sounds did violent *Love* inspire,
Though us'd all other *Passions* to relieve;
She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,
When those strong thoughts attaqu'd her doubtful breast,
His *Beauty* no less active than the rest.
The Fire thus kindled soon grew fierce and great,
When *Davids* breast reflected back its heat.
Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can *Love* hidden by
From any sight, much less the *Loving Eye*)
She *Conqu'eror* was as well as *Overcome*,
And gain'd no less *Abroad* than lost at *Home*.
57 Ev'en the first hour they met (for such a pair,
Who in all mankind else so matchless were,
Yet their own *Equals*, *Natures* self does wed)
A mutual warmth through both their bosoms spred.
Fate gave the *Signal*; both at once began
The gentle *Race*, and with just pace they ran.
Ev'en so (methinks) when two Fair *Tapers* come,
From several Doors entring at once the Room,
With a swift flight that leaves the Eye behind;
Their *amorous Lights* into *one Light* are join'd.
Nature herself, were she to judge the case,
Knew not which first *began* the kind embrace.
Michol her modest flames sought to conceal,
But *Love* ev'en th' *Art* to hide it does *reveal*.
Her soft unpractis'd *Eyes* betray'd the *Theft*,
Love past through them, and there such *footsteps* left.
She blusht when he approacht, and when he spoke,
And suddenly her wandring answers broke,
At his names sound, and when she heard him prais'd,
With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she rais'd.
Uncall'd for sighs oft from her bosome flew,
And *Adriels active* friend she' *abruptly* grew.
Oft when the *Courts* gay youth stood waiting by,
She strove to act a cold *Indifferency*;
In vain she acted so constrain'd a part,
For thousand *Nameless things* disclos'd her Heart.
On th' other side *David* with silent pain
Did in respectful bounds his Fires contain.
His humble fear t'offend, and trembling aw,
Impos'd on him a no less rigorous *Law*
Then *Modesty* on her, and though he strove
To make her see't, he durst not tell his *Love*.

To tell it first the timorous youth made choice
Of *Musicks* bolder and more active voice.
And thus beneath her Window, did he touch
His faithful Lyre; the words and numbers such,
As did well worth my Memory appear,
And may perhaps deserve your princely Ear.

1.

Awake, awake my *Lyre*,
And tell thy *silent Masters* humble tale,
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,
Though so *Exalted* she
And I so *Lowly* be,
Tell her such *diffe'rent Notes* make all thy *Harmonie*.

2.

Hark, how the Strings awake,
And though the *Moving Hand* approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear,
A kind of num'erous *Trembling* make.
Now all thy Forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her *Ear* the *Conquests* of her *Eye*.

3.

Weak *Lyre!* thy vertue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To *Cure*, but not to *Wound*,
And she to *Wound*, but not to *Cure*.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My *Passion* to remove,
Physick to other *Ills*, thou'rt *Nourishment* to *Love*.

4.

Sleep, sleep again, my *Lyre*;
For thou can'st never tell my humble tale,
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent ly,
Sleep, sleep again, my *Lyre*, and let thy *Master dy*.

She heard all this, and the prevailing sound
Toucht with delightful pain her tender wound.
Yet though she joy'd th' *authentique news* to hear,
Of what she guest before with jealous *fear*,

She

She checkt her forward joy, and bluſht for ſhame,
And did his boldneſs with forc'ed anger blame.
The ſenſeleſs rules, which firſt *Falſe Honour* taught,
And into *Laws* the *Tyrant Cuſtom* brought,
Which Womens *Pride* and *Folly* did invent,
Their *Lovers* and *Themſelves* too to torment,
Made her next day a grave diſpleaſure fain,
And all her *words*, and all her *looks* conſtrain
Before the trembling youth; who when he ſaw
His *vital Light* her wonted beams withdraw,
He curſt his voice, his fingers, and his Lyre,
He curſt his *too bold Tongue*, and *bold Deſire*.
In vain he curſt the laſt, for that ſtill grew;
From all things *Food* its *ſtrong Complexion* drew:
His *Joy* and *Hope* their chearful motions ceaſt,
His *Life* decay'd, but ſtill his *Love* encreaſt.
Whilſt ſhe whoſe Heart approv'd not her *Diſdain*,
Saw and endur'd his *pains* with greater *pain*.
But *Jonathan*, to whom both hearts were known
With a concernment equal to their own,
Joyful that Heav'en with his ſworn love comply'd
To draw that knot more faſt which he had ty'd,
With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,
Reſtor'd, and better'd ſoon the *nice affair*.
With eaſe a Brothers lawful power o'recame
The *formal decencies* of virgin-ſhame.
She firſt with all her heart forgave the paſt,
Heard *David* tell his flames, and *told her own* at laſt.
Lo here the happy point of proſperous *Love!*
Which ev'en *Enjoyment* ſeldom can improve!
Themſelves agreed, which ſcarce could fail alone,
All *Iſraels* wiſh concurrent with their own.
A *Brothers* powerful ayd firm to the ſide,
By ſolemn vow the *King* and *Father* tyde:
All jealous fears, all nice diſguiſes paſt,
All that in *leſs-ripe Love* offends the *Taſt*,
In eithers Breaſt their *Souls* both meet and wed,
Their *Heart* the *Nuptial-Temple* and the *Bed*.
And though the groſſer cates were yet not dreſt,
By which the *Bodies* muſt ſupply this *Feaſt*;
Bold *Hopes* prevent ſlow *Pleaſures* lingring birth,
As *Saints* aſſur'd of *Heav'en* enjoy't on *Earth*.
All this the *King* obſerv'd, and well he ſaw
What ſcandal, and what danger it might draw
T'oppoſe this juſt and pop'ular match, but meant
T' *out-malice* all *Refuſals* by *Conſent*.
He meant the *pois'onous grant* ſhould mortal prove,
He meant t'enſnare his *Virtue* by his *Love*.
1 Sam. 18. 21. And thus he to him ſpoke, with more of art
And fraud, then well became the *Kingly part*.

Your

Your valour, *David*, and high worth (ſaid he)
To *praiſe*, is all mens duty, mine to *ſee*
Rewarded; and we ſhall t'our utmoſt powers
Do with like care that part, as you did yours.
Forbid it *God*, we like thoſe *Kings* ſhould prove,
Who *Fear* the *Vertues* which they're bound to *Love*.
Your *Pi'ety* does that tender point ſecure,
Nor will my *Acts* ſuch *humble thoughts* endure.
Your neerneſs to't rather *ſupports* the *Crown*,
And th' *honours* giv'en to you encreaſe *our own*.
All that we can we'll give; 'tis our intent
Both as a *Guard*, and as an *Ornament*
To place thee next our ſelves; Heav'en does approve,
And my *Sons Friendſhip*, and my *Daughters Love*,
Guide *fatally*, methinks, my willing choice;
I ſee, methinks, *Heav'en* in't, and I rejoice.
Bluſh not, my Son, that *Michols Love* I name,
Nor need *ſhe* bluſh to hear it; 'tis no *ſhame*
Nor *ſecret* now; *Fame* does it loudly tell,
And all men but thy *Rivals* like it well.
If *Merabs* choice could have comply'd with mine,
Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine.
And hers at laſt ſhould have with mine comply'd,
Had I not *Thine* and *Michols* heart deſcry'd.
Take whom thou lov'eſt, and who loves thee; the laſt
And *deareſt Preſent* made me by the chaſt
Ahinoam; and unleſs ſhe me deceive,
When I to *Jonathan* my *Crown* ſhall leave,
'Twill be a ſmaller *Gift*.
If I thy generous thoughts may undertake
58 To gueſs, they are what *Jointure* thou ſhalt make,
Fitting her *birth* and *fortune*: and ſince ſo
Cuſtom ordains, we mean t'exact it too.
The *Joynture* we exact, is that ſhall be
No leſs advantage to thy *Fame* than *She*.
Go where *Philiſtian* Troops infeſt the Land;
Renew the terrours of thy conquering hand.
When thine own hand, which needs muſt conqu'ror prove,
In this joint cauſe of *Honour* and of *Love*,
An hundred of the faithleſs Foe ſhall ſlay,
59 And for a *Dowre* their hundred foreskins pay, 1 Sam. 18. 25.
Be *Michol* thy Reward; did we not know
Thy mighty *Fate*, and *Worth* that makes it ſo,
We ſhould not cheaply that dear blood expoſe
Which we to mingle with our own had choſe.
But thou'rt ſecure; and ſince this match of thine
We to the publick benefit deſign,
A publick good ſhall its beginning grace,
And give *triumphant Omens* of thy race.

Thus ſpoke the King: the *happy Youth* bow'd low;
Modeſt and graceful his great joy did ſhow,
The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind;
And nought t'except againſt it could he find,
But that his *Miſtreſs* price too *cheap* appear'd,
No *Danger*, but her *Scorn* of it he fear'd.
She with much different ſenſe the news receiv'd,
At her high rate ſhe trembled, bluſht, and griev'd.
'Twas a leſs work the conqueſt of his Foes,
Than to obtain her leave his life t'expoſe.
Their kind debate on this ſoft point would prove
Tedious, and needleſs to repeat: If *Love*
(As ſure it has) e're toucht your princely breſt,
'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full ſuggeſt
All that was done, or ſaid; the grief, hope, fears;
His *troubled joys*, and her *obliging Tears*.
In all the pomp of Paſſions reign, they part;
And bright prophetique forms enlarge his heart;
Victory and *Fame*; and that more *quick delight*
Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.
Tow'ards *Gath* he went; and in one month (ſo ſoon
A *fatal*, and a *willing* work is done)
A double *Dowre*, two hundred foreskins brought
Of choice *Philiſtian* Knights with whom he fought,
Men that in birth and valour did excel,
Fit for the *Cauſe* and *Hand* by which they fell.
Now was *Saul* caught; nor longer could delay
The two *reſiſtleſs Lovers* happy day.
Though this days *coming* long had ſeem'd and ſlow,
Yet ſeem'd its *ſtay* as long and tedious now.
For now the violent *weight* of eager *Love*,
Did with more haſte ſo near its *Centre* move,
He curſt the ſtops of form and ſtate, which lay
In this laſt *ſtage* like *Scandals* in his way.
On a large gentle *Hill*, crown'd with tall wood,
Neer where the *regal Gabaah* proudly ſtood,
A *Tent* was pitcht, of green wrought Damask made,
And ſeem'd but the freſh Forreſts nat'ural ſhade,
Various, and vaſt within, on pillars born
Of *Shittim* Wood, that *uſefully adorn*.
Hither to grace the Nuptial-Feaſt does *Saul*
Of the *Twelve Tribes* th' *Elders* and *Captains* call,
And all around the *idle*, *buſie* crowd,
With ſhouts and Bleſſings tell their joy alowd.
Lo, the preſs breaks, and from their ſeveral homes
In decent pride the *Bride* and *Bridegroom* comes.
Before the *Bride*, in a long double row
With ſolemn pace thirty choice *Virgins* go,
And make a *Moving Galaxy* on earth;
All heav'enly *Beauties*, all of higheſt *Birth*;

All

64 All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair,
65 As the bright flowers that crown'd their brighter *Hair*,
All in that new-blown age, which does inspire
Warmth in *Themselves*, in their *Beholders Fire*.
But all this, and all else the *Sun* did ere,
Or *Fancy* see, in her less bounded *Sphere*,
The *Bride* her self out-shone; and one would say
They made but the faint *Dawn* to her full *Day*.
Behind a numerous train of *Ladies* went,
Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent,
Vain Gems, and unregarded cost they bore,
For all mens eyes were ty'd to those before.
The *Bridegrooms* flourishing Troop fill'd next the place,
66 With thirty comly youths of noblest race,
That marcht before; and Heav'en around his head,
The graceful beams of *Joy* and *Beauty* spread.
67 So the glad *star* which *Men* and *Angels* love,
Prince of the glorious *Host* that shines above,
No *Light* of *Heav'en* so chearful or so gay,
Lifts up his sacred *Lamp*, and opens *Day*,
The *King* himself, at the Tents crowned gate
In all his robes of ceremony and state
Sate to receive the train: on either hand
Did the *High Priest*, and the *Great Prophet* stand.
Adriel behind, *Jonathan*, *Abner*, *Jesse*,
And all the Chiefs in their due order presse.
First *Saul* declar'd his choice, and the just cause,
Avow'd by a gene'ral murmur of applause,
68 Then sign'd her *Dow're*, and in few words he pray'd,
And blest, and gave the joyful trembling *Maid*
T' her *Lovers* hands, who with a chearful look
And humble gesture the *vast Present* took.
69 The *Nuptial-Hymn* strait sounds, and *Musicks* play,
70 And *Feasts* and *Balls* shorten the *thoughtless day*
To all but to the *wedded*; till at last
The long-wisht night did her kind shadow cast;
At last th' *inestimable hour* was come
To lead his *Conquering prey* in *triumph* home,
71 To a *Palace* near, drest for the Nuptial-bed
(Part of her Dowre) he his fair *Princess* led,
Saul, the *High-Priest*, and *Samuel* here they leave,
Who as they part, their *weighty blessings* give.
72 Her *Vail* is now put on; and at the gate
The thirty *Youths*, and thirty *Virgins* wait
73 With golden *Lamps*, bright as the flames they bore,
To light the *Nuptial-pomp*, and march before.
The rest bring home in state the happy Pair,
To that last *Scene* of *Bliss*, and leave them there
All those free joys insatiably to prove
With which rich *Beauty* feasts the *Glutton Love*.

74 But scarce, alas, the first sev'en days were past,
In which the publick *Nuptial Triumphs* last,
When *Saul* this new *Alliance* did repent,
Such subtle cares his jealous thoughts torment,
He envy'ed the good work himself had done;
Fear'd *David* less his *Servant* than his *Son*.
No longer his wild wrath could he command;
He seeks to stain his own imperial hand
In his *Sons* blood; and that twice cheated too,
With *Troops* and *Armies* does *one life* pursue.
Said I but *One*? his thirsty rage extends
To th' Lives of all his *kindred*, and his *friends*;
Ev'en *Jonathan* had dyed for being so,
Had not just *God* put by th' unnat'ural blow.
You see, Sir, the true cause which brings us here;
No sullen discontent, or groundless fear,
No guilty *Act* or *End* calls us from home.
Only to breath in peace a while we come,
Ready to *Serve*, and in mean space to *Pray*
For *You* who us receive, and *Him* who drives away.

NOTES

NOTES
UPON THE
THIRD BOOK.

1 A Town not far from *Jeruſalem*, according to S. *Hieron.* in his *Commentary* upon *Iſaiah*, by which it ſeems it was re-edified, after the deſtruction of it by *Saul*; he ſays that *Jeruſalem* might be ſeen from it. *Adricomius* knows not whether he ſhould place it in the *Tribe* of *Benjamin*, or *Ephraim*. *Abulenſis* ſure is in an errour, placing it in the *Half Tribe* of *Manaſſes* beyond *Jordan*. I call it *Nobe* according to the *Latin Tranſlation*; for (methinks) *Nob* is too unheroical a name.

2 *Panes Propoſitionis*, in the *Septuagint*, ἄρτοι ἐνώπιου, from the *Hebrew*, in which it ſignifies *Panes Facierum*, becauſe they were always ſtanding before the *Face* of the *Lord*; which is meant too by the *Engliſh* word *Shew-bread*. The Law concerning them, *Levit.* 23. commands not only that they ſhould be eaten by the *Prieſts* alone, but alſo eaten in the *holy Place*. *For it is moſt holy unto him, of the offerings made unto the Lord by fire, by a perpetual ſtatute*, Verſe 9. In the *Holy place*; that is, at the door of the *Tabernacle*; as appears, *Lev.* 8. 31. and that which remained was to be burnt, leſt it ſhould be eaten by any but the Prieſts. How comes it then to paſs, not only that *Abimelech* gave of this bread to *David* and his company, but that *David* ſays to him, 1 *Sam.* 21. 5. *The bread is in a manner common?* The Latine differently, *Porro via hæc polluta eſt, ſed & ipſa hodiè ſanctificabitur in vaſis.* The words are ſomewhat obſcure; the meaning ſure muſt be, that ſeeing here are new Breads to be ſet upon the Table, the publique occaſion (for that he pretended) and preſent neceſſity makes theſe as it were *common*. So, what more ſacred then the *Sabboth*? yet the *Maccabees* ordained, that it ſhould be lawful to fight againſt their enemies on that day. *Seneca* ſays very well, *Neceſſitas magnum humanæ imbecillitatis patrocinium, quicquid cogit excuſat.* And we ſee this act of *Davids* approved of in the Evangeliſts.

Fatal,

3 *Fatal*, in regard his coming was the cauſe of *Ahimelechs* murder, and the deſtruction of the Town.

4 *Sacred:* made ſo by *Davids* placing it in the *Tabernacle* as a *Trophee* of his *Victory*, ἀνάθημα. Thus *Judith* dedicated all the ſtuff of *Holophernes* his Tent as a *Gift* unto the *Lord*, Jud. 16.19. ἀνάθημα τῷ κυρίῳ θεῷ where the Latin commonly adds *Oblivionis*; in *anathema oblivionis*, which ſhould be left out. *Joſephus* of this word, ἐπὶ νεμεσίαν ἀνάθημα τῷ θεῷ. And Sulpit. Sever. *Gladium poſteà in Templum poſuit*; i. *In Tabernaculum Nobæ:* where, methinks, *In Templum* ſignifies more then if he had ſaid *in Templo*. The reaſon of this cuſtom is, to acknowledge that *God* is the giver of *Victory*. And I think all Nations have concurred in this duty after ſucceſſes, and called (as *Virgil* ſays)

In prædam partémq; Jovem.------

So the *Philiſtims* hung up the Arms of *Saul* in the Temple of *Aſhtaroth*, and carried the *Ark* into the Temple of *Dagon*. *Nicol. de Lyra* believes that this Sword of *Goliah* was not conſecrated to *God*: for then *Ahimelech* in giving, and *David* in taking it had ſinned; for it is ſaid, *Levit.* 27. 28. *Whatſoever is devoted is moſt holy unto the Lord*; but that it was only laid up as a *Monument* of a famous victory, in a publick place. There is no need of this evaſion; for not every thing conſecrated to *God* is unalienable (at leaſt for a time) in caſe of neceſſity, ſince we ſee the very *veſſels* of the Temple were often given to *Invaders* by the Kings of *Judah*, to make peace with them. *Pro Rep. plerumq; Templa nudantur.* Sen. in Controverſ.

5 This particular of *Jagal* and *Davids* going in diſguiſe into the Land of the *Philiſtims* (which ſeems more probable then that he ſhould go immediately and avowedly to *Achis Court* ſo ſoon after the defeat of *Goliah*) is added to the Hiſtory by a *Poetical Licence*, which I take to be very harmleſs, and which therefore I make bold to uſe upon ſeveral occaſions.

6 Their *Goddeſs Dagon*, a kind of *Mermaid-Deity*. See on the ſecond Book.

7 *Adullam*, An Ancient Town in the *Tribe* of *Judah*, even in *Judah's* time, *Gen.* 38. in *Joſhua's* it had a *King*, Joſh. 12 15. the *Cave* ſtill remains; and was uſed by the *Chriſtians* for their refuge upon ſeveral irruptions of the *Turks*, in the ſame manner as it ſerved *David* now.

8 In this *Enumeration* of the chief *Perſons* who came to aſſiſt *David*, I chooſe to name but a few. The *Greek* and *Latin Poets* being in my opinion too large upon this kind of ſubject, eſpecially *Homer*, in enumerating the *Grecian* Fleet and Army; where he makes a long liſt of *Names* and *Numbers*, juſt as they would ſtand in the *Roll of a Muſter-Maſter*, without any delightful and various deſcriptions of the perſons; or at leaſt very few ſuch. Which *Lucan* (methinks) avoids viciouſly by an exceſs the other way.

9 2 Sam 2. *And Aſael was as ſwift of foot as a wild Roe.* Joſeph. ſays of him, that he would out-run ἵππον καλασάντα εἰς ἄμιλλαν, which

which is no ſuch great matter. The *Poets* are all bolder in their expreſſions upon the ſwiftneſs of ſome perſons. *Virgil* upon *Niſus Æn.* 5.

Emicat & ventis, & fulminis ocyor alis.

But that is *Modeſt* with them. Hear him of *Camilla*, Æn. 7.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas.
Vel mare per medium fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

From whence I have the hint of my deſcription, *Oft o're the Lawns, &c.* but I durſt not in a Sacred Story be quite ſo bold as he. The walking over the waters is too much, yet he took it from *Homer.* 20. *Iliad.*

Ἂι δ' ὅτε μὲν σειρῶν ὑπὲρ ζείδωρον ἀρούρην
Ἄιξεν ἐπ' Ἀνθεμόεντα καρπὸν θέον, οὐδὲ καλύκων.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σειρῶν, ἐπ' ὕγρα νῶτα θαλάσσης
Ἄιξεν ὑπὲρ ῥηγμῖν· ἀλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.

They ran upon the top of flowers without breaking them, and upon the back of the Sea, &c. where the *Hyperbole* (one would think) might have ſatisfied any moderate man; yet *Scal.* 5. *de Poet.* prefers *Virgils* from the encreaſe of the *miracle*, by making *Camilla's* flight over a tenderer thing then *Antherici*, and by the exaggerations of *Intactæ*, *Gramina*, *Volaret*, *Suſpenſa*, *Nec tingeret*. *Apollon.* 1. *Argonaut.* has the like *Hyperbole*, and of *Polyphemus* too, a Monſter, that one would believe ſhould rather ſink the *Earth* at every tread, then run over the *Sea* with dry feet,

Κὼν· ἀνὴρ ᾧ πόντε ὑπὲρ γλαυκοῖο θέεσκεν
Ὀιδμαλέω, οὐδὲ δοὺς βάπτεν πόδας, ἀλλ' ὅσον ἄκρους
Ἴχνεσι τεγγόμενον διερῇ περιέπλω κέλευθον.

And *Solinus* reports hiſtorically of *Ladas* (the man ſo much celebrated by the *Poets*) *cap.* 6. That he ran ſo lightly over the duſt (*ſuprà cavum pulverem*) that he never left a mark in it. So that a *Greek Epigram* calls his

Δαιμόνιον τὸ ἴχνος
The ſwiftneſs of a *God.*

All which, I hope, will ſerve to excuſe me in this place.

10 *Jeſſides*, the Son of *Jeſſe*; a *Patronymique* after the *Greek* form.

11 *Moab*, that part of the Kingdom of *Moab* that was poſſeſt by *Ruben*, lying upon the *Dead-Sea*, which divides it from the Tribe of *Judah*; but *Jordan* divides it from the Tribes of *Benjamin* and *Ephraim*, ſo *Judah* is not here taken in a preciſe ſenſe for that Tribe only.

12 *His*: becauſe *Jordan* runs into it, and is there loſt. It is called promiſcuouſly a *Sea*, or *Lake*, and is more properly a *Lake*.

13 *Amoreus* was the fourth Son of *Canaan*; the Country of his Sons extended Eaſt and Weſt between *Arnon* and *Jordan*, North and South between *Jaboc* and the Kingdom of *Moab*. They were totally deſtroyed by the *Iſraelites*, and their Land given to the Tribe of *Gad*, *Gen.* 10. 14. *Numb.* 21. 32. *Deut.* 3. *Joſh.* 13. *Judg.* 12.

Edom;

14 *Edom*: called by the *Greeks Idumæa*: denominated from *Esau*. *Josephus* makes *two Idumeæa's*, the *Upper* and the *Lower*; the upper was possest by the Tribe of *Judah*, and the Lower by *Simeon*: but still the *Edomites* possest the Southern part of the Country, from the Sea of *Sodom* towards the *Red*, *or*, *Idumæan Sea*. The great Map of *Adricomius* places another *Edom* & *Montes Seir*, a little North of *Rabba* of the *Ammonites*, which I conceive to be a mistake. The *Greeks* under the name of *Idume* include sometimes all *Palestine* and *Arabia*.

Petra. The *Metropolis* of *Arabia Petræa*. Adric. 77. *Petræa autem dicta à vetustissimâ oppido Petra deserti ipsius Metropoli supra mare mortuum sitâ*.

It is hard to set the bounds of this Country (and indeed of all the little ancient Kingdoms in those parts;) for sometimes it includes *Moab*, *Edom*, *Amalec*, *Cedar*, *Madian*, and all the Land Southward to *Egypt*, or the *Red-Sea*: but here it is taken in a more contracted signification, for that part of *Arabia* which lies near the *Metropolis Petra*, and denominates the *whole*. I doubt much, whether *Petra Deserti*, which *Adric*. makes to be the same, were not another City of the same name. *Adric*. is very confused in the description of the Countries bordering upon the Jews, nor could well be otherwise, the matter is so intricate, and to make amends not much important.

15 *Cush*. *Arabia Sabæa*, so called from *Saba* the Son of *Cush*, and Grand-child of *Cham*. All the Inhabitants of *Arabia*, down to the *Red-sea* (for *Jethro's* daughter of *Midian* was a *Cusite*, though taken by *Josephus* to be an *African Ethiop*) are called sometimes in Scripture *Cusites*, and translated *Ethopians*; and I believe the other *Ethiopians* beyond *Egypt* descended from these, and are the *Cusitæ* at other times mentioned in the Scripture.

Ammon is by some accounted a part of *Arabia Fœlix*, and the Country called since *Philadelphia*, from the *Metropolis* of that name, conceived by *Adricom*. to be the same with *Rabba* of *Ammon*, the Son of *Lot*.

16 Accounted of the race of the *Giants*, that is, a big, strong, and warlike sort of people; as *Amos* says Poetically of the *Amorites*, As tall as *Cedars*, and strong as *Oaks*. These *Emins* were beaten by *Chederlaom*, Gen. 14. and extirpated afterwards by the *Moabites*, who called that Country *Moab*, from their Ancestor the Son of *Lot*.

17 *Seon* King of the *Amorites*, who conquered the greatest part of the Kingdom of *Moab* all westward of *Arnon*, and possest it himself till the *Israelites* slew him, and destroyed his people. *Arnon*, a River that discharges it self into the *Dead-sea*, and rises in an high Rock in the Country of the *Amorites*, called *Arnon*, which gives the name to the *River*, and that to the *City Arnon*, or *Arear* seated upon it. Or,

18 *Esebon*. A famous and strong City seated upon an hill, and encompassed with brick-walls, with many Villages and Towns depending on it. It was twenty miles distant from *Jordan*. Adric.

For

19 For *Saul* had made war upon the *Moabites*, and done them much hurt, 1 *Sam.* 14. 49.

20 I take it for an infallible certainty, that *Ophir* was not as ſome imagine in the *Weſt-Indies*; for in *Solomons* time, where it is firſt mentioned, thoſe Countrys neither were nor could be known, according to their manner of Navigation. And beſides, if all that were granted, *Solomon* would have ſet out his Fleet for that voyage from ſome Port of the *Mediterranean*, and not of the *Red-ſea*. I therefore without any ſcruple ſay, *Ophirs riſing Morn*, and make it a Country in the *Eaſt-Indies*, called by *Joſephus* and S. *Hierom*, *The Golden Country*. *Grotius* doubts whether *Ophir* were not a Town ſeated in the *Arabian* Bay, which *Arrian* calls *Aphar*, *Pliny Saphar*, *Ptolomy Sapphara*, *Stephanus Sapharina*, whither the *Indians* brought their Merchandizes, to be fetcht from thence by the Merchants of the more Weſtern Countrys. But that ſmall ſimilitude of the name is not worth the change of a received opinion.

21 Like this is that of *Dido* to *Æneas*,

Non obtuſa adeò geſtamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam averſus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.

And in *Stat.* of *Adraſtus* to *Polynices*,

Nec tam averſum fama
Mycænis Volvit iter.

22 *Phegor*, or *Phogor*, or *Peor*, was an high Mountain upon the Top of which *Balaam* was deſired by *Balac* to curſe, but did bleſs *Iſrael*. This place was choſen perhaps by *Balac*, becauſe upon it ſtood the Temple of his God *Baal*. Which was, I believe the *Sun*, the Lord of *Heaven*, the ſame with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites* and the *Moabites Chemos*; only denominated *Baâl Phegor*, from that particular place of his worſhip, as *Jupiter Capitolinus*. Some think that *Baal Peor* was the ſame with *Priapus* the *obſcene Idol*, ſo famous in ancient Authors; it may be the *Image* might be made after that faſhion, to ſignifie that the *Sun* is the *Baal*, or *Lord of Generation*.

23 The making of *Hangings* with *Figures* came firſt from *Babylon*, from whence they were called *Babylonica*, Plin. l. 8. c. 48. *Colores diverſos picturæ intertexere Babylon maximè Celebravit, & vomen impoſuit*. Plaut. in Sticho.

Tum Babylonica periſtromata conſutaq; tapetia
Advexit minimùm bonæ rei.

He calls the like Hangings in Pſeud.

Alexandria belluata conchiliata periſtromata.

Mart. l. 8. *Non ego prætulerim Babylonica picta ſuperbè*
Texta Semiramiâ quæ variantur acu.

And long before, *Lucret. l.* 4.

Babylonica magnifico ſplendore.

24 Theſe kind of Ivory Tables born up with the Images of Beaſts,

were much in esteem among the Ancients. The Romans had them, as also all other instruments of *Luxury*, from the *Asiatiques*,

——*Putere videntur*
Unguenta atq; rosæ latos nisi sustinet orbes
Grande ebur, & magno sublimis Pardus hiatu,
Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Sienes
Et Mauri celeres. Juven. 11.

Mart. *Et Mauri Lybicis centum stent dentibus orbes.*

25 *Citron*: It is not here taken for the *Lemon Tree* (though that be in Latine called *Citrus* too, and in French *Citronnier*) but for a Tree something resembling a wild *Cypress*, and growing chiefly in *Africk*: it is very famous among the Roman Authors, and was most used for banquetting *Beds* and *Tables*. *Martial* says it was more precious than Gold.

Accipe fælices, Atlantica munera, mensas,
Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.

See *Plin. l.* 13. *c.* 15. The spots and crispness of the wood, was the great commendation of it: From whence they were called, *Tygrinæ* and *Pantherinæ Mensæ*. Virg. Ciris.

Nec Lybis Assyrio sternetur Lectulus ostro.

Where *Lybis Lectulus* may signifie either an Ivory, or a Citron Bed.

26 *Purple* Coverlets were most in use among great persons. *Hom. Il.* 9.

Ἕισιν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι τάπησι τε πορφυρέοισι.

Virg. *Sarrano dormiat ostro.*

That is, *Tyrian purple*. Stat. Theb. 1.

——*Pars ostro tenues auróq; sonantes*
Emunire toros.——

They lye (says *Plato* the *Comedian* in *Athen.* 2.) ἐν κλίναις ἐλεφαντίναις καὶ στρώμασι πορφυροβάπτοις &c.

The *Purple* of the Ancients was taken out of a kind of *Shell-fish* called *Purpura*; where it was found in a white vein running through the middle of the mouth, which was cut out and boyled; and the blood used afterwards in Dying, produced the colour *Nigrantis rosæ sublucentem*, which *Pliny* witnesses to be the *true Purple*, though there were other sorts too of it, as the colour of *Violet*, *Hyacinth*, *&c.* Of this Invention now totally lost, see *Plin.* l. 9. c. 38. and *Pancirollus*. The greatest Fishing for these *Purples* was at *Tyre*, and there was the greatest manufacture and Trade of *Purple*; there likewise was the invention of it, which is attributed to *Hercules Tyrius*, who walking upon the shore, saw his Dog bite one of those Fishes, and found his mouth all stained with that excellent colour, which gave him the first hint of teaching the *Tyrians* how to Dye with it: From whence this colour is called in Greek Ἁλουργὲς, *Aristot. quasi* ἁλὸς ἔργον, the work of the Sea; and *Plato* in *Tim.* defines Ἁλουργὲς to be Red mingled with White and Black.

27 So *Æneas* in the 1. *Æn.* finds the story of all the *Trojan War* painted upon the walls of *Juno's Temple* at *Carthage*. I chuse here the history of *Lot*, because the *Moabites* descended from him.

Cheder-

28 *Chedor-laomer*, who according to the general opinion, was King of *Perſia*, but to me it ſeems altogether improbable that the King of *Perſia* ſhould come ſo far, and joyn with ſo many Princes to make a war upon thoſe five little Kings, whoſe whole Territories were ſcarce ſo big as the leaſt ſhire in *England*, and whoſe very names are unlikely to have been heard of then, ſo far as *Perſia*. Beſides *Perſia* was not then the chief *Eaſtern Monarchy*, but *Aſſyria* under *Ninias* or *Zamæis*, who ſucceeded *Semiramis*; which makes me likewiſe not doubt but that they are miſtaken too, who take *Amraphel* King of *Shinaar*, which is interpreted *Babylonia*, for the ſame with *Ninias*, ſince *Chedor-laomer* commanded over him; a fouler error is theirs, who make *Arioch* King of *Ellaſar* to be the King of *Pontus*, as *Aquila* and S. *Hierome* tranſlate it; or as *Toſtatus*, who would have it to be the *Helleſpont*. *Stephan. de Urb.* places *Ellas* in *Cœloſyria*, others on the borders of *Arabia*, and that this was the ſame with *Ellaſar* has much more appearance. But for my part, I am confident that *Elam*, *Shinaar*, *Ellaſar* and *Tidal*, were the names of ſome Cities not far diſtant from *Sodom* and *Gomorra*, and their Kings ſuch as the thirty three that *Joſhua* drove out of *Canaan*; otherwiſe how could *Abraham* have defeated them (abating miracles) with his own family onely? perhaps they were called of *Elam*, that is *Perſia*, of *Shinaar*, that is *Babylonia*, of *Ellaſar*, that is *Pontus*, or rather the other *Ellas*, becauſe they were *Colonies* brought from thoſe Countreys; which the fourth Kings title, of *Tidal*, ſeems to confirm; that is, of *Nations*; Latine, *Gentium*; Symmach. παμφυλίας: to wit, of a City compounded of the conflux of people from ſeveral *Nations*. The Hebrew is *Goijm*, which *Vatablus*, not without probability, takes for the proper name of a *Town*.

29 That he might be conſumed preſently after with his whole people and Kingdom, by fire from Heaven.

30 For *Fire* and *Brimſtone* is named in Scripture, as the Torment of *Hell*; for which cauſe the Apoſtle *Jude*, *v.* 7. ſays that *Sodom* and *Gomorra* are ſet forth for an example, πυρὸς αἰωνίου δίκην ὑπέχουσαι, ſuffering the vengeance of eternal fire; So our Engliſh; the Latine, *Ignis æterni pœnam ſuſtinentes*. But I wonder none have thought of interpreting δίκην *adverbially*; for, *inſtar habentes ignis æterni*, Suffering the ſimilitude of eternal, that is, *Hell* Fire. So δίκην is uſed *Ariſt de Mund.* ὑέτιοι πολλάκις, ποταμῶν δίκην, nay even δίκη, the ſubſt. is taken ſometimes in that ſenſe, as *Homer*, *Ulyſſ.* ξ.

Ἡ γὰρ δμώων δίκη ἐστί.

For this is the *Manner* or faſhion of *Suitors*. It is not improbable, that this Raining of Fire and Brimſtone was nothing but extraordinary *Thunders* and *Lightnings*; for Thunder hath ſulphur in it, which (*Grotius* ſays) is therefore called θεῖον, as it were, *Divine*, becauſe it comes from above. Several prophane Authors make mention of this deſtruction of *Sodom*; as *Tacitus*, *L.* 5. *Hiſtor. Fulminum ictu arſiſſe*, *&c.* and by and by, *Igne cœleſti flagraſſe*, *&c.*

31 The *blindneſs* with which theſe wretches were ſtrooken, was not a total *Blindneſs* or *Privation* of their *ſight*, but either ſuch a ſudden darkneſs in the ayr as made them grope for the door, or a ſudden failing of the ſight, as when men are ready to fall into a Trance; *Ebloniſſement*; or that which the Greeks term ἀορασία, when men ſee other things, but not the thing they look for. For ſays S. *Auguſtine*, *De Civit. Dei Lib.* 22. *c.* 19. If they had been quite blind, they would not have ſought for the Door to go into *Lots* Houſe, but for Guides to conduct them back again to their own.

32 I deſcribe her not after ſhe was changed, but in the very act or moment of her changing, *Gen.* 19. 26. Our Engliſh ſays, ſhe became a *Pillar* of *Salt*, following the Greek στήλη ἁλός. The Latine is, *Statua Salis*. Some call it *Cumulum*; others, *Columnam*. Sulpit. Sever. *Reflexit oculos, ſtatimq; in molem converſa traditur.* It is pity *Joſephus*, who ſays he ſaw the *Statue* himſelf, omitted the deſcription of it. Likely it is, that it retained her form. So *Cyprian* in better verſe than is uſual among the *Chriſtian Poets*,

Stetit ipſa Sepulchrum,
Ipſaq; Imago ſibi, formam ſine corpore ſervans.

Some with much ſubtlety, and ſome probability, underſtand a *Pillar* of *Salt*, to ſignifie only an *Everlaſting Pillar*, of what matter ſoever, as *Numb.* 18, 19. A *Covenant* of *Salt*. But we may very well too underſtand it *Literally*; for there is a *Mineral kind* of *Salt* which never melts, and ſerves for building as well as ſtone; of which *Pliny* ſpeaks, *l.* 31. *c.* 7. beſides, the converſion into *Salt* is very proper there, where there is ſuch abundance, mixt with *Sulphur*, and which place God had, as it were, *ſowed with ſalt*, in token of eternal barrenneſs, of which this *Statue* was ſet up for a *Monument*. The *Targum* of *Jeruſalem* is cited, to give this reaſon why ſhe looked back; it ſays, ſhe was a woman of *Sodom*, and that made her impatient to ſee what became of her friends and *Country*. The moral of it is very perſpicuous, but well expreſt by S. *Auguſt.* *Uxor Loth in Salem converſa magno admonuit Sacramento neminem in viâ liberationis ſuæ præterita deſiderare debere.*

33 *Zippor* the Father of *Balac*, and firſt King of *Moab* mentioned in Scripture. Some Authors, I know, name one *Vaheb* before him, but *Zippor* is the more known, more authentical, and better ſounding *Name*. Among the Ancients there was always ſome *hæreditary Bowl* with which they made their *Libations* to the *Gods*, and entertained *Strangers*. Virg.

Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroq; poposcit
Implevitq; mero pateram, quâ Belus & omnes
A Belo ſoliti ——

And preſently ſhe begins to the *Gods*. So *Stat. l.* 1. *Theb.*

Signis perfectam auroq; nitentem
Iaſides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,
Quâ Danaum libare Deis, ſenioreq; Phoroneo
Aſſueti ——

And then he addes the Stories engraven on the Bowl, which would not have been ſo proper for me in this place, becauſe of the

the *Pictures* before. *Sen. Thyeſt. Poculum infuſo cape Gentile Baccho.* This *Libation* to the Gods at the beginning of all Feaſts came from the natural cuſtom of paying the *Firſt Fruits* of all things to the *Divinity* by whoſe bounty they enjoyed them.

34 This too was an ancient cuſtom that never failed at ſolemn Feaſts, to have *Muſick* there (and ſometimes *dancing* too) which *Homer* calls,

Ἀναθήματα δαιτὸς.

The *Appendixes*; or as *Heſiſch* interpretes, κοσμήματα, the *Ornaments* of a *Feaſt*. And as for wiſe and honorable perſons, there was no time of their Life leſs loſt, then that they ſpent at *Table*; for either they held then ſome profitable and delightful diſcourſes with Learned men, or heard ſome remarkable pieces of Authors (commonly *Poets*) read or repeated before them; or if they were Princes, had ſome eminent *Poet* (who was always then both a *Philoſopher* and *Muſician*) to entertain them with *Muſick* and *Verſes*, not upon ſlight or wanton, but the greateſt and nobleſt ſubjects. So does *Jopas* in *Virg.*

Cythará crinitus Iopas
Perſonat auratâ docuit quæ maximus Atlas
Hic canit errantem Lunam Soliſq; labores, &c.

So does *Orpheus* in *Apollon. 1. Argonaut.*

Ἤισθεν δ' ὡς γαῖα καὶ ἠερτὸς ἠδὲ θάλασσα,
Τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μιῇ συναρήρεσθαι μορφῇ
Νείκεϊ δ' ἐξ ὀλέσσε διάκριθεν, &c.

So does *Demodocus* in *Homer*; though there the ſubject, methinks, be not ſo well choſen.

35 See *Athen. L. 1. c. 12.* upon this matter, where among other things, he ſpeaks to this ſenſe, The *Poets* were anciently a race of *wiſe men*, both in learning and practice *Philoſophers*; and therefore *Agamemnon* (at his expedition for *Troy*) leaves a *Poet* with *Clytemneſtra*, as a *Guardian* and *Inſtructer* to her, who by laying before her the vertues of women, might give her impreſſions of goodneſs and honour, and by the delightfulneſs of his converſation, divert her from worſe pleaſures. So *Ægyſtheus* was not able to corrupt her till he had killed her *Poet*. Such a one was he too who was forced to ſing before *Penelopes Lovers*, though he had them in deteſtation. And generally all *Poets* were then had in eſpecial reverence. *Demodocus* among the *Phæacians*, ſings the adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*, not for the approving of the like actions, but to divert that voluptuous people from ſuch unlawful appetites, &c. The old *Scholiaſt* upon *Homer*, ſays, *3. Odyſſ.*

Τὸ ἀρχαῖον οἱ Ἀοιδοὶ φιλοσόφων τάξιν ἐπεῖχον.

Anciently *Poets* held the place of *Philoſophers*. See *Quintil. l. 1. c. 10. Strab. l. 1. Geogr. &c.*

36 By drawing up vapours from them, with which the Ancients believed that the *Stars* were nouriſhed. *Virg.*

Polus dum ſidera Paſcit.

This

37 This was an ancient fashion among the Heathens, not unlike to our ringing of *Bells* in *Thunder*. *Juvenal* says of a loud scolding woman, that she alone was able to relieve the *Moon* out of an *Eclipse*. *Sola laboranti poterat succurrere Lunæ.*
This superstition took the original from an opinion, that *Witches* by muttering some charms in verse, caused the *Eclipses* of the *Moon*, which they conceived to be when the *Moon* (that is, the *Goddess* of it) was brought down from her *Sphere* by the virtue of those enchantments; and therefore they made a great noise by the beating of Brass, sounding of Trumpets, whooping and hollowing, and the like, to drown the Witches murmurs, that the *Moon* might not hear them, and so to render them ineffectual. *Ovid.*

Te quoq; Luna traho, quamvis Temesina labores
Æra tuos minuant.——

Tib. *Cantus & è curru Lunam diducere tentat,*
Et faceret, si non æra repulsa sonent.

Stat. 6. Theb. ——*Attonitis quoties avellitur astris*
Solis opaca soror, procul auxiliantia gentes
Æra crepant.

Sen. in Hippol. *Et nuper rubuit, nullaq; lucidis*
Nubes sordidior vultibus obstitit.
At nos solliciti lumine turbido
Tractam Thessalicis carminibus rati
Tinnitus dedimus.

38 The world has had this hard opinion of *Comets* from all ages, and not only the *vulgar*, who never stay for a *Cause* to believe any thing, but even the *Learned*, who can find no reason for it, though they search it, and yet follow the vulgar belief. *Aristotle* says, *Comets* naturally produce *Droughts* by the extraction of vapors from the earth to generate and feed them; and droughts more certainly produce sicknesses: but his authority cannot be great concerning the effects of *Comets*, who supposes them to be all *Sublunary*. And truly there is no way to defend this *Prediction* of *Comets* but by making it, as *God* speaks of the *Rainbow*, Gen. 9. the supernatural Token of a *Covenant* between *God* and *Man*; for which we have no authority, and therefore might do well to have no fear. However the ancients had,

Luc. *Terris mutantem regna Cometem.*
Claud. *Et nunquam cælo spectatum impunè Cometem.*
Sil. Ital. *Regnorum eversor rubuit lethale Cometes.*

39 For *Thunder* is an Exhalation hot and dry shut up in a cold and moist Cloud, out of which striving to get forth, it kindles it self by the agitation, and then violently breaks it.

40 *Lambent* fire is, A thin unctuous Exhalation made out of the Spirits of Animals, kindled by Motion, and burning without consuming any thing but it self. Called *Lambent*, from *Licking* over, as it were, the place it touches. It was counted a *Good Omen*. *Virg.* describes the whole nature of it excellently in three verses, Æn. 2.

Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iüli
Fundere lumen apex, tactuq; innoxia molli
Lambere flamma comas & circum tempora pasci.

Fleecy

41 *Fleecy Snow*, Pſal. 147. *He giveth Snow like Wool. Pliny* calls *Snow* ingeniouſly for a *Poet*, but defines it ill for a *Philoſopher*. The *Foam* of *Clouds* when they hit one another. *Ariſtotle* defines it truly and ſhortly. *Snow* is a *Cloud congealed*, and *Hail Congealed Rain.*

42 Gen. 49. 9. *Judah is a Lyons whelp; from the prey my ſon thou art gone up, he ſtooped down, he couched as a Lyon, and as an old Lyon, who ſhall rouſe him up?*

43 1 Sam. 17. 4. *And there went out a Champion out of the camp of the Philiſtines, named Goliah, &c.* wherein we follow the Septuagint, who render it, Δυνάστης, a *Strong man:* but the Latine *Tranſlation* hath, *Et egreſſus eſt vir ſpurius*, a *Baſtard. Grotius* notes, that the *Hebrews* called the *Gyants* ſo; becauſe being contemners of all Laws, they lived without matrimony, and conſequently their fathers were not known. It is probable he might be called ſo, as being of the race of the *Anakims* (the remainders of which ſeated themſelves in *Gath*) by the *Father*, and a *Gathite* by the *Mother.*

44 See *Turnus* his ſhields, 7. Æn. and *Æneas* his 8. Æn. with the ſtories engraven on them.

45 For *Baal* is no other then *Jupiter. Baalſemen Jupiter Olympius.* But I like not in an *Hebrew* ſtory to uſe the *Europæan* names of Gods. This *Baal* and *Jupiter* too of the *Græcians*, was at firſt taken for the *Sun*, which raiſing vapours out of the earth, out of which the *Thunder* is engendred, may well be denominated the *Thunderer*, Ζεὺς ὑετιβρεμέτης· and *Juvans Pater* fits with no God ſo much as the *Sun.* So *Plato* in *Phæd.* interprets *Jupiter*; and *Heliogabalus* is no more but *Jupiter-Sol.*

The Fable of the *Gyants* fight with *Gods*, was not invented by the *Græcians*, but came from the Eaſtern people, and aroſe from the true ſtory of the building of the Tower of *Babel.*

46 This perhaps will be accuſed by ſome ſevere men for too ſwelling an *Hyperbole*; and I ſhould not have endured it my ſelf, if it had not been mitigated with the word *Methought*; for in a great apprehenſion of fear, there is no extraordinary or extravagant ſpecies that the imagination is not capable of forming. Sure I am, that many ſayings of this kind, even without ſuch excuſe or qualification, will be found not only in *Lucan* or *Statius*, but in the moſt judicious and divine *Poet* himſelf. He calls tall young men,

Patriis & montibus æquos.

Equal to the Mountains of their Country.

He ſays of *Polyphemus*,

——*Graditurq; per æquor*
Jam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

That walking in the midſt of the Sea, the waves do not wet his ſides. Of *Orion*,

——*Quam magnus Orion*
Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
Stagna viam ſcindens humero ſupereminet undas.
Aut ſummis referens annoſam montibus ornum,
Ingrediturq; ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit.

And

And in ſuch manner (ſays he) *Mezentius* preſented himſelf. He ſays of another, that he flung no ſmallpart of a Mountain,

Haud partem exiguam Montis.

Of which *Seneca*, though he addes to the greatneſs, he does not impudently recede from truth. One place in him occurs; for which *Sen.* 1. *Suaſor.* makes that defence which will ſerve better for me,

——*Credas innare revulſas*
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.

That is, ſpeaking of great ſhips, but yet ſuch as would ſeem very little ones, if they were near the *Soveraign*; you would think the *Cyclades* looſned from their roots were floating, or that high *Mountains* encountred one another. *Non dicit hoc fieri, ſed videri; propitiis auribus auditur quicquid incredibile eſt, quod excuſatur antequam dicitur.* He does not ſay it *Is*, but *Seems* to be (for ſo he underſtands *Credas*) and any thing, though never ſo improbable, is favourably heard, if it be excuſed before it be ſpoken. Which will ſerve to anſwer for ſome other places in this Poem; as,

Th'Egyptian like an Hill himſelf did rear;
Like ſome tall Tree upon it ſeem'd his ſpear.

Like an Hill, is much more modeſt then *Montibus æquus.*

47 Becauſe *Gold* is more proper for the ornaments of *Peace* then *War.*

48 Sen. in Thyeſt. *Jejuna ſilvis qualis in Gangeticis Inter juvencos Tygris erravit duos, Utriuſq; prædæ cupida, quo primos ferat Incerta morſus, flectit hùc rictus ſuos, Illo reflectit, & famem dubiam tenet.* And the *Spots* of a *Tygre* ap pear more plainly when it is angred.

Stat. 2. Theb. *Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tygris*
Horruit in Maculas, &c.------

Nay *Virgil* attributes the ſame marks of Paſſion to *Dido*,

Sanguineam volvens aciem, Maculiſq; trementes
Interfuſa genas.------

49 See the like conditions of a publick duel in *Homer*, between *Paris* and *Menelaus*; in *Virgil*, between *Turnus* and *Æneas*; in *Livy*, between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii.*

50 The *Egyptian-Goliah*; *i.* The *Egyptian-Gyant*, whom he ſlew only with his *ſtaff*, and therefore at the ſight of it might well be aſhamed, that he durſt not now encounter with *Goliah.* This is that ſhame which *Virgil* calls *Conſcia Virtus.*

51 They were 33. but *Poetry* inſtead of the broken number, chuſes the next entire one, whether it be more or leſs then the truth.

52 It appears by this, that *David* was about 20 years old (at leaſt) when he ſlew *Goliah*; for elſe how can we imagine that the *Armor* and Arms of *Saul* (who was the talleſt man in all *Iſrael*) ſhould fit him? neither does he complain that they were too big or heavy for him, but that he was not accuſtom'd to the uſe of them; beſides he handled dextrouſly the Sword of *Goliah*, and not long after ſaid, *There is none like it.* Therefore though *Goliah* call him *Boy* and *Child*, I make *Saul* term him *Youth.*

53 For the men who are ſo proud and confident of their own ſtrength, make that a *God* to themſelves, as the humane Polititians are ſaid in the Scripture to *ſacrifice* to their own *Nets.* That is, their own *Wit.* Virg. of Mezent. *Dextra mihi Deus, & Telum quod miſſile libro.*

And

And *Capaneus* is of the ſame mind in *Statius*;

Illic Augur ego, & mecum quicunq; parati
Inſanire manu ——

54 The *Poets* made always the *Winds* either to diſperſe the prayers that were not to ſucceed, or to carry thoſe that were. *Virg.*

Audiit, & voti Phœbus ſuccedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucres diſperſit in auras.

Ovid. de Triſt.

Terribiliſq; Notus jactat mea verba, preceſque;
Ad quos mittuntur non ſinit ire Deos.

Virg. *Partem aliquam venti Divûm referatis ad aures, &c.*

55 *i.* To another *Angel.*

56 1 Sam. 18 4. *And Jonathan ſtript himſelf of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his Sword, and to his Bow, and to his Girdle.* Some underſtand this gift *excluſively*, as to the *Sword*, *Bow*, and *Girdle*, believing thoſe three to be the proper marks of a Souldier, or *Knight*; and therefore not to be parted with. But therefore, I ſay, to be parted with upon this occaſion. *Girdle* was perhaps a mark of Military honour; for *Joab* promiſes to him that ſhould kill *Abſalom*, ten ſhekels of ſilver, and a *Girdle*, 2 *Sam.* 18.11. But it was beſides that, a neceſſary part of every mans dreſs, when they did any work, or went abroad, their under *Robe* being very long and troubleſome, if not bound up. If the *Sword*, *Bow* and *Girdle* had not been given; it could not have been ſaid, *And his Garments*; for nothing would have been given but the outward *Robe* or *Mantle*, which was a looſe garment not exactly fitted to their bodies (for the profeſſion of Taylors was not ſo ancient, but clothes were made by the wives, mothers & ſervants even of the greateſt perſons) & ſo might ſerve for any ſize or ſtature.

57 1 Sam. 18. 20. Septuagint. Καὶ ἠγάπησε Μιχὸλ ἡ θυγάτηρ Σαὰλ τὸν Δαβίδ, which our Engliſh Tranſlation follows, but the Latine Tranſlations vary; for ſome have, *Dilexit autem Michol filia Saul altera David. Michol Sauls daughter loved David.* And others, *Dilexit autem David Michol filiam Saul alteram. David loved Michol Sauls daughter.* To reconcile which, I make them both love one another.

58 The *Husband* at the *Contract* gave his *Eſpouſed* certain *Gifts*, as pledges of the *Contract*. Thus *Abrahams* Steward in the name of *Iſaac* gave to *Rebecca* Jewels of ſilver, and of gold, and raiment, *Gen.* 24. 53. which cuſtom the Greeks too uſed, and called the preſents Ἕδνα. But at the day of the marriage he gave her a *Bill* of *Joynture* or *Dowre*.

59 *Joſephus* ſays, *Saul* demanded ſo many *Heads* of the *Philiſtines*, which word he uſes inſtead of *Foreskins* to avoid the raillery of the *Romans*. *Heads* I confeſs, had been a better word for my turn too, but *Foreskins* will ſerve, and ſounds more properly for a *Jewiſh Story*. Beſides the other varies too much from the *Text*; and many believe that *Saul* required *Foreskins*, and not *Heads*, that *David* might not deceive him with the heads of *Hebrews*, inſtead of *Philiſtines*.

60 If it might have been allowed *David* to carry with him as many Souldiers as he pleased, and so make an inroad into the *Philistines* Country, and kill any hundred men he could meet with, this had been a small *Dowre* for a Princess, and would not have exposed *David* to that hazard for which *Saul* chose this manner of *Joynture*. I therefore believe, that he was to kill them all with his own hands.

61 As *Heavy Bodies* are said to move the swifter, the nearer they approach to the *Centre*. Which some deny, and others give a reason for it from the *Medium* through which they pass, that still presses them more and more; but the natural *Sympathetical* attractive power of the *Centre* is much received, and is consonant to many other experiments in Nature.

62 *Scandals* in the sense of the *New Testament*, are *Stumbling blocks*, λίθοι προσκόμματα, Stops in a mans way, at which he may fall, however they retard his course.

63 *Jansenius* in his explication of the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, thinks it was the custom for the *Bridegroom* to go to the *Brides* house, and that the Virgins came out from thence to meet him. For in that *Parable* there is no mention (in the *Greek*, though there be in the *Latine*) of meeting any but the *Bridegroom*.

Others think that *Nuptials* were celebrated neither in the *Brides* nor *Bridegrooms* house, but in publick houses in the Country near the City, built on purpose for those Solemnities, which they collect out of the circumstances of the *Marriage*, 1 *Maccab.* 9. 37. *Hos.* 2. 14. and *Cant.* 8. 5, *&c.* Whatever the ordinary custom was, I am sure the ancients in great Solemnities were wont to set up Tents on purpose in the fields for celebration of them. See the description of that wonderful one of *Ptolomæus Philadelphus in Athen. l.* 5. *c.* 6. and perhaps *Psal.* 19. 4, 5. alludes to this. He hath set a *Tabernacle* for the *Sun*, which is as a *Bridegroom* coming out of his *Chamber*.

64 Habits of divers colours were much in fashion among the *Hebrews*. See Judges 5. 30. *Ezek.* 16. 10. & 26. 16. such was *Josephs* coat, *Gen.* 37. 3. Septuagint χιτὼν ποικίλος; as *Homer* calls *Peplum Minervæ*, *vestes Polymitæ*.

65 It appears by several places in Scripture, that *Garlands* too were in great use among the *Jews* at their feasts, and especially *Nuptials*, *Isa.* 61. 10. The Latine reads, like a *Bridegroom* crown'd with *Garlands*, *Wis.* 2. 8. *Ezek.* 16. 12. *Lam.* 5. 15. *Eccles.* 32. 1, *&c.*

66 I take the number of *Thirty Maids*, and *Thirty young Men* from the story of *Sampsons* marriage-feast, *Judg.* 14. 11. where *Thirty Companions* were sent to him, whom I conceive to have been, υἱοὶ τῆς νυμφῶνος, *Children of the Bridegroom*, as they are called by S. *Matthew*.

67 *Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer undâ,*
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os cœlo sacrum, tenebrasq; resolvit. Virg.

Which verses *Scaliger* says, are sweeter then *Ambrosia*. *Homer* led him the way.

Ἀστὴρ ἐπείτα ἐκαλίγιον, ὅστε μάλιστα
Λαμπέσκεν παμφαίνοισι λειριόεσσι. Ὠκεάνοιο. and,
Οἵη δ' ἀστὴρ εἶσι μετ' ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ
Ἕσπερος, ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἵσταται ἀστήρ.

The

68 The *Bride* alſo brought a *Dowre* to her *Husband*. *Raguel* gave with his daughter *Sara* half his goods, ſervants, cattel and money, *Tob.* 10. 10. See *Exod.* 22. 17, *&c.*

69 The *Marriage-Song* was called *Hillalim*, *Praiſes*, and the houſe it ſelf *Beth-hillula*, the *Houſe of Praiſe*, Pſalm. 78 63. Their Maidens were not given to marriage; the Chald. Paraphraſ. reads, Are not celebrated, with *Epithalamiums*. So *Arias* too, and *Aquila*, οὐχ ὑμνήσονται.

70 See *Gen.* 29. 22. *Tob. c.* 7. *Eſth.* 2. 18. *Luke* 14. 1. *Judg.* 14. 17. *Apoc.* 19. 9.

71 The cuſtom ſeems to have been for the *Bridegroom* to carry home the *Bride* to his houſe, 2 *King.* 11. 27. *Judg.* 12. 9. *Gen.* 24. 67. *Cant.* 3. 4. but becauſe *Michol* was a Princeſs, and *David* not likely to have any *Palace* of his own at that time, I choſe rather to bring them to one of the *Kings houſes* aſſigned to them by the *Dowre*.

72 The *Bride* when ſhe was delivered up to her Husband, was wont to cover her ſelf with a *Vail* (called *Radid* from *Radad*, to bear rule) in token of her ſubjection, *Gen.* 24. 65, *&c.*

73 See the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, Mat. 25.

74 The time of the *Marriage-feaſt* appears clearly to have been uſually *ſeven days*. See *Judg.* 14. 10. and 29. 27. *Fulfil her week*, *&c.* It was a Proverb among the Jews, *Septem dies ad convivium*, & *Septem ad Luctum*.

THE CONTENTS.

MOab *carries his* Guests *to hunt at* Nebo, *in the way falls into discourse with* David, *and desires to know of him the reasons of the* Change *of* Government *in* Israel, *how* Saul *came to the* Crown, *and the story of* Him *and* Jonathan. Davids *Speech, containing, The state of the* Commonwealth *under the* Judges, *the* Motives *for which the people desired a* King; *their* Deputies *speech to* Samuel *upon that subject, and his reply. The assembling of the* People *at the* Tabernacle *to enquire Gods pleasure. Gods Speech. The* Character *of* Saul, *his* Anointing *by* Samuel, *and Election by Lot; the defection of his people. The war of* Nahas King *of* Ammon *against* Jabes Gilead; Saul *and* Jonathans *relieving of the Town.* Jonathans Character, *his single fight with* Nahas, *whom he slays, and defeats his Army. The confirmation of* Sauls Kingdom *at* Gilgal, *and the manner of* Samuels *quitting his office of* Judge. *The war with the* Philistins *at* Macmas, *their strength, and the weakness of* Sauls *Forces, his exercising of the* Priestly *function, and the judgment denounced by* Samuel *against him.* Jonathans *discourse with his* Esquire; *their falling alone upon the enemies out-guards at* Senes, *and after upon the whole Army, the wonderful defeat of it;* Sauls *rash vow, by which* Jonathan *is to be put to death, but is saved by the* People.

DAVIDEIS.

The fourth Book.

THough *ſtate* and kind *diſcourſe* thus rob'd the *Night*
Of half her natural and more juſt delight,
Moab, whom *Temp'erance* did ſtill vig'orous keep,
And regal cares had us'd to mod'erate ſleep,
1 Up with the *Sun* aroſe, and having thrice
With lifted hands bow'd towards his ſhining riſe,
And thrice to'wards *Phegor*, his *Baals* holieſt Hill,
(With *good* and pious prayers *directed ill*)
Call'd to the Chaſe his Friends, who for him ſtay'd;
The glad *Dogs* barkt, the chearful *Horſes* neigh'd.
Moab his Chariot mounts, drawn by four Steeds,
2 The beſt and nobleſt that freſh *Zerith* breeds,
3 All white as *Snow*, and ſprightful as the *Light*,
With *Scarlet* trapt, and foaming *Gold* they bite.
He into it young *David* with him took,
Did with reſpect and wonder on him look
Since laſt nights *ſtory*, and with greedier ear,
The *Man*, of whom ſo much he *heard*, did *hear*.
The well-born *Youth* of all his flouriſhing *Court*
March gay behind, and joyful to the ſport.
Some arm'd with *Bows*, ſome with ſtrait Javelines ride;
4 Rich Swords and gilded Quivers grace their ſide.
Midſt the fair Troop *Davids* tall *Brethren* rode,
5 And *Joab* comely as a *Fanci'ed God*;
They entertain'd th' attentive *Moab Lords*,
With looſe and various talk that chance affords,
Whilſt they pac'ed ſlowly on; but the wiſe *King*
Did *Davids* tongue to weightier ſubjects bring.

Much

Much (ſaid the *King*) much I to *Joab* owe,
For the fair *Picture* drawn by him of you.
'Twas drawn in little, but did acts expreſs
So great, that largeſt *Hiſtories* are leſs.
I ſee (methinks) the *Gathian Monſter* ſtill,
His ſhape laſt night my mindful *Dreams* did fill.
Strange *Tyrant Saul* with Envy to purſue
The praiſe of deeds whence his own ſafety grew!
I have heard (but who can think it?) that his *Son*
Has his lifes hazard for your friendſhip run;
His matchleſs *Son*, whoſe worth (if Fame be true)
Lifts him above all his *Countrymen* but you,
With whom it makes him *One*; Low *David* bows,
But no reply *Moabs* ſwift tongue allows.
And pray, kind *Gueſt*, whilſt we ride thus (ſays he)
6 (To gameful *Nebo* ſtill three leagues there be)
The ſtory of your *royal friend* relate;
And his ungovern'd *Sires* imperious fate,
7 Why your great State that nameleſs Fam'ily choſe,
And by what ſteps to *Iſraels Throne* they roſe.
He ſtaid; and *David* thus; from *Egypts* Land
You'have heard, Sir, by what *ſtrong*, *unarmed* hand
Our *Fathers* came; *Moſes* their ſacred *Guid*,
Deut. 34. But he in ſight of the *Giv'en Country* dy'd.
His fatal promis'd *Canaan* was on high;
And *Joſhua's Sword* muſt th' *active Rod* ſupply.
Joſh. 1. 4. It did ſo, and did wonders.
8 From ſacred *Jordan* to the *Weſtern main*,
From well-clad *Lib'anus* to the *Southern Plain*
Of naked ſands, his *winged Conqueſts* went;
Joſh. 12. And thirty *Kings* to *Hell uncrown'd* he ſent.
Almoſt four hundred years from him to *Saul*,
9 In too much freedom paſt, or forreign thral.
Oft *Strangers Iron Scepters* bruis'd the Land
(Such ſtill are thoſe born by a *Conquering* Hand)
Oft pity'ing *God* did well-form'd *Spirits* raiſe,
Fit for the toilſome buſineſs of their days,
To free the groaning *Nation*, and to give
Peace firſt, and then the *Rules* in *Peace* to live.
But they whoſe ſtamp of *Power* did chiefly ly
In *Characters* too fine for moſt mens *Ey*,
Graces and *Gifts Divine*; not painted bright
With ſtate to awe *dull* minds, and force t'*affright*,
Were ill obey'd whil'ſt *Living*, and at *death*,
Their *Rules* and *Pattern* vaniſht with their breath.
The *hungry Rich* all near them did devour,
Their *Judge* was *Appetite*, and their *Law* was *Power*.
Not want it ſelf could *Luxury* reſtrain,
For what that *empti'd*, *Rapine fill'd* again.

Robbery

Robbery the *Field*, *Oppreſſion* ſackt the *Town*;
What the *Swords Reaping* ſpar'd, was *glean'd* by th' *Gown*.
At Courts, and Seats of Juſtice to complain,
Was to be robb'd more *vexingly* again.
Nor was their *Luſt* leſs active or leſs bold,
Amidſt this rougher ſearch of *Blood* and *Gold*.
Weak Beauties they corrupt, and force the *ſtrong*;
The Pride of *Old Men* that, and this of *young*.
You'have heard perhaps, Sir, of leud *Gibeahs* ſhame, Judg. 19.
Which *Hebrew* Tongues ſtill tremble when they name,
Alarmed all by one fair ſtrangers Eyes,
As to a ſudden *War* the *Town* does riſe
Shaking and pale, half dead e're they begin
The ſtrange and wanton *Tragedy* of their ſin,
All their wild Luſts they force her to ſuſtain,
Till by ſhame, ſorrow, wearineſs, and pain,
She midſt their loath'd, and cruel kindneſs dies;
Of monſtrous *Luſt* th' innocent *Sacrifice*.
This did ('tis true) a *Civil War* create
(The frequent curſe of our looſe-govern'd *State*)
All *Gibea's*, and all *Jabes* blood it coſt;
10 Near a whole *Tribe* and *future Kings* we loſt. Judg. 20. and 21.
Firm in this general *Earthquake* of the *Land*,
How could *Religion*, its main *pillar*, ſtand?
Proud, and fond *Man*, his *Fathers* worſhip hates,
Himſelf, *Gods Creature*, his own *God Creates*.
Hence in each Houſhold ſev'eral *Deities* grew,
And when no *old* one pleas'd, they fram'd a *New*.
The *only Land* which ſerv'd but *one* before,
Did th' *only* then all *Nations Gods* adore.
They ſerv'd their *Gods* at firſt, and ſoon their *Kings*;
Their choice of that this latter *ſlavery* brings.
Till ſpecial men arm'd with *Gods* warrant broke
By juſteſt *force* th' *unjuſtly forced* yoke.
All matchleſs perſons, and thrice worthy they
Of *Power* more great, or *Lands* more apt t'obey. 1 Sam. 1.
11 At laſt the *Prieſthood* join'd in *Ith'amars* Son,
12 More weight and luſtre to the *Scepter* won.
But whilſt mild *Ely*, and good *Samuel* were
Buſi'ed with *age*, and th' *Altars* ſacred care;
To their wild *Sons* they their high charge commit, 1 Sam. 2. 12.
Who 'expoſe to *Scorn* and *Hate* both them and it.
Ely's curſt Houſe all exemplar vengeance bears
Of all their *Blood*, and all ſad *Iſr'aels Tears*.
His *Sons* abroad, *Himſelf* at home lies ſlain,
Iſrael's captiv'd, *Gods Ark* and *Law* are tane. 1 Sam. 4.
Thus twice are *Nations* by *ill Princes* vext,
They ſuffer *By* them *firſt*, and *For them next*.
Samuel ſucceeds; ſince *Moſes* none before 1 Sam. 7. 6.
So much of *God* in his bright boſom bore.

In

1 Sam. 7. In vain our arms *Philiſtian Tyrants* ſeis'd;
Heav'ens Magazines he open'd when he pleas'd.
Ib. v. 10. He *Rains* and *Winds* for *Auxil'iaries* brought,
He muſter'd *Flames* and *Thunders* when he fought.
13 Thus thirty years with ſtrong and ſteddy hand
1 Sam. 8. 1. He held th'unſhaken *Ballance* of the *Land*.
At laſt his *Sons* th' indulgent *Father* choſe
To ſhare that *State* which they were born to loſe.
Their hateful acts that *Changes birth* did haſt,
14 Which had long growth i'th' *Womb* of *Ages paſt*.
To this (for ſtill were ſome great *Periods* ſet,
There's a ſtrong knot of ſev'eral *Cauſes* met)
The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring War;
A mighty ſtorm long gathering from afar:
For *Ammon*, heightned with mixt Nations aid,
Like *Torrents* ſwoln with Rain prepar'd the land t'invade.
Samuel was old, and by his Sons ill choice
Turn'd *Dotard* in th' *unskilful Vulgars* voice.
His *Sons* ſo ſcorn'd and hated, that the Land
Nor *hop'ed* nor *wiſht* a *Victory* from their hand:
Theſe were the juſt and faultleſs cauſes why
The general voice did for a *Monarch* cry,
But God *ill grains* did in this *Incenſe* ſmell,
Wrapt in fair *Leaves* he ſaw the *Canker* dwell.
A mut'inous Itch of *Change*, a dull *Deſpair*
Of helps *divine*, oft prov'd; a faithleſs care
Of *Common Means*; the pride of heart, and ſcorn
Of th' *humble yoke* under low *Judges* born.
They ſaw the ſtate and glittering pomp which bleſt
In vulgar ſenſe the *Scepters* of the *Eaſt*.
They ſaw not *Powers* true *Source*, and ſcorn'd t'obey
Perſons that *look'd* no *dreadfuller* than *They*.
They miſt *Courts*, *Guards*, a gay and num'erous train;
Our *Judges*, like their *Laws*, were rude and plain.
Judg. 4. 5. On an old bench of *wood*, her *Seat* of *State*
Beneath the well-known *Palm*, *Wiſe Debora* ſate.
Her *Maids* with comly dil'igence round her ſpun,
And *ſhe* too, when the *Pleadings* there were done:
With the ſame Goad *Samgar* his *Oxen drives*
Judg. 3. 31 Which took the Sun before ſix hundred lives
From his *ſham'd foes*; He midſt his work dealt *Laws*;
And oft was his *Plow* ſtopt to hear a *Cauſe*.
Judg. 6. 14 Nor did great *Gid'eon* his old *Flail* diſdain,
After won *Fields*, ſackt *Towns*, and *Princes* ſlain.
His *Scepter* that, and *Ophras Threſhing Floore*
The *Seat* and *Emblems* of his *Juſtice* bore.
Judg. 10. 3 What ſhould I *Jair*, the happieſt Father, name?
Or mournful *Jephta* known no leſs to fame
Ib. 11. 34. For the moſt wretched? Both at once did keep
The mighty *Flocks* of *Iſra'el* and their *Sheep*.

Oft

Oft from the field in haſt they ſummon'd were
Some weighty forreign *Embaſſy* to hear,
They call'd their *Slaves*, their *Sons*, and *Friends* around,
Who all at ſeveral cares were ſcattered found,
They waſht their feet, their *only Gown* put on;
And this chief work of *Cer'emony* was done.
Theſe reaſons, and all elſe that could be ſaid,
In a ripe hour by *factious Eloquence* ſpread
Through all the *Tribes*, make all deſire a *King*;
And to their *Judge* ſelected *Dep'uties* bring 1 Sam. 8. 3.
This harſh demand; which *Nacol* for the reſt
(A bold and artful *Mouth*) thus with much grace expreſt.
We'are come, moſt ſacred *Judge*, to pay th'*Arrears*
Of much-ow'd thanks for the bright thirty years
Of your juſt *Reign*; and at your feet to lay
All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
In *unproportion'd words*; for you alone
The not unfit *Reward*, who ſeek for *none*.
But when our forepaſt ills we call to mind,
And ſadly think how *Little's* left behind
Of your important *Life*, whoſe ſudden date
Would *diſinherit* th'unprovided *State*.
When we conſider how unjuſt 'tis, you,
Who nere of *Power* more than the *Burden* knew,
At once the weight of *that* and *Age* ſhould have;
Your ſtooping days preſt *doubly* towards the grave.
When we behold by *Ammons* youthful rage,
Proud in th'advantage of your peaceful age,
And all th'united Eaſt our fall conſpir'd;
And that your *Sons*, whom chiefly we deſir'd
As *Stamps* of you, in your lov'd room to place, 1 Sam. 8. 5.
By unlike acts that noble *Stamp* deface:
Midſt theſe new fears and ills, we're forc'd to fly
To' a new, and yet unpractis'd *Remedy*;
A new one, but long promis'd and foretold,
By *Moſes*, and to *Abraham* ſhown of old. Deut. 17. 4.
A *Propheſie* long forming in the *Womb*
Of teeming years, and now to *ripeneſs* come.
This *Remedy's* a *King*; for this we all
With an inſpir'd, and zealous *Union* call.
And in one ſound when all mens voices join,
The *Muſick's* tun'd (no doubt) by hand divine.
'Tis *God* alone ſpeaks a whole *Nations* voice;
That is his *Publique Language*; but the choice
Of what *Peculiar Head* that Crown muſt bear
From you who his *Peculiar Organ* are
We'expect to hear; the *People* ſhall to you
Their *King*, the *King* his *Crown* and *People* owe.
To your great name what luſtre will it bring
T'have been our *Judge*, and to have made our *King!*

He bow'd, and ended here; and *Samuel* ſtreight,
1 Sam. 8. 6. Pawſing a while at this great queſtions weight,
With a grave ſigh, and with a thoughtful Ey
That more of *Care* than *Paſſion* did deſcry,
Calmly replys: You're ſure the firſt (ſaid he)
Of *freeborn* men that begg'd for *Slavery*.
I fear, my friends, with heav'enly *Manna* fed,
(Our old forefathers crime) we luſt for *Bread*.
Long ſince by God from *Bondage* drawn, I fear,
We build anew th' *Egyptian Brickiln* here.
1 Sam. 8. 11. 16 Cheat not your ſelves with *words*: for though a *King*
Be the mild Name, a *Tyrant* is the *Thing*.
Let his power looſe, and you ſhall quickly ſee
How mild a thing *unbounded Man* will be.
He'll lead you forth your hearts cheap blood to ſpill,
Where e're his *Guidleſs Paſſion* leads his *Will*.
Ambition, Luſt, or Spleen his wars will raiſe,
Your *Lives beſt price* his thirſt of *Wealth* or *Praiſe*.
Your ableſt *Sons* for his proud *Guards* he'll take,
And by ſuch hands your yoke more grievous make.
Your *Daughters* and *dear Wives* he'll force away,
His *Luxury* ſome, and ſome his *Luſt* t'obey.
His *idle friends* your *hungry toils* ſhall eat,
Drink your rich *Wines*, mixt with your *Blood* and *Sweat*.
Then you'll all ſigh, but *ſighs* will *Treaſons* be;
And not your *Griefs* themſelves, or *Looks* be *free*.
Rob'd even of *Hopes*, when you theſe ills ſuſtain,
Your watry eyes you'l then turn back in vain,
On your old *Judges*, and perhaps on *Me*,
Nay ev'en my *Sons*, howe're they unhappy be
In your diſpleaſure now; Not that I'd clear
Their *Guilt*, or mine own *Innocence* indear,
17 Witneſs th' *unutterable Name*, there's nought
Of private ends into this queſtion brought.
But why this yoke on your own necks to draw?
Why *Man* your *God*, and *Paſſion* made your *Law*?
Methinks (thus *Moab* interrupts him here)
The good old *Seer* 'gainſt *Kings* was too ſevere.
'Tis *Jeſt* to tell a *People* that they're *Free*,
Who, or *How many* ſhall their *Maſters* be
Is the ſole doubt; *Laws guid*, but cannot *reign*;
And though they *bind* not Kings, yet they *reſtrain*.
I dare affirm (ſo much I truſt their *Love*)
That no one *Moabite* would his ſpeech approve.
But, pray go on. 'Tis true, Sir, he replies;
Yet men whom age and action renders wiſe,
So much great changes fear, that they believe
All evils *will*, which *may* from them arrive.
On men reſolv'd theſe threats were ſpent in vain,
1 Sam. 8. 19. All that his power or el'oquence could obtain.

Was

Was to enquire *Gods* will e're they proceed
To a work that would ſo much his bleſſing need.
A ſolemn day for this great work is ſet,
18 And at th' *Anointed Tent* all *Iſrael* met
Expect th' event; * below fair bullocks fry — Ex.48.9. & 30.26.
In hallowed flames; * above, there mount on high — *Ib.v.5,6.
The precious clouds of Incenſe, and at laſt
The *Sprinkling*, *Pray'ers*, and all due *Honours* paſt.
19 Lo! we the *Sacred Bells* o'th' ſudden hear, — Exo. 39. 25.& 28.
20 And in mild pomp grave *Samuel* does appear.
21 His *Ephod*, *Mitre*, well-cut *Diadem* on, — Ex. 39. 2.
22 Th' *Orac'ulous Stones* on his rich *Breaſt plate* ſhone. — Ib. 8.
Tow'ards the *blew curtains* of *Gods* holieſt place
23 (The *Temples* bright *Third Heaven*) he turn'd his face.
Thrice bow'd he, thrice the ſolemn *Muſick* plaid,
And at third reſt thus the great *Prophet* praid:
Almighty *God*, to whom all men that be
Owe *all* they have, yet none ſo much as *We*;
Who though thou fill'ſt the ſpacious world alone,
Thy too ſmall *Court*, haſt made this place thy *Throne*.
With humble *Knees*, and humbler *Hearts*, Lo, here,
Bleſt *Abrah'ams Seed* implores thy gracious Ear.
Hear them, great *God*, and thy juſt will inſpire;
From *Thee*, their *long-known King*, they'a *King* deſire.
Some gracious ſigns of thy good pleaſure ſend,
Which, lo, with *Souls* reſign'd we humbly here attend.
He ſpoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
Silence and reverend *Horrour* ſeiz'd the rout.
The whole Tent ſhakes, the Flames on th' Altar by,
In thick dull rolls mount ſlow and heavily.
24 The * ſeven *Lamps* wink; and what does moſt diſmay, — *Exod. 25. 37.
Th' *Orac'ulous Gems* ſhut in their nat'ural day.
The *Rubies Cheek* grew pale, the *Em'eraud* by
Faded, a *Cloud* o'reca ſt the *Saphirs Skie*.
The *Di'amonds Eye* lookt *Sleepy*, and ſwift night
Of all thoſe little *Suns* eclypſt the Light.
Sad ſigns of *Gods* dread anger for our ſin,
But ſtraight a wondrous brightneſs from within
Strook through the *Curtains*, for no *earthly Cloud*
Could thoſe ſtrong beams of heav'enly glory ſhroud.
The Altars fire burnt pure, and every *Stone*
Their radiant *Parent* the gay *Sun* outſhone.
Beauty th' *illuſtrious Viſion* did impart
To ev'ery *Face*, and Joy to ev'ery heart.
In glad effects *Gods* preſence thus appear'd,
And thus in wondrous ſounds his *Voice* was heard:
This ſtubborn Land ſins ſtill, nor is it *Thee*, but *Us*
(Who have been ſo long their *King*) they ſeek to caſt off thus.
Five hundred rolling years hath this ſtiff Nation ſtrove
To 'exhauſt the boundleſs ſtores of our unfathom'd *Love*.

Be't ſo then; yet once more are we reſolv'd to try
T'outweary them through all their *Sins Variety*.
Aſſemble ten days hence the num'erous people here;
To draw the *Royal Lot* which our hid *Mark* ſhall bear.
Diſmiſs them now in peace; but their next crime ſhall bring
Ruine without redreſs on *Them*, and on their *King*.
The *Almighty* ſpoke; th' aſtoniſht people part
With various ſtamps impreſt on every heart.
Some their demand repented, others prais'd,
Some had no thoughts at all, but ſtar'd and gaz'd.
1 Sam. 9. 1. There dwelt a *Man*, nam'd *Kis* in *Gib'eah* Town,
Ib. v. 2. For *wiſdom* much, and much for *Courage* known.
More for his *Son*, his mighty *Son* was *Saul*,
Whom *Nature*, e're the *Lots*, to' a *Throne* did call.
He was *much Prince*, and *when*, or *where ſoe're*
His birth had been, *Then* had he reign'd and *There*.
Such *Beauty* as great *Strength* thinks no diſgrace,
Smil'd in the manly features of his Face.
His large black Eyes, fill'd with a ſprightful light,
Shot forth ſuch lively and *illuſtrious Night*,
As the *Sun* beams, on *Jet* reflecting ſhow,
His *Hair*, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow.
His tall, ſtrait *Body* amidſt thouſands ſtood,
Like ſome fair *Pine* o'relooking all th' ignobler *Wood*.
Of all our rural ſports he was the pride;
So ſwift, ſo ſtrong, ſo dextrous none beſide.
Reſt was his *Toil*, *Labours* his *Luſt* and *Game*;
No nat'ural wants could his fierce dil'igence tame,
Not *Thirſt*, nor *Hunger*; he would journeys go
Through raging *Heats*, and take repoſe in *Snow*.
His *Soul* was ne're unbent from weighty care;
But active as ſome *Mind* that turns a *Sphere*.
His way once choſe, he forward thruſt outright,
Nor ſtept aſide for *Dangers* or *Delight*.
Yet was he wiſe all dangers to foreſee;
But born t' *affright*, and not to *fear* was *He*.
His *Wit* was *ſtrong*; not *Fine*; and on his tongue
An *Artleſs grace* above all *Eloq'uence* hung.
1 Sam. 9. 21. Ib. 10. v. 22. Theſe *Virtues* too the rich unuſual dreſs
Of *Modeſty* adorn'd and *Humbleneſs*.
Like a clear *Varniſh* o're fair *Pictures* laid,
More *freſh* and *Laſting* they the *Colours* made.
Till *Power* and *violent Fortune*, which did find
No ſtop or bound, o'rewhelm'd no leſs his *Mind*,
Did, *Deluge-like*, the nat'ural forms deface,
And brought forth unknown *Monſters* in their place.
Forbid it God, my *Maſters* ſpots ſhould be,
Were they not ſeen by all, diſclos'd by me!
But ſuch he was; and now to *Ramah* went
(So *God* diſpos'd) with a ſtrange, low intent.

Great God! he went loſt *Aſſes* to enquire, Ib. v. 8.
And a ſmall *Preſent* his ſmall queſtions hire,
Brought ſimply with him to that Man to give,
From whom high *Heav'ens chief Gifts* he muſt receive,
Strange *Play* of *Fate!* when might'ieſt humane things
Hang on ſuch ſmall, *Imperceptible Strings!*
26 'Twas *Samuels Birth-day*, a glad ann'ual feaſt 1 Sam.
All *Rama* kept; *Samuel* his wondring Gueſt 9. 12.
With ſuch reſpect leads to it, and does grace
27 With the choice meats o'th' feaſt, and higheſt place. Ib. v. 22.
Which done, him forth alone the *Prophet* brings, 23, 24.
And feaſts his raviſht ears with nobler things. Ib. v. 26.
He tells the mighty *Fate* to him aſſign'd,
And with great rules fills his *copacious mind.*
Then takes the ſacred *Viol*, and does ſhed 1 Sam.
28 A *Crown* of myſtique drops around his head. 10. 1.
Drops of that *Royal Moiſture* which does know
No Mixture, and diſdains the place below.
Soon comes the *Kingly Day*, and with it brings
29 A new *Account of Time* upon his wings. 1 Sam.
The people met, the rites and pray'rs all paſt, 10. 17.
Behold, the *Heav'en inſtructed-Lot* is caſt.
'Tis taught by heaven its way, and cannot miſs;
Forth *Benjamin*, forth leaps the Houſe of *Cis.*
As Glimm'ering *ſtars* juſt at the approach of *Day*,
Caſheer'd by *Troops*, at laſt drop all away,
By ſuch degrees all mens bright hopes are gone,
And, like the *Sun*, *Sauls Lot* ſhines all alone.
Ev'en here perhaps the peoples ſhout was heard,
The loud long ſhout when *Gods* fair choice appear'd.
Above the whole vaſt throng he appear'd ſo tall,
30 As if by *Nature* made for th'*Head* of all.
So full of grace and ſtate, that one might know
31 'Twas ſome wiſe *Eye* the *blind Lot* guided ſo.
But blind unguided *Lots* have more of choice
And conſtancy then the ſlight *Vulgars voice.*
Ere yet the *Crown* of ſacred *Oyl* is dry,
Whil'ſt *Ecchoes* yet preſerve the joyful cry,
Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miſs,
Some envy *Saul*, ſome ſcorn the houſe of *Cis.*
Some their firſt mut'inous wiſh, *A King*, repent,
As if, ſince that, quite ſpoil'd by *Gods conſent.*
Few to this Prince their firſt juſt duties pay;
All leave the *Old*, but few the *New* obey.
Thus changes *Man*, but *God* is conſtant ſtill
To thoſe eternal grounds, that mov'ed his *Will.*
And though he yielded firſt to them, 'tis fit
That ſtubborn Men at laſt to him ſubmit.
32 As midſt the Main a low ſmall *Iſland* lies,
Aſſaulted round with ſtormy *Seas* and *ſkies.*

Whilſt

Whilſt the poor heartleſs *Natives* ev'ery hour
Darkneſs and *Noiſe* ſeems ready to devour:
Such *Iſraels* ſtate appear'ed, whilſt ore the Weſt
Philiſtian clouds hung threatning, and from th'Eaſt
All Nations wrath into one *Tempeſt* joines,
Through which proud *Nahas* like fierce *Lightning* ſhines.
Tygris and *Nile* to his aſſiſtance ſend,
33 And waters to ſwoln *Jaboc's Torrent* lend.
Seir, *Edom*, *Soba*, *Amalec* adde their force,
34 Up with them march the *Three Arabia's Horſe*.
And 'mongſt all theſe none more their hope or pride,
Then thoſe few Troops your warlike land ſupply'ed.
1 Sam. 11. 1. Around weak *Jabes* this vaſt Hoſt does ly,
Diſdains a dry and *bloodleſs Victory*.
The hopeleſs Town for *Slave'ry* does *intreat*,
But barb'arous *Nahas* thinks that grace too great.
Ib. v. 2. He (his firſt *Tribute*) their right *Eyes* demands,
Ver. 3. 35 And with their *Faces ſhame* diſarms their *Hands*.
If unreliev'ed ſev'en days by *Iſraels* aid,
This bargain for *ore-rated Life* is made.
Ah, mighty *God*, let thine own *Iſrael* be
Quite *blind* it ſelf, ere this reproach it *ſee*!
By'his wanton people the new *King* forſook,
Ver. 5. To homely rural cares himſelf betook.
In private plenty liv'd without the ſtate,
Luſtre and Noiſe due to a publique fate.
Whilſt he his ſlaves and cattel follows home,
Lo the ſad Meſſengers from *Jabes* come,
1 Sam. 11. 4. Implore his help, and weep as if they meant
That way at leaſt proud *Nahas* to prevent.
Ver. 7. Mov'ed with a Kingly wrath, his ſtrict command
He iſſues forth t'aſſemble all the land.
He threatens high, and diſobedient they
Ver. 8. *Wak'ed* by ſuch Princely terrors learnt t'obey.
A mighty Hoſt is rais'd; th'important cauſe
Age from their *Reſt*; *Youth*, from their *Pleaſure* draws.
Arm'd as unfurniſht *Haſt* could them provide,
But *Conduct*, *Courage*, *Anger* that ſupply'ed.
All night they march, and are at th'early dawn
On *Jabes* heath in three fair bodies drawn.
1 Sam. 11. 11. *Saul* did himſelf the firſt and ſtrongeſt band,
His *Son* the next, *Abner* the third command.
But pardon, Sir, if naming *Sauls* great Son,
I ſtop with him a while ere I go on.
This is that *Jonathan*, the *Joy* and *Grace*,
The beautifull'ſt, and beſt of *Humane Race*.
That *Jonathan* in whom does mixt remain
All that kind *Mothers* wiſhes can contain.
His *Courage* ſuch as it no ſtop can know,
And *Victory* gains by'*aſtoniſhing* the Foe.

With

With *Lightnings* force his enemies it confounds,
And melts their *Hearts* e're it the *Boſom* wounds.
Yet he the *Conquer'd* with ſuch *Sweetneſs* gains,
As *Captive Lovers* find in *Beauties Chains.*
In *war* the adverſe Troops he does aſſail,
Like an impet'uous *ſtorm* of *wind* and *Hail.*
In *Peace*, like gentleſt *Dew* that does aſſwage
The *burning Months*, and temper *Syrius* rage.
Kind as the *Suns* bleſt *Influence*; and where e're
He comes, *Plenty* and *Joy* attend him there.
To *Help* ſeems all his *Power*, his *Wealth* to *Give*;
To do much *Good* his *ſole Prerogative.*
And yet this gen'eral *Bounty* of his Mind,
That with wide arms embraces all *Mankind*,
Such artful *Prudence* does to each divide,
With diffe'rent meaſures all are ſatisfi'd.
Juſt as wiſe *God* his plenteous *Manna* dealt, Exod. 16.18.
Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt.
To all *Relations* their juſt rights he pays,
And worths reward above its claim does raiſe.
The tendreſt *Husband*, *Maſter*, *Father*, *Son*,
And all thoſe parts by his *Friendſhip* far outdone.
His *Love* to *Friends* no bound or rule does know,
What *He* to *Heav'en*, all that to *Him* they owe.
Keen as his *Sword*, and pointed is his *Wit*:
His *Judgment*, like beſt *Armour*, ſtrong and fit.
And ſuch an *El'oquence* to both theſe does join,
As makes in both *Beauty* and *Uſe* combine.
Through which a noble *Tincture* does appear
By *Learning* and choice *Books* imprinted there.
As well he knows all *Times* and *Perſons* gone,
As he himſelf to th' *future* ſhall be known.
But his chief ſtudy is *Gods* ſacred *Law*;
And all his *Life* does *Comments* on it draw,
As never more by *Heav'en* to *Man* was giv'en,
So never more was paid by *Man* to *Heav'en.*
And all theſe *Virtues* were to *Ripeneſs* grown,
E're yet his *Flower* of *Youth* was fully *blown.*
All *Autumns* ſtore did his rich *Spring* adorn;
Like *Trees* in *Par'dice* he with *Fruit* was *born.*
Such is his *Soul*; and if, as ſome men tell,
36 *Souls* form and build thoſe manſions where they dwell;
Whoe're but ſees his *Body* muſt confeſs,
The *Architect* no doubt, could be no leſs.
From *Saul* his growth and manly ſtrength he took,
Chaſtis'd by bright *Abino'ams* gentler look.
Not bright *Abin'oam*, Beauties lowdeſt Name,
Till ſhe to' her *Children* loſt with joy her fame, 1 Sam. 14. 50.
Had ſweeter ſtrokes, Colours more freſh and fair,
More darting Eyes, or lovelier auborn Hair.

Forgive

Forgive me that I thus your patience wrong,
And on this *boundleſs ſubject* ſtay ſo long.
Where too much haſt ever to *end* t'would be,
Did not his *Acts* ſpeak what's untold by *Me*.
Though from the time his hands a Sword could wield,
He ne're miſt *Fame* and *Danger* in the field.
Yet this was the firſt day that call'd him forth,
Since *Sauls* bright Crown gave luſter to his worth.
'Twas the laſt morning whoſe unchearful riſe,
Sad *Jabes* was to view with *both* their Eyes.
Secure proud *Nahas* ſlept as in his Court,
And dream't, vain man! of that days barb'arous ſport,
Till noiſe and dreadful tumults him awoke;
Till into'his *Camp* our vi'olent *Army* broke.
The careleſs *Guards* with ſmall reſiſtance kill'd,
Slaughter the camp, and wild Confuſion fill'd.
Nahas his fatal duty does perform,
And marches boldly up t'outface the ſtorm.
Fierce *Jonathan* he meets, as he purſues
Th'*Arabian Horſe*, and a hot fight renewes.
'Twas here your Troops behav'd themſelves ſo well,
Till *Uz* and *Jathan* their ſtout *Col'onels* fell.
'Twas here our *Victory* ſtopt, and gave us cauſe
Much to ſuſpect th'intention of her pauſe.
But when our thundring Prince *Nahas* eſpy'd,
Who with a *Courage* equal to his *Pride*
Broke through our Troops, and tow'ards him boldly preſt,
A gen'erous joy leapt in his youthful breſt.
As when a wrathful *Dragons* diſmal light
Strikes ſuddenly ſome warlike *Eagles* ſight.
The *mighty foe* pleaſes his fearleſs eyes,
He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
With vain, though vi'olent force, their darts they flung;
In *Ammons* plated belt *Jonathans* hung,
And ſtopt there; *Ammon* did his Helmet hit,
And gliding off, bore the proud creſt from it.
Straight with their Swords to the fierce ſhock they came,
Their *Swords*, their *Armour*, and their *Eyes* ſhot *flame*.
Blows ſtrong as *Thunder*, thick as *Rain* they delt;
Which more then they th'engag'ed *Spectators* felt.
In *Ammon* force, in *Jonathan* addreſs,
(Though both were great in both to an exceſs)
To the well-judging Eye did moſt appear;
Honour, and *Anger* in both *equal* were.
Two wounds our *Prince* receiv'ed, and *Ammon* three;
Which he enrag'ed to feel, and 'ſham'd to ſee,
Did his whole ſtrength into one blow collect;
And as a Spani'el when we'our aim direct
To ſhoot ſome *Bird*, impatiently ſtands by
Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly

Juſt

Juſt as it drops, upon the wounded prey;
So waited *Death* it ſelf to bear away
The threatned Life; did glad and greedy ſtand
At ſight of mighty *Ammons* liſted hand.
Our watchful *Prince* by bending ſav'd the wound,
But *Death* in other coyn his *reck'ning* found:
For whilſt th'*immod'erate* ſtrokes miſcarry'ing force
Had almoſt born the ſtriker from his horſe,
A nimble thruſt his active En'emy made,
'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'ed the furious blade,
And opened wide thoſe *ſecret veſſels*, where
37 *Life's Light* goes out, when firſt they let in *aire*.
He falls, his Armour clanks againſt the ground,
From his faint tongue *imperfect curſes* ſound.
His amaz'd Troops ſtrait caſt their arms away;
Scarce fled his *Soul* from thence more ſwift then *they*.
As when two *Kings* of neighbour *Hives* (whom rage
And thirſt of *Empire* in fierce wars engage,
Whilſt each lays claim to th' *Garden* as his owne,
And ſeeks t'uſurp the bord'ring flowers alone)
Their well-arm'd Troops drawn boldly forth to fight,
In th'aires wide plain diſpute their doubtful right.
If by ſad chance of battel either *King*
Fall wounded down, ſtrook with ſome fatal ſting,
His Armies hopes and courage with him dy;
They ſheath up their faint *Swords*, and routed fly.
On th'other ſides at once with like ſucceſs
Into the Camp, great *Saul* and *Abner* preſs,
From *Jon'athans* part a wild mixt noiſe they hear,
And whatſoere it mean long to be there,
At the ſame inſtant from glad *Jabes* Town,
The haſty Troops march loud and chearful down
Some few at firſt with vain reſiſtance fall,
The reſt is *Slaughter*, and *vaſt Conqueſt* all.
The fate by which our *Hoſt* thus far had gon,
Our *Hoſt* with noble heat drove farther on.
Victorious arms through *Ammons* land it bore;
Ruine behind, and *Terror* marcht before.
Where ere from *Rabba's* towers they caſt their ſight,
Smoak clouds the *Day*, and *Flames* make clear the *Night*.
This bright ſucceſs did *Sauls* firſt action bring,
The *Oyl*, the *Lot*, and *Crown* leſs *crown'd* him King.
The *Happy* all men judge for Empire fit,
And none withſtands where *Fortune* does ſubmit.
Thoſe who before did Gods fair choice withſtand, 1 Sam. 11. 12.
Th'*exceſſive Vulgar* now to death demand. Ver. 13.
But wiſer *Saul* repeal'd their haſty doom;
Conqueſt abroad, with *Mercy* crown'd at home.
Nor ſtain'd with civil ſlaughter that days pride,
Which foreign blood in *nobler purple* dy'ed.

Ver. 15. Again the Crown th'aſſembled people give,
With greater joy then *Saul* could it receive.
1 Sam. 12. 1. Again, th'old *Judge* reſigns his ſacred place,
God *Glorifi'ed* with wonders his diſgrace.
With decent pride, ſuch as did well befit
The *Name* he *kept*, and that which he did *quit*.
The long-paſt row of happy years he ſhow'd,
Which to his heav'enly Government they ow'd.
How the torn ſtate his juſt and prudent raign
Reſtor'ed to *Order*, *Plenty*, *Power* again.
In war what conqu'ering *Miracles* he wrought;
God, then their *King*, was *Gen'eral* when they fought.
Whom they *depos'ed* with *him*. And that (ſaid he)
You may ſee *God* concern'd in't more then *Me*,
Behold how ſtorms his angry preſence ſhrowd,
Hark how his wrath in thunder threats alowd.
'Twas now the ripen'ed *Summers* higheſt rage,
Which no faint cloud durſt mediate to aſſwage.
Th'*Earth* hot with *Thirſt*, and hot with *Luſt* for *Rain*,
Gap'ed, and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
Which ſtraight were ſcatter'd, or devour'd by th'Sun;
When, Lo, ere ſcarce the *active ſpeech* was done,
A vi'olent *Wind* roſe from his *ſecret Cave*,
And troops of frighted Clouds before it drave.
Whilſt with rude haſte the confus'ed *Tempeſt* crowds,
Swift dreadful flames ſhot through th'encountring clowds.
From whoſe torn womb th'impriſon'ed *Thunder* broke,
And in dire ſounds the *Prophets* ſenſe it ſpoke.
Such an impet'uous ſhower it downwards ſent,
As if the *Waters* 'bove the *Firmament*
Were all let looſe; *Horrour* and fearful noiſe
Fill'd the black *Scene*; till the great *Prophets* voice
Swift as the wings of *Morn*, reduc'ed the Day;
Wind, *Thunder*, *Rain* and *Clouds* fled all at once away.
1 Sam. 12. 20. Fear not (ſaid he) *God* his fierce wrath removes,
And though this *State* my ſervice diſapproves,
My *Prayers* ſhall ſerve it conſtantly. No more,
I hope, a pardon for paſt ſins to t'implore,
But juſt rewards from gracious heav'en to bring
On the good deeds of you, and of *our King*.
Behold him there! and as you ſee, rejoyce
In the kind care of *Gods* impartial choice.
Behold his Beauty, Courage, Strength and Wit!
The *Honour* heav'en has cloath'd him with, ſits *fit*
And comely on him; ſince you needs muſt be
Rule'd by a *King*, you are happy that 'tis *He*.
Obey him gladly, and let him too know
You were not made for *Him*, but he for *You*,
And both for *God*.

Whoſe

Whoſe gentleſt yoke if once you caſt away,
In vain ſhall *he* command, and *you* obey.
To foreign *Tyrants* both ſhall *ſlaves* become,
Inſtead of *King*, and *Subjects* here at home. Ib. v. 25.
The *Crown* thus ſeveral ways confirm'ed to *Saul*,
One way was wanting yet to *crown* them all;
And that was Force, which only can maintain
The *Power* that *Fortune* gives, or *worth* does gain.
Three thouſand *Guards* of big, bold men he took; 1 Sam.
Tall, terrible, and *Guards* ev'en with their *Looks*; 13. 2.
His ſacred perſon too and throne defend,
The third on matchleſs *Jonathan* attend.
Ore whoſe full thoughts, *Honour*, and youthful Heat,
Sate brooding to hatch *Actions* good and great.
On *Geba* firſt, where a *Philiſtian* band Ib. 3.
Lies, and around torments the *fetter'd land*,
He falls, and ſlaughters all; his noble rage
Mixt with *Deſign* his Nation to engage
In that juſt war, which from them long in vain,
Honour and *Freedoms* voice had ſtrove t'obtain.
Th'accurſt *Philiſtian* rows'd with this bold blow, Ib. v. 5.
All the proud marks of *enrag'ed Power* does ſhow.
Raiſes a vaſt, well-arm'd, and glittering Hoſt,
If humane ſtrength might authorize a boaſt,
Their threats had reaſon here; for ne're did wee
Our ſelves ſo weak, or foe ſo potent ſee.
Here we vaſt bodies of their *Foot* eſpy,
The *Rear* out-reaches far th'*extended Eye*.
Like fields of *Corn* their armed Squadrons ſtand;
As thick and numberleſs they hide the land.
Here with ſharp neighs the warlike *Horſes* ſound;
38 And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground.
39 Here with worſe noiſe three thouſand *Chariots* paſs
With plates of Iron bound, or louder Braſs.
About it forks, axes, and ſithes, and ſpears,
Whole *Magazines* of *Death* each *Chariot* bears.
Where it breaks in, there a whole *Troop* it mows,
And with lopt panting limbs the field beſtrows.
Alike the *Valiant*, and the *Cowards* dy;
Neither can *they reſiſt*, nor can *theſe fly*. Ib. v. 5. Ver. 7.
In this proud equipage at *Macmas* they;
Saul in much different ſtate at *Gilgal* lay.
His forces ſeem'd no *Army*, but a *Crowd*,
Heartleſs, unarm'd, diſorderly, and lowd.
The quick *Contagion Fear* ran ſwift through all,
And into trembling *Fits* th'infected fall.
Saul, and his *Son* (for no ſuch faint *Diſeaſe*
Could on their ſtrong-complexion'd *Valour* ſeiſe)
In vain all parts of virtuous *Conduct* ſhow'd,
And on *deaf Terror* gen'erous words beſtow'd.

Thouſands from thence fly ſcattered ev'ery day;
Thick as the Leaves that ſhake and drop away,
When they th'approach of ſtormy *Winter* find
The noble *Tree* all bare expos'd to the' *Wind*.
Some to ſad *Jordan* fly, and ſwim't for haſt,
And from his farther bank look back at laſt.
Some into woods and caves their cattel drive,
There with their *Beaſts* on *equal* terms they live,
Nor deſerve *better*; ſome in rocks on high,
The old retreats of *Storks* and *Ravens* ly.
And were they wing'ed like them, ſcarce would they dare
To ſtay, or truſt their frighted ſafety there.
Ib. 8. As th'Hoſt with fear, ſo *Saul* diſturb'd with care,
T'avert theſe ills by *Sacrifice* and *Prayer*,
And *Gods* bleſt will t'enquire, for *Samuel* ſends;
Whom he ſix days with troubled haſt attends.
But ere the ſeventh unlucky day (the laſt
By *Samuel* ſet for this great work) was paſt,
Saul (alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring foe,
Impatient ere Gods time Gods mind to know,
'Sham'd and enrag'ed to ſee his Troops decay,
Jealous of an affront in *Samuels* ſtay,
Scorning that any's preſence ſhould appear
Needful beſides when *He himſelf* was there;
And with a pride too nat'ural thinking Heaven
Had given him *All*, becauſe *much Power* t'had giv'en)
Himſelf the *Sacrifice* and *Offring's* made,
40 Himſelf did th'high *ſelected charge* invade,
Himſelf inquir'ed of *God*; who then ſpake nought;
But *Samuel* ſtraight his dreadful anſwer brought.
For ſtraight he came, and with a *Virtue bold*,
As was *Sauls ſin*, the fatal Meſſage told.
His foul *Ingratitude* to heav'en he chid,
To pluck that *Fruit* which was alone *forbid*
To Kingly power in all that plenteous land,
Where all things elſe ſubmit to his command.
And as fair *Edens* violated *Tree*,
To'*Immortal Man* brought in *Mortalitie*:
So ſhall that *Crown*, which God eternal meant,
1 Sam. From thee (ſaid he) and thy great houſe be rent,
13. 14. Thy Crime ſhall *Death* to all thine *Honours* ſend,
And give thy'*Immortal Royalty* an *End*.
Thus ſpoke the *Prophet*, but kind heav'en (we hope)
(Whoſe threats and anger know no other ſcope
But *Mans Amendment*) does long ſince relent,
And with *Repentant Saul* it ſelf *Repent*.
Howere (though none more pray for this then we
Whoſe wrongs and ſufferings might ſome colour be
To do it *leſs*) this ſpeech we ſadly find
Still extant, and ſtill active in his Mind.

But

But then a worſe effect of it appear'd;
Our *Army* which before *Modeſtly* fear'd,
Which did by ſtealth and by degrees decay,
Diſbanded now, and fled in troops away.
Baſe *Fear* ſo bold and impudent does grow,
When an excuſe and colour it can ſhow.
Six hundred only (ſcarce a *Princely train*) 1 Sam. 13. 15.
Of all his Hoſt with diſtreſt *Saul* remain,
Of his whole Hoſt ſix hundred; and ev'en thoſe
41 (So did wiſe Heaven for mighty ends diſpoſe,
Nor would that uſeleſs *Multitudes* ſhould ſhare
In that great *Gift* it did for *One* prepare)
Arm'd not like *Souldiers* marching in a War,
But Country-*Hinds* alarmed from afar
By *Wolves* loud hunger, when the well-known ſound
Raiſes th' affrighted Villages around. Ib. v. 19, 20, 21.
Some Goads, Flails, Plow-ſhares, Forks, or Axes bore,
Made for *Lifes* uſe and better ends before,
Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd
42 I'th'fire, the firſt rude arts that *Malice* try'd,
E're Man the ſins of too much *Knowledge* knew,
And *Death* by long *Experience* witty grew.
Such were the *Numbers*, ſuch the *Arms* which we
Had by fate left us for a *Victorie*
O're *well-arm'd Millions*; nor will this appear
Uſeful it ſelf, when *Jonathan* was there.
'Twas juſt the time when the new *Ebb* of *Night*
Did the moiſt world unvail to humane ſight.
The *Prince*, who all that night the field had beat
With a ſmall party, and no en'emy met
(So proud and ſo ſecure the en'emy lay,
And drencht in *ſleep* th'exceſſes of the *day*)
With joy this good occaſion did embrace,
With better leiſure, and at nearer ſpace,
The ſtrength and order of their Camp to view;
Abdon alone his gen'erous purpoſe knew;
Abdon a bold, a brave, and come'ly Youth,
Well-born, well-bred, with *Honour* fill'd and *Truth*,
Abdon his faithful *Squire*, whom much he lov'd,
And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd.
Abdon, whoſe love to his *Maſter* did exceed
What *Natures Law*, or *Paſſions Power* could breed,
Abdon alone did on him now attend;
His humbleſt *Servant*, and his deareſt *Friend*. 1 Sam. 14. 1.
They went, but ſacred fury as they went,
Chang'd ſwiftly, and *exalted* his intent.
What may this be (the *Prince* breaks forth) I find,
God or ſome powerful *Spirit* invades my mind.
From ought but *Heaven* can never ſure be brought
So high, ſo glorious, and ſo vaſt a thought.

Nor

Nor would *ill Fate* that meant me to ſurpriſe,
Come cloath'd in ſo unlikely a *Diſguiſe*.
Yon *Hoſt*, which its proud *Fiſhes* ſpreads ſo wide,
O're the whole Land, like ſome ſwoln *Rivers Tide*,
Which terrible and numberleſs appears,
43 As the thick Waves which their rough *Ocean* bears,
Which lies ſo ſtrongly e'ncampt, that one would ſay
The *Hill* might be remov'd as ſoon as *they*,
We two alone muſt *fight* with and *defeat*;
Thou'rt ſtrook, and ſtarteſt at a *ſound* ſo great.
Yet we muſt do't; God our weak hands has choſe
T'aſhame the boaſted numbers of our Foes,
Which to his ſtrength no more proportion'd be,
Than *Millions* are of *Hours* to his *Eternitie*.
If when their careleſs *Guards* eſpy us here,
1 Sam. 14. 9. With ſportful ſcorn they call to' us to come neer,
We'll boldly climb the *Hill*, and charge them all;
Not *They*, but *Iſraels Angel* gives the call.
44 He ſpoke, and as he ſpoke, a *Light* divine
Did from his *Eyes*, and round his *Temples* ſhine,
Louder his *Voice*, larger his *Limbs* appear'd;
Leſs ſeem'd the num'erous *Army* to be fear'd.
This ſaw, and heard with joy the brave *Eſquire*,
As he with *Gods*, fill'd with his *Maſters Fire*.
1 Sam. 14. 7. Forbid it Heav'en (ſaid he) I ſhould decline,
Or wiſh (Sir) not to make *your* danger *mine*.
The great *Example* which I daily ſee
Of your high worth is not ſo loſt on me;
If wonder-ſtrook I at your words appear,
My wonder yet is *Innocent* of *Fear*.
Th' *Honour* which does your Princely breaſt *enflame*,
Warms mine too, and joins there with *Duties Name*.
If in this Act *ill Fate* our *Tempter* be,
May all the *Ill* it means be aim'd at *me*.
But ſure, I think, *God* leads, nor could you bring
So high thoughts from a leſs exalted *Spring*.
Bright ſigns through all your words and looks are ſpread,
A riſing *Victory* dawns around your head.
With ſuch diſcourſe blowing their ſacred flame,
Lo to the fatal place and work they came.
Strongly encampt on a ſteep *Hills* large head,
Ib. v. 4. Like ſome vaſt wood the mighty *Hoſt* was ſpread.
Th' only 'acceſs on neighb'ring *Gabaa*'s ſide,
An hard and narrow way, which did divide
Two cliffy *Rocks*, *Boſes* and *Senes* nam'd,
Much for themſelves, and their big *ſtrangeneſs* fam'd,
More for their *Fortune*, and this *ſtranger* day;
On both their points *Philiſtian* out-guards lay;
From whence the two bold *ſpies* they firſt eſpy'd;
And, lo! the *Hebrews!* proud *Eleanor* cry'd;

From

From *Senes* top; Lo; from their hungry Caves
A quicker Fate here ſends them to their graves.
Come up (aloud he crys to them below)
Ye' *Egyptian Slaves*, and to our *Mercy* owe
The rebel lives long ſince to' our *Juſtice* due;
Scarce from his lips the *fatal Omen* flew,
When th'inſpir'd Prince did nimbly *underſtand*
God, and his *God-like Virtues* high command.
It call'd him up, and up the ſteep aſcent
With *pain* and *labour*, *haſt* and *joy* they went.
Elcanor laught to ſee them climb, and thought
His mighty words th' affrighted *Suppliants* brought,
Did new affronts to the great *Hebrew Name*,
(The barbarous!) in his wanton *Fancy* frame.
Short was his ſport; for ſwift as *Thunders* ſtroke
Rives the frail Trunk of ſome heav'en-threatning *Oak*,
The Princes Sword did his proud head divide;
The parted Scull hung down on either ſide.
Juſt as he fell, his vengeful Steel he drew
Half way; no more the trembling *Joints* could do,
Which *Abdon* ſnatcht, and dy'ed it in the blood
Of an *amazed wretch* that next him ſtood.
Some cloſe to earth ſhaking and grove'ling ly,
Like *Larks* when they the *Tyrant Hobby* ſpy.
Some wonder ſtrook ſtand fixt; ſome fly, ſome arm
Wildly, at th' *unintelligible Alarm*.
45 Like the main *Channel* of an high-ſwoln *Flood*,
In vain by *Dikes* and broken *works* withſtood:
So *Jonathan*, once climb'd th'oppoſing hill,
Does all around with noiſe and ruine fill.
Like ſome large *Arm* of which another way
Abdon o'reflows; him too no *bank* can ſtay.
With cryes th'affrighted *Country* flies before,
Behind the following *waters* lowdly roar.
Twenty at leaſt ſlain on this out-guard ly,
To th' adjoin'd Camp the reſt diſtracted fly, 1 Sam.
And *ill mixt wonders* tell, and into't bear, 14. 14.
Blind terrour, *deaf diſorder*, *helpleſs fear*.
The *Conqu'erors* too preſs boldly in behind,
Doubling the wild confuſions which they find.
Hamgar at firſt, the Prince of *Aſhdod* Town,
46 Chief 'mongſt the *Five* in riches and renown, 1 Sam. 6. 4.
And *General* then by courſe oppos'd their way,
Till drown'd in Death at *Jonathans* feet he lay,
And curſt the *Heavens* for rage, and bit the ground;
47 His *Life* for ever ſpilt *ſtain'd* all the graſs around.
His *Brother* too, who vertuous haſt did make
His fortune to *revenge*, or to *partake*,
Falls grove'ling o're his trunk, on mother earth;
Death mixt no leſs their *Bloods* than did their *birth*.

Mean

Mean while the well-pleas'd *Abdon's* reſtleſs Sword
Diſpatcht the following train t'attend their *Lord.*
On ſtill o're panting corps great *Jonathan* led;
Hundreds before him *fell*, and *Thouſands fled.*
Prodigious Prince! which does moſt wondrous ſhow,
Thy' *Attempt*, or thy *Succeſs!* thy *Fate* or *Thou!*
Who durſt alone that dreadful Hoſt aſſail,
With purpoſe not to *Dye*, but to *Prevail!*
Infinite Numbers thee no more affright,
Then *God*, whoſe *Unity* is *Infinite.*
If Heav'en to men ſuch mighty thoughts would give,
What *Breaſt* but thine capacious to receive
The vaſt *Infuſion?* or what *Soul* but *Thine*
Durſt have believ'd that *Thought* to be *Divine?*
Thou follow'dſt Heaven in the *Deſign*, and we
1 Sam. 14. 15. Find in the *Act* 'twas *Heav'en* that follow'd *Thee.*
Thou ledſt on *Angels*, and that ſacred band
(The *De'ities* great *Lieut'enant*) didſt command.
'Tis true, Sir, and no *Figure*, when I ſay
Angels themſelves fought under him that day.
Clouds with ripe *Thunder* charg'd ſome thither drew,
And ſome the dire *Materials* brought for new.
48 Hot drops of *Southern Showers* (the *ſweats of Death*)
The voyce of *ſtorms* and winged *whirl-winds* breath:
The flames ſhot forth from fighting *Dragons* Eyes,
The ſmokes that from ſcorcht *Fevers Ovens* riſe,
The reddeſt fires with which ſad *Comets* glow;
And *Sodoms* neighb'ring *Lake* did ſpir'its beſtow
Of fineſt *Sulphur*; amongſt which they put
Wrath, *Fury*, *Horrour*, and all mingled ſhut
Into a cold moiſt *Cloud*, t'enflame it more;
And make th'enraged *Priſoner* louder roar.
Th'aſſembled *Clouds* burſt o're their Armies head;
Noiſe, Darkneſs, diſmal Lightnings round them ſpread.
Another *Spir'it* with a more potent wand
Than that which *Nature* fear'd in *Moſes* hand,
And went the way that pleas'd, the *Mountain* ſtrook;
The *Mountain* felt it; the vaſt *Mountain* ſhook.
Through the wide ayr another *Angel* flew
About their Hoſt, and thick amongſt them threw
Diſcord, Deſpair, Confuſion, Fear, Miſtake;
And all th' *Ingredients* that ſwift ruine make.
The fertile glebe requires no time to breed;
It quickens and receives at once the *Seed.*
One would have thought, this diſmal day to'have ſeen,
That *Natures* ſelf in her *Death-pangs* had been.
Such will the face of that great hour appear;
Such the diſtracted *Sinners* conſcious fear.
In vain ſome few ſtrive the wild flight to ſtay;
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;

Unheard,

Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they ly,
Beneath the wretched feet of crouds that fly.
O're their own *Foot* trampled the vi'olent Horſe.
The guidleſs *Chariots* with impet'uous courſe
Cut wide through both; and all their bloody way
Horſes, and *Men*, torn, bruis'd, and mangled lay.
Some from the Rocks caſt themſelves down headlong;
The faint weak *Paſſion* grows ſo bold and ſtrong.
To almoſt certain preſent *death* they fly
From a remote and cauſeleſs fear to *dy*.
Much diffe'rent error did ſome troops poſſeſs;
And *Madneſs* that lookt better, though no leſs. 1 Sam. 14. 20.
Their fellow troops for th'entred foe they take;
And *Iſra'els* war with mutual ſlaughter make.
Mean while the King from *Gabaas* hill did view, Ib. v. 16.
And hear the thickning *Tumult* as it grew
Still great and loud; and though he knows not why
They fled, no more then they themſelves that fly;
Yet by the ſtorms and terrors of the aire,
Gueſſes ſome vengeful *Sp'irits* working there;
Obeys the loud occaſions ſacred call,
And fiercely on the trembling Hoſt does fall.
At the ſame time their *Slaves* and *Priſoners* riſe; Ib. 21.
Nor does their much-wiſht *Liberty* ſuffice
Without *Revenge*; the ſcatter'd arms they ſeiſe,
And their proud vengeance with the *memory* pleaſe
Of who ſo lately bore them; All about
From Rocks and Caves the *Hebrews* iſſue out Ib. v. 22.
At the glad noiſe; joy'd that their foes had ſhown
A fear that drowns the ſcandal of *their own*.
Still did the Prince midſt all this ſtorm appeare,
Still ſcatter'd *Deaths* and *Terrors* every where.
Still did he break, ſtill blunt his wearied Swords;
Still ſlaughter new ſupplies to'his hand affords.
Where troops yet ſtood, there ſtill he hotly flew,
And till at laſt all fled, ſcorn'd to *purſue*.
All fled at laſt, but many in vain; for ſtill
Th'inſatiate *Conqu'eror* was more ſwift to kill
Then they to ſave their Lives. Till, lo! at laſt,
Nature, whoſe power he had ſo long ſurpaſt,
Would yield no more, but to him ſtronger foes,
Drought, faintneſs, and fierce Hunger did oppoſe.
Reeking all o're in duſt, and blood, and ſweat,
Burnt with the *Suns* and *violent actions* heat,
'Gainſt an old *Oak* his trembling Limbs he ſtaid,
For ſome ſhort eaſe; *Fate* in th'old Oak had laid
Proviſions up for his relief; and Lo!
The hollow trunck did with bright *Honey* flow. 1 Sam. 14. 27.
With timely food his decay'd Sp'irits recruit;
Strong he returns, and freſh to the purſuit,

His ſtrength and ſp'irits the Honey did reſtore;
But, oh, the *bitter-ſweet* ſtrange *poiſon* bore!
Behold, Sir, and mark well the *treach'erous fate*,
That does ſo cloſe on hum•ne glories wait!
Behold the ſtrong, and yet *fantaſtick Net*
T'enſnare triumphant *Virtue* darkly ſet!
Could it before (ſcarce can it ſince) be thought,
The *Prince* who had alone that morning fought,
A *Duel* with an *Hoſt*, had th'*Hoſt* orethrowne,
And threeſcore thouſand hands diſarm'd with *One*;
Waſht off his Countrys ſhame, and doubly dyde
In *Blood* and *Bluſhes* the *Philiſtian* pride,
Had ſav'ed and fixt his *Fathers* tott'ering Crown,
And the bright *Gold* new *burniſht* with renown,
Should be e're night by's *King* and *Fathers* breath,
Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
Deſtin'ed the bloody *Sacrifice* to be
Of *Thanks Himſelf* for his own *Victorie*?
Alone with various fate like to become,
Fighting, an *Hoſt*; *Dying*, an *Hecatombe*?
Yet ſuch, Sir, was his caſe.
1 Sam. 14. 24. For *Saul*, who fear'd leſt the full plenty might
(In the abandon'ed Camp expos'ed to ſight)
His hungry men from the purſuit diſwade;
A raſh, but ſolemn vow to heav'en had made.
Curſt be the wretch, thrice curſed let him be
Who ſhall touch food this buſie day (ſaid he)
Whil'ſt the bleſt Sun does with his fav'ouring light
Aſſiſt our vengeful Swords againſt their flight.
Be he thrice curſt: and if his Life we ſpare,
On *us* thoſe *Curſes* fall that *he* ſhould bear.
Such was the *Kings* raſh vow; who little thought
How near to him *Fate* th' *Application* brought.
The *two-edg'd Oath*, wounds deep, perform'd or broke;
Ev'en *Perjury* its leaſt and blunteſt ſtroke.
'Twas his own *Son*, whom *God* and *Mankind* lov'ed,
His own victorious *Son* that he devov'ed;
On whoſe bright head the baleful *Curſes* light;
But *Providence*, his *Helmet* in the fight,
Forbids their entrance or their ſetling there;
49 They with *brute* ſound diſſolv'ed into the ayre.
Him what *Religion*, or what *vow* could bind,
Unknown, unheard of, till he'his Life did find
Entangled in't? whilſt *wonders* he did do
Muſt he dye now for not be'ing *Prophet* too?
To all but him this *Oath* was meant and ſaid;
He afar off, the *ends* for which 'twas made
Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,
He grew half *dead* with toil of giving *death*.

What

What could his Crime in this condition be,
Excus'ed by *Ign'orance* and *Neceſſitie?*
Yet the remorſeleſs *King*, who did diſdain
That man ſhould hear him ſwear or threat in vain,
Though 'gainſt *himſelf*; or *fate* a way ſhould ſee
By which attaqu'ed and conquer'd he might be:
Who thought *Compaſſion*, female *weakneſs* here,
And *Equity Injuſtice* would appeare
In his own *Cauſe*; who falſely fear'd beſide
The ſolemn Curſe on *Jon'athan* did abide,
And the infected *Limb* not cut away,
Would like a *Gangrene* o're all *Iſra'el* ſtray;
Prepar'ed this *God-like Sacrifice* to kill;
And his *raſh* vow more *raſhly* to *fulfil.*
What tongue can th'horror and amazement tell
Which on all *Iſrael* that ſad moment fell?
Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,
Had the *Philiſtian* fate that day bin theirs.
Not *Sauls* proud heart could maſter his ſwoln Ey;
The *Prince* alone ſtood mild and patient by,
So bright his ſufferings, ſo triumphant ſhow'd,
Leſs to the *beſt* then *worſt* of fates he ow'ed.
A victory now he o're *himſelf* might boaſt;
He *Conquer'd* now that *Conqu'eror* of an *Hoſt.*
It charm'd *through tears* the ſad Spectators ſight,
Did reverence, love, and gratitude excite
And pious rage, with which inſpir'ed they now
Oppoſe to *Sauls* a better publick *Vow.*
They all conſent all *Iſrael* ought to be
Accurſt and kill'd themſelves rather then *He.*
Thus wiſh kind force they the glad King withſtood, 1 Sam. 14. 45.
And ſav'ed their *wondrous Saviours* ſacred blood.
Thus *David* ſpoke; and much did yet remain
Behind th'attentive *Prince* to entertain,
Edom and *Zoba's* war, for what befel Ib. v. 47.
In that of *Moab*, was known there too well.
The boundleſs quarrel with curſt *Am'alecs* land; 1 Sam. 15. 3.
Where *Heav'en* it ſelf did *Cruelty* command
And practis'ed on *Sauls Mercy*, nor did e're
More puniſh *Inno'cent Blood*, then *Pity* there.
But, Lo! they 'arriv'ed now at th'appointed place; Ib. 23.
Well-choſen and well furniſht for the Chaſe.

NOTES
UPON THE
FOURTH BOOK.

1 THat is, He bow'd thrice towards the *Sun it ſelf* (which Worſhip is moſt notorious to have been uſed all over the Eaſt) and thrice towards the chief *Temple* and *Image* of the *Sun* ſtanding upon the Hill *Phegor*. For I have before declared that *Baal* was the *Sun*, and *Baal Peor*, a ſirname, from a particular place of his worſhip. To which I meet with the oppoſition of a great perſon, even our *Selden*, who takes *Baal Peor* to be *Stygian Jupiter*, or *Pluto* (*De D. Syris Synt. j. c.* 5.) building it upon the authority of the 105. (acording to our Engliſh Tranſlation the 106.) Pſal. v. 20. *They joyned themſelves to Baal-Peor, and eat the Sacrifices of the Dead*; which Sacrifices he underſtands to be *Juſta*, or *Inferias*, *Offerings* in memory of the *Dead*. *Novendiales ferias*. But why by the name of the *Dead* may not *Idols* be meant? The Sacrifices of *Idols*; it being uſual for the *Jews* to give Names of reproach and contempt to the Heathen *Gods*, as this very *Baal-Peor* they called *Chemos*, Jer. 48. 7. and 13, &c. that is *Blindneſs*, in contradiction to his *Idolaters*, who called him the *Eye* of the World: or perhaps they are called Sacrifices of the *Dead*, in regard of the immolation of men to him; for *Baal* is the ſame *Deity* with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites*, and had ſometimes, though not ſo conſtantly, humane *Sacrifices*. However theſe verſes will agree as well with Mr. *Seldens* interpretation; for then the ſenſe of them will be, that he bow'd firſt to the *Sun*, and next to *Baal*, another Deity of that Country.

2 *Zerith*, a place in *Moab* near the River *Arnon*.

3 *White Horſes* were moſt in eſteem among the Ancients; ſuch were thoſe conſecrated to the *Sun*. *Herodian* calls them Διὸς ἵπποι, *Jupiters Horſes*, which is the ſame. This was the reaſon that *Camillus* contracted ſo much Envy for riding in Triumph with *white Horſes*, as a thing *Inſolent* and *Prophane*, *Maximè conſpectus ipſe eſt, curru equis albis junctо urbem invectus, parumq; id non civile modò ſed humanum etiam viſum, Jovis Soliſq; equis æquiparatum Dictatorem*

rem in Religionem etiam trahebant. Liv. Horace,

Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.

Ovid. de Art. Am.

Quatuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.

Virg. 12. *Jungit equos, gaudétq; tuens ante ora frementes*
Qui candore Nives anteirent curſibus auras.

In which he imitates *Homer.*

Λευκότερος χιόνος, δέδη δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοῖος.

4 *Their ſide.* Scal. l. 5. Poet. ſays, that none but *Apollo* and *Diana* wore their Quivers upon their *Shoulders*; others, by their *Sides*, which he collects out of ſome places in *Virg.* 1. *Æn.* of *Diana*,

——*Illa pharetram*
Fert humero, gravidenſq; Deas ſupereminet omnes.

Æn. 4. of Apollo, *Tela ſonant humeris.*

But of a *Carthaginian Virgin*, *Succinctam pharetrâ*——

Yet I am afraid the obſervation is not ſolid; for Æn. 5. ſpeaking of the Troop of *Aſcanius* and the Boys, he hath,

Pars leves humero pharetras.

However *Side* is a ſafe word.

5 Θεοείκελος, Like a God, is a frequent *Epithete* in *Homer* for a beautiful perſon.

6 *Nebo* was a part of the Mountain *Abarim* in the land of *Moab*; but not onely that Hill, but the Country about, and a City, was called ſo too, *Jer.* 48. 1. *Deut.* 32. 49.

7 1 Sam. 9. 21. *And Saul anſwered and ſaid, Am not I a Benjamite, of the ſmalleſt of the Tribes of Iſrael; and my family the leaſt of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore then ſpeakeſt thou ſo to me?*

8 Joſh. 41. 4. *From the wilderneſs and this Lebanon, even unto the great River, the River Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great Sea, towards the going down of the Sun, ſhall be your coaſt.* This was fulfilled all ways but Eaſtward, for their Dominion never reacht to *Euphrates*; and it was but juſt fulfilled to the Letter, Weſtward, for they had very little upon the *Mediterranean*, or *Weſtern Main.* Their own ſins were the cauſe, which made God preſerve for thorns in their ſides thoſe Nations which he had conditionally promiſed to root out. It is true, they went Eaſtward beyond *Jordan*, but that was not much; and therefore, like an odde Number in accounts (as preſently, where I ſay but *Thirty Kings*) may be left out. *Jordan* is the moſt noble and notorious *Boundary.*

9 For all the wickedneſſes and diſorders that we read of during the time of the Judges, are attributed in Scripture to the want of a *King. And in thoſe days there was no King in Iſrael.*

10 For it was the Tribe of *Benjamin* that was almoſt extirpated, from whence *Saul* the firſt King deſcended. *David* ſays, *Kings*, as ſeeming to ſuppoſe that *Sauls Sons* were to ſucceed him.

11 In *Eli*, who deſcended from *Ithamar*, the youngeſt Son of *Aaron*, till which time the High Prieſthood had continued in *Eleazar* the elder Brothers race. This was the ſucceſſion, *Aaron, Eleazar, Phineas, Abiſua, Bukki, Uzzi*, and then *Eli* of the younger houſe came in. In which it continued till *Solomons* time. The

12 The *Scepter* is not appropriated to *Kings*, but to the *Supreme Magistrates*, as in the famous propheſie, *Gen.* 49. 10. *The Scepter ſhall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his feet, till the Shilo come.*

13 There is nothing in the whole Scripture that admits of more ſeveral opinions then the time of *Sauls* & *Samuels* reign. This I will take in the firſt place for granted, that the 40 years aſſigned by S. *Paul* (Acts 13.20.) to *Saul*, are to include *Samuels Judicature*; for elſe there would be found more then 480 years from the departure out of *Egypt*, to the building of *Solomons Temple*, neither could *Saul* be a young man when he was *elected*; beſides, *David* would not have been born at the time when he is ſaid to ſlay *Goliah*. We are therefore to ſeek how to divide thoſe 40 years between *Samuel* and *Saul*. *Joſephus* gives *Saul* 38 years, 18 with *Samuel*, and 20 after his death. Moſt *Chronologers* (ſays *Sulpit. Severus*) 30. *Ruffin.* and divers others 20, to wit, 18 with *Samuel*, and two after. None of which can be true; for the Ark was carried to *Cariath-jearim* before *Sauls* reign, and at the end of 20 years was removed from thence by *David* to *Jeruſalem*; wherefore *Salianus* allows *Saul* 18 years, *Calviſius* 15, *Petavius* 12. ſome 11. *Bucolcer* 10. Others make *Saul* to have reigned but two years, and theſe conſiderable Authors, as *Arias Montan. Mercator*, *Adricom.* &c. grounding it upon a Text of Scripture, 1 Sam. 13. 1. *Filius unius anni erat Saul, cùm regnare cœpiſſet, & duobus annis regnavit ſuper Iſrael*; which others underſtand to be three years, to wit, two after the firſt. *Sulpit. Sever.* indefinitely, *parvo admodum ſpacio tenuit imperium*; which opinion ſeems to me extremely improbable. 1. Becauſe we cannot well crowd all *Sauls* actions into ſo ſmall a time. 2. Becauſe *David* muſt then have been about 29 years old when he ſlew *Goliah*; for he began to reign at *Hebron* at 30. 3. Becauſe it is hard, if that be true, to make up the 20 years that the Ark abode at *Cariath-jearim*. 4. The Text whereon this is built, doth not import it; for it ſignifies no more, then that he had reigned one year before his confirmation at *Gilgal*, and two when he choſe himſelf *Guards*. Our Tranſlation hath, *Saul reigned one year; and when he had reigned two years over Iſrael, he choſe him* 3000 *men*, *&c.* To determine punctually how long he reigned, is impoſſible; but I ſhould gueſs about 10 *years*, which his actions will well require, and *David* will be a little above 20 years old (a fit age) when he defeated the *Gyant*, and the 20 years of the Arks abiding at *Cariath-jearim* will be handſomely made up, to wit, three years before *Sauls* anointing, and 10 during his Government, and ſeven whilſt *David* was *King* at *Hebron*. So that of the 40 aſſigned by the *Apoſtle* to *Samuel* and *Saul*, there will remain 30 years for the Government of *Samuel*.

14 For firſt, the *Iſraelites* knew they were to be governed at laſt by *Kings*. And ſecondly, they deſired it by reaſon of the great diſorders and afflictions which they ſuffered for want of it; and it is plain, that this is not the firſt time that they thought of this remedy; for they would have choſen *Gideon* King, and annexed the Crown to his Race, and did after actually chooſe *Abimelech*.

See

15 See *Moſes* his Propheſie of it, *Deut.* 17. 14. and to *Abraham* *God* himſelf ſays, *Geneſ.* 17. 6. *And Kings ſhall come out of thee.*

16 It is a vile opinion of thoſe men, and might be puniſhed without *Tyranny*, if they teach it, who hold, that the *right* of *Kings* is ſet down by *Samuel* in this place. Neither did the people of *Iſrael* ever allow, or the *Kings* avow the aſſumption of ſuch a power, as appears by the ſtory of *Ahab* and *Naboth*. Some indeed did exerciſe it, but that is no more a proof of the *Right*, then their *Practiſe* was of the *Lawfulneſs* of *Idolatry*. When *Cambyſes* had a mind to marry his *Siſter*, he adviſed with the *Magi*, whether the *Laws* did allow it; who anſwered, that they knew of no *Law* that did allow it, but that there was a *Law* which allowed the King of *Perſia* to do what he would. If this had been the caſe with the Kings of *Iſrael*, to what purpoſe were they enjoyned ſo ſtrictly the perpetual reading, peruſing, and obſerving of the Law (*Deut.* 17.) if they had another *particular Law* that exempted them from being bound to it?

17 The *Tetragrammaton*, which was held in ſuch reverence among the Jews, that it was unlawful to pronounce it. It was called therefore ἀνεκφώνητον, *Unutterable*. For it they read *Adonai*; the reaſon of the peculiar *Sanctity* of this *Name*, is, becauſe other names of God were appliable to other things, as *Elohim*, to Princes; but this name *Jehovah*, or *Jave*, or *Jai* (for it is now grown *unutterable*, in that no body knows how to pronounce it) was not participated to any other thing. Wherefore *God* ſays *Exod.* 3. 16. *This is my name for ever, and this is my memorial to all generations.* And *Exod.* 6. 3. *But by my name Jehovah was I not known unto them.* *Joſephus* calls this *Tetragrammaton*, Τὰ ἱερὰ γράμματα, The *Sacred Letters*; and, Περιγραφὴν θεοῦ ἣν οὐ μὴ θέμις ἐστὶν, A name of which it is not *Lawful* for me to ſpeak; and again, Τὸ φοβερὸν ὄνομα τοῦ Θεοῦ, The *Dreadful Name* of *God*. Stat.

Triplicis mundi ſummum, quem Scire Nefaſtum eſt.

Whoſe name it is not lawful to know.

And *Philo* relating how *Caligula* uſed him and his fellow *Ambaſſadors* from the *Jews*. You (ſaid *Caligula* to them) are *Enemies* to the *Gods*, and will not acknowledge *me* to be *One*, who am received for ſuch by all the reſt of the world: but by the God that you dare not name (τὸν ἀπαλαλόμαστον ὑμῖν) and then lifting up his hands to heaven, he ſpoke out the *Word*, which it is not *lawful* ſo much as to *hear*, &c. And the *Heathens* had ſomething like this cuſtom; for the *Romans* kept ſecret the name of the *Tutelar God of their City*; leſt the enemies, if they knew how to call him right, might by charms draw him away. And in their Solemn *Evocation* of *Gods* from the Cities which they beſieged, for fear leſt they ſhould miſtake the *Deities proper name*, they added always, *Sive quo alio nomine voceris.*

18 The *Tabernacle*, Exod. 39. 9. *And thou ſhalt take the anointing oyl, and anoint the Tabernacle, and all that is therein; and ſhalt hallow it, and the veſſels therein; and it ſhall be holy.*

The

19 The *Bells* upon the High-Priests Garments, *Exodus* 38. 25.

20 There want not Authors, and those no slight ones, who maintain that *Samuel* was High-Priest as well as *Judge*; as S. *Augustine*, and *Sulpit. Severus*, who says, *Admodum senex sacerdotio functus refertur.* And some make him to have succeeded *Eli*, others *Achitob*. But there is a manifest error, for he was not so much as a *Priest*, but onely a *Levite*; of the Race of *Isahar*, the yonger Brother of *Amram*, from whom *Aaron* came, and all the succession of *Priests*, 1 Chronic. 6. It will be therefore askt, Why I make him here perform the office of the *High-Priest*, and dress him in the *Pontifical Habits?* For the first, it is plain by the story that he did often do the duty of the *High-Priest*, as here, and when *Saul* was appointed to stay for his coming to celebrate the *Sacrifice*, &c. For the latter, I know not why he might not as well wear the *Habit*, as exercise the *function*; nay, I believe the function could not be well exercised without the habit. I say therefore with *Petavius*, *L.* 10. *de Doctr. Tempor.* That he was constituted of God, *High-Priest Extraordinary*, and lookt upon as such by reason of the extraordinary visible marks of *Sanctity*, *Prophesie*, and *Miracles*, without which singular testimonies from God we know that in latter times there were often two at once, who did execute the *High-Priests Office*, as *Annas* and *Caiphas*.

21 *Well-cut Diadem*: *i.* The Plate of pure Gold tyed upon the Mitre, on which was engraven, *Holiness to the Lord*, Exod. 28. 36. and Exod. 39.

22 This *Breast-Plate* is called by the *Septuagint*, Τὸ λογεῖον τῆς κρίσεως, The *Oracle* of *Judgments*: Because whensoever the *High-Priest* consulted God, he was to have it upon his Breast. The Description of it, and the stones in it, see *Exod.* 28. 15. These *stones* so engraven, and disposed as God appointed, I conceive to be the *Urim* and *Thummin* mentioned Verse 30. the *Doctrina & Veritas*, as the *Latine*; the φωτισμοὶ καὶ τελειώσεις, *Light and Perfection*, as *Aquila*; the ἀλήθεια καὶ δήλωσις, *Truth* and *Demonstration*, as the *Septuagint*: All which signifie no more then *Truth* and *Manifestation*, or, the *Manifestation of Truth by those Stones*; which some say, was by the shining of those particular *Letters* in the *Names* of the *Tribes*, that made up some words or word to answer the question propounded. Others, that when the stones shone very brightly, it implyed an *Affirmative* to the qusteion; and when they looked dimly and cloudily, a *Negative*. But when the Demands required a prolix, or various answer, that was either given by *Illumination* of the *High-Priests* understanding, making him speak as Gods Organ or *Oracle* (as the *Devil* is believed to have inspired *Sybils* and *Pythian Priests*) or by an audible voyce from within the *Sanctum Sanctorum*; which latter way I take here, as most proper for *Poetry*.

23 The *Tabernacle* is called a *Temple*, 1 *Sam.* 19. 2 *Sam.* 22. 7. *Psal.*

Pſalm 18. 3. *Joſephus* terms it ναὸν μεταφερόμενον, *A Moveable Temple*——*The Temples bright third Heaven*——The Tabernacle being Gods ſeat upon earth, was made to *Figure* out the Heavens, which is more properly his Habitation; and was therefore divided into three parts, to ſignifie the ſame diviſion of the Heavens in Scripture Phraſe. The firſt was the Court of the Tabernacle, where the Sacrifices were ſlain and conſumed by fire, to repreſent the whole ſpace from the earth up to the Moon (which is called very frequently *Heaven* in the *Bible*) where all things are ſubject to corruption. The ſecond was the *Sanctum*, the *Holy Place*, wherein ſtood the Altar of *Incenſe*, to repreſent all that ſpace above which is poſſeſt by the *Stars*. The third was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the *Holieſt Place*, to repreſent the third Heaven (ſpoken of by S. *Paul*) which is the Dwelling-Place of God, and his *Cherubins* or *Angels*. Neither did the colours of the Curtains allude to any thing but this ſimilitude betwixt the *Tabernacle* and *Heaven*.

24 In all times and all Countreys it hath been counted a certain ſign of the diſpleaſure of the Deity to whom they ſacrificed, if the Fire upon the Altar burnt not clear and chearfully. *Seneca in Thyeſt.*

Et ipſe fumus triſtis ac nebulâ gravis
Non rectus exit, ſeq; in excelſum levans
Ipſos Penates nube deformi obſidet.

And a little after,
Vix lucet ignis, &c.

25 According to the old ſenſeleſs opinion, that the Heavens were divided into ſeveral *Orbes* or *Spheres*, and that a particular *Intelligence* or *Angel* was aſſigned to each of them, to turn it round (like a *Mill-horſe*, as *Scaliger* ſays) to all eternity.

26 How came it to paſs that *Samuel* would make a ſolemn Sacrifice in a place where the *Tabernacle* was not? which is forbid, *Deut.* 12. 8. *Grotius* anſwers, firſt, that by reaſon of the ſeveral removes of the Tabernacle in thoſe times, men were allowed to ſacrifice in ſeveral places. Secondly, that the authority of an extraordinary *Prophet* was above that of the *Ceremonial Law*. It is not ſaid in the Text, that it was *Samuels Birth-day*; but that is an innocent addition, and was proper enough for *Rama*, which was the Town of *Samuels* uſual Reſidence.

27 A choice part of the meat (for we hear nothing of ſeveral *Courſes*) namely the *Shoulder*. The *Left Shoulder* (*Grotius* obſerves) for the *right* belonged to the *Prieſt*, Levit. 7. 32. This *Joſephus* terms μερίδα βασιλικὴν, The *Princely Portion*. The men over ſubtle in *Alluſions*, think this part was choſen to ſignifie the *Burden* that was then to be laid upon his ſhoulders. So *Menochius*, as *Philo* ſays that *Joſeph* ſent a part of the *Breaſt* to *Benjamin*, to intimate his *hearty* affection. Theſe are pitiful little

things, but the Ancients did not despise sometimes as odde *Allusions.*

In old time even at feasts men did not eat of dishes in common amongst them, but every one had his *Portion* apart; which *Plut.* calls, Ὁμηρικὰ δεῖπνα, and Ὁμηρικὰς δαῖτας, *Homerique Feasts*; because *Homer* makes always his *Heroes* to eat so, with whom the better men had always the most commons. *Ajax*, τοῖσι δ' ἐπικείται γερσὶν ὅλα, hath a *Chine of Beef*, *Perpetui tergum bovis.* And *Diomedes* hath both more meat and more cups of drink set before him; of which see *Athen. l.* 1. *c.* 11. who says likewise that δαὶς, a Feast, comes a δαίεσθαι, from dividing equally, which makes *Homer* call it so often, δαῖτα ἴσην.

28 See Note 12. on Book 1. That *Oyl* mixt with any other liquor, still gets uppermost, is perhaps one of the chiefest *Significancies* in the *Ceremony of Anointing Kings* and *Priests.*

29 *The Kingly day.* The day for election of a *King*, which causes a new *Æra*, or *Beginning of Chronological accounts.* As before they were wont to reckon, From the *Going out of Egypt*, or *From the beginning of the Government by Judges*: So now they will, *From the Entrance of their Kings.* Almost all great changes in the world are used as *Marks* for separation of Times.

30 In many Countreys it was the custom to choose their *Kings* for the comelinesse and majesty of their *Persons*; as *Aristotle* reports of the *Ethiopians*; and *Heliogabalus*, though but a Boy, was chosen *Emperour* by the Roman Souldiers at first sight of him, for his extraordinary beauty. *Eurip.* says finely, Εἶδος ἄξιον τυραννίδος, a countenance that deserved a Kingdom.

31 *Aristotle* says, *L.6. Pol.* That it was a popular Institution to choose Governors by *Lots.* But Lots left purely in the hand of Fortune would be sure a dangerous way of *Electing Kings.* Here God appointed it, and therefore it was to be supposed would look to it; and no doubt all Nations who used this custom did it with reliance upon the care of their Gods. *Priests* were likewise so chosen. *Laocoon ductus Neptuni sorte sacerdos.*

32 This *Seneca* in *Th.* says, was the case of *Ithaca.*

Et putat mergi sua posse pauper
Regna Laertes Ithacâ tremente.

33 *Jaboc*, a *River*, or *Torrent* in the Country of *Ammon*, that runs into the River *Arnon.*

34 *Arabia* the *Stony*, *Arabia* the *Desert*, and *Arabia* the *Happy.*

35 For some conceive that the reason of this extravagant demand of *Nahas*, was to disable them from shooting.

36 It was *Themistius* his saying, that the *Soul* is the *Architect* of her own dwelling place. Neither can we attribute the *Formation* of the *Body* in the womb to any thing so reasonably as to the *Soul* communicated in the Seed; this was *Aristotles* opinion, for he says, *Semen est artifex*, The *Seed* is a skilful *Artificer.* And though we have no Authorities of this nature beyond the *Græcian* time;

yet

yet it is to be ſuppoſed, that wiſe men in and before *Davids* days had the ſame kind of opinions and diſcourſes in all points of *Philoſophy*.

37 In alluſion to the *Lamps* burning in the *Sepulchres* of the Ancients, and going out as ſoon as ever the *Sepulchres* were opened and air let in. We read not (I think) of this Invention but among the *Romans*. But we may well enough believe (or at leaſt ſay ſo in verſe) that it came from the *Eaſtern parts*, where there was ſo infinite expence and curioſity beſtowed upon *Sepulchres*.

That *Naas* was ſlain in this battel, I have *Joſephus* his authority; that *Jonathan* ſlew him, is a *ſtroke* of *Poetry*.

38 In emulation of the *Virgilian* Verſe,

Quadrupedante putrem ſonitu quatit ungula campum.

39 The Text ſays, *Thirty thouſand Chariots*; which is too many for ſix thouſand *Horſe*. I have not the confidence to ſay *Thirty thouſand* in *Verſe*. *Grotius* believe it ſhould be read Three Thouſand. Figures were often miſtaken in old *Manuſcripts*, and this may be ſuſpected in ſeveral places of our *Bibles*, without any abatement of the reverence we owe to Scripture.

40 I confeſs I incline to believe, that it was not ſo much *Sauls* invaſion of the *Prieſtly* office, by offering up the Sacrifice himſelf (for in ſome caſes (and the caſe here was very extraordinary) it is probable he might have done that) as his diſobedience to Gods command by *Samuel*, that he ſhould ſtay *ſeven days*, which was the ſin ſo ſeverely puniſht in him. Yet I follow here the more common opinion, as more proper for my purpoſe.

41 1 Sam. 13. 10. 27. *So it came to paſs in the day of battel, that there was neither ſword nor ſpear found in the hands of any of the people that were with Saul and Jonathan; but with Saul and Jonathan his Son there were found, &c.* And before, *There was no Smith throughout the Land of Iſrael.* But for all that, it is not to be imagined, that all the people could be without arms, after their late great victories over the *Philiſtines* and *Ammonites*; but that theſe ſix hundred by *Gods* appointment were unarmed, for the greater manifeſtation of his glory in the defeat of the enemy, by ſo ſmall and ſo ill-provided a party; as in the ſtory of *Gideon*, God ſo diſpoſed it, that but three hundred of two and twenty thouſand lapped the water out of their hands, becauſe (ſays he) the people are yet too many.

42 At firſt men had no other weapons but their *Hands, &c.*

Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentéſq; fuerunt.

Then Clubs,

Stipitibus duris agitur ſudibúſq; præuſtis.

And at laſt Iron,

Tum Ferri rigor, &c.
Tum variæ venere artes, &c.
Hic torre armatus aduſto,
Stipitis hic gravidi nodis, quod cuiq; repertum
Rimanti, telum ira facit.

43 The *Mediterranean*, upon the coaſt of which the whole Countrey of the *Philiſtines* lies, and contains but very few miles in breadth.

44 Hom. 6. Odyſſ.

Τὸν μὲν Ἀθηναίη δῶκεν Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα
Μείζονα τ' εἰσιδέειν καὶ πάσσονα, καὶ δέ οἱ ἄμφι
Οὐλας ἦκε κόμας ὑακινθίνῳ ἄνθει ὁμοίας

Virg. *Lumenq; juventæ*
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores.

45 Hom. 5. Il.

Οὔτε γὰρ ἀμπεδίον ποταμῷ πλήθοντι ἐοικὼς
Χειμάρρῳ, ὅς τ' ἄκρα ῥέων ἐκέδασσε γεφύρας.
Τὸν δ' οὔτ' ἄρτι γεφύραι ἐρυμάδες ἰσχανόωσιν
Οὔτ' ἄρ' ἔρκεα ἴσχει ἀλωάων ἐριθήλων
Ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ Διὸς ὄμβρος,
Πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτῆς ἔργα καλὴ πέσε καλ' ἀίζηῶν.

And in the 13. *Il.* there is an excellent compariſon of *Hector* to a *River*, and the like too in the 11. ſo that it ſeems he pleaſed himſelf much with the ſimilitude. And *Virgil* too liked it very well,

Non ſic aggeribus ruptis cùm ſpumeus amnis
Exiit, &c.

And in ſeveral other places.

46 1 Sam. 6. 4. *Five golden Emerods, and five golden Mice, according to the number of the Lords of the Philiſtines.*

47 His *Blood.* *Moſes* ſays often, that the *Soul* is in the *Blood*, thrice in one Chapter, *Levit.* 17. and he gives that reaſon for the Precept not to eat Blood. Virg.

Purpuream vomit ille animam.

48 See the *Cyclops* making of *Thunder* in *Virg. Æn.* 8.

49 *Brute.* That ſignified nothing. So Thunders from whence the Ancients could collect no Prognoſtications, were called *Brute Thunders*; From *Brute Beaſts*, whoſe ſounds are inarticulate.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 4 OC 71

DAVIDEIDOS,

LIBER PRIMUS.

Autore A. COWLEY.

BElla cano, fatique vices, *Regémque* potentem
Murato qui *Sceptra pedo Solymæia* geſſit
Rex olim & *Vates*; *duo maxima munera cœli*;
Multa priùs tulit immotâ diſcrimina mente
Et *Sauli* & *Satanæ* furiis imbellibus actus.
Multa quoque & regno; tam longa exercuit irâ
Victorem Fortuna ſuum; nec *pulſa quievit.*
Aſt illam *Virtus* tandem indefeſſa domavit
Et populos latè fudit, gentéſque rebelles
Nequicquam numeris & magno milite ſævas;
Hi *Bello*, hic ipſo *Bellorum Numine* fretus!
At Tu, *Jeſſæi* qui ſanguinis *Author* & *Hæres*,
Bethlemiæ intactâ quondam de *Virgine* natus,
Qui *Ligno*, *Clavis*, *Haſtâ*, *omnipotentibus* armis,
Ipſam (ſic viſum eſt) potuiſti *occidere Mortem*,
Ingentes referens per *Tartara* victa *Triumphos*,
Dum tremuit *Princeps Erebi* metuitque videre
Æternùm amiſſos divinæ Lucis honores:
Qui nunc ipſe ſedes placidi *leve pondus Olympi*,
Ad dextram *Patris*, & *gaudentia Sydera* calcas,
Frontem ibi (quam cinxit merito ſuffuſa rubore
Spina ferox, carus de quâ cruor undique fluxit,
Ut pretioſa *humilem* decoraret *gemma Coronam*)
Frontem illam innocuæ redimitus fidere flammæ:
Tu, precor ô, ſanctum dimitte in corda furorem,
Da mihi *Jeſſiden Jeſſidæ* carmine magno;

Et

Et cantu celebrare pari ; tua *Flamma Miniſtra*,
Iſacidûm longis ductrix erroribus olim,
Dirigat audaces ignoto in limite greſſus,
Producátque ſacræ non trita per avia *famæ*.
En ſanctos manibus puris ut ſumeret *Ignes*
Veſtalem ſe *Muſa* facit ; benè libera curis
Libera deliciiſque jociſque & amore profano
Conſecrat, ecce, tibi reliquos mea *Magdalis* annos.
Ecce opus hoc ſolidis *numerorum* immane *Columnis*,
Templum ingens ſtatuo, varium & multâ arte politum.
Ingredere, ô *Numen*, quòte plaudentibus alis
Muſa vocat, ſanctos *Cheruborum* imitata receſſus.
Si facias, cedent illi *Solomonia Templa*,
Regis Idumæi cedent, ſat tempore longo
Quæ finxêre ſibi coluêre *Idola Camænæ*,
Sed *Tu* me, *Verbum æternum*, tu voce vocâſti,
Et novus inſolito percuſſus lumine *Paulus*,
Prodeo *Muſarum* immenſos convertere *Mundos*,
Et *Cœlum* ſeris ignotum aperire *Poëtis*.
Ut juvat, ô, purgare ſuis ſacra flumina monſtris !
Ut vili purgare algâ, cænoque profundo,
Et liquidi ingenuos *Fontes* inducere *Veri* !
Jam pænè obductum eſt *Saulo* ſub pectore vulnus ;
Integra *Jeſſidæ* per tot certamina virtus
Laſſatam magnis frangit ſucceſſibus iram :
Aſſuetis ſuperare timet concurrere *Fatis*,
Et *famam* tantæ ſine viribus *invidet* illi
Invidiæ ; vidit preſſam ſub pondere *palmam*,
Et jam pæne ſuæ redeuntem in viſcera terræ,
Mox lætum cœlo caput oſtentare propinquo
Ipſo *onere elatam*, & ſua brachia ferre ſub auras.
Vidit pacatis *Iordanem* currere lymphis,
Dum fovet amplexu ripas, atque oſcula libat,
At ſiquis motos poſito premit objice fluctus
Et notum præcludit iter, mox colligit iras
Ore tumens rapido, & contorquet vortice ſilvas,
Tum ſonitu ingenti vocat ad nova prælia fluctus,
Longus ponè ruit furioſæ *Exercitus* undæ.
Cum pecore ac natis montem petit inſcius, amens
Paſtor, & attonito *decreſcunt* arva Colono.
Hoc metuens *Saulus* premit alto corde dolorem,
Et vultum induitur placidum, ſimilemque *Davidi* ;
Dat dextram, teſtémq; *Deum*, amplexúſq; paternos ;
Nec violaturum ſe ſenſit pignora tanta ;
Nequicquam ; nam quid potuit, neſcivit & ipſe,
Ac *Dominos* intùs geſtavit victus acerbos.
Excipiunt plauſu *Abramidæ* nova fœdera læti,
Tanta in *Ieſſiden* pietas indigna ferentem
Multa diù, & ſævi reverentia tanta *Tyranni*.
Exultant homines, exultant agmina cœli

ſidera,

Sidera, ſidereæq; animæ; dulciſſima *Pacis*
Nomina *Jeſſidæque* illis; at turba *Barathri*
Neutrum amat; infernos *Concordia* noſtra *Tumultus*
Progenerat, magnóſq; *quies* humana *labores*.
Subter ubi in *matris* ſecreta cubilia *Terræ*
Deſcendit *ſolis* virtus fœcunda *Mariti*,
Fataliſq; *Auri* videt incunabula flava.
(*Auri* quod ſuperis ſimul ac caput extulit oris,
Perſtringit mundum, nec *vi*, nec *luce* minori)
Subter ubi implumis nido jacet *Aura* profundo,
Et tener innocuo *vagit* cum murmure *Ventus*.
Subter ubi æternâ longè ſub mole repôſti
Theſauri ingentes magnarum arcentur *Aquarum*,
(*Oceanus Maris* ipſius, quo *Fluminis* inſtar
Fertur, & omnigenas inter confunditur undas)
Nulla ubi ſopitos fluctus exuſcitat aura,
Nec *Dominæ* irritat placidos vis improba *Lunæ*.
Eſt *locus* immenſum in ſpatium, immenſúmq; profundum
Porrectus, quem nox, genuinúſq; obruit horror.
Illum indefeſſum nullo objice meta coërcet,
Nec *Loca* ſe minùs extendunt quam *Tempora pœnæ*.
Non illum recreat dulcis tenuiſſima cœli
Rima, nec Eois ſcintilla excuſſa quadrigis
Perſtringit, *ſolidaſve* valet terebrare tenebras.
Non hic gemmatis ſtillantia ſidera guttis
Impugnant ſævæ jus *inviolabile Noctis*,
Lucifer hoc latè tenet illætabile regnum
Inter *vincla minax*, inter *tormenta ſuperbus*,
Ipſo, quem patitur, crudelior *Igne Tyrannus*.
Dux quondam ætherææ præfulgentiſſimus aulæ,
Qualis ubi in curru procedens *Heſperus* aureo
Militiam æternam *ſtellarúmq; agmina* ducit.
Fulmine ſed cecidit correptus, *Fulminis* inſtar
Ipſe ruens, nec enim gemitum dedit ore minorem,
Ut primum ſenſit medios abſorptus in ignes.
At comites circum, conjuratæq; catervæ
(Ingens turba) cadunt. Aër crepat undiq; aduſtus,
Et denſâ *vi flammarum* prætexitur æther.
Ex illo æternæ ſolamina triſtia pœnæ,
Æternæ ſocios mortales reddere pœnæ.
Torti & Carnifices! Hominem tentamine primo
In ſe armant ipſum; magna & *cœlo æqua* voluptas!
Quos cauta & fœlix virtus ſi evaſerit hamos,
Victricem bello tandem aggrediuntur aperto,
Et malè tentatis ſuccedunt *Arma Venenis*.
Hâc vi *Jeſſiden* (neq; enim corrumpere ſperat)
Oppugnat furvus barathri noctiſq; *Tyrannus*,
Exacuítq; animos *Sauli* invidiámq; potentem,
Viderat egregio generoſam in corpore formam,

Vir-

Virgineóq; maritatam cum flore virilem
Majeſtatem oris; miracula viderat alti
Nobiliora animi, vaſtámq; in pectore mentem;
Viderat auguſtâ perfuſam aſpergine frontem,
Divinæq; novos ſpirantem lucis honores.
Condiderátq; alto ſub corde *Oracula* ſacra
Imperium *Judæ* quæ conceſſere perenne,
Venturúſq; *Shilo* ſtimulos ſubjecerat acres,
Et nimiùm *vigiles Erebi* ſufflaverat ignes.
Scit miſer incaſſum tantis ſe opponere rebus,
Nec validam fati perrumpere poſſe catenam,
Vincula ſed morſu tentat, dentéſq; fatigat,
Et *vinci certus* gaudet tamen eſſe *rebellis*.
Sed jam converſa in melius violentia *Sauli*,
Conſiliúmq; dolóſq; & ſpes turbavit inanes.
Nam multùm *Saulo*, quem longo noverat uſu
Fidit, & erubuit *falli fraudum* ipſe *Magiſter*.
Quid faciat? quo ſe rerum hoc in cardine verſet?
Ferrati frendet ter concuſſo ordine dentis,
Ter quatit iratæ rugoſa volumina frontis,
Ter fremit horrendum exululans, oculóq; cruento
Commixtum ardenti jaculatur ſanguine lumen.
Ferrea lux terret *noctem*, *Manéſq;* peruſtos
Ignotus trepidos habet & crudelior *Ignis*.
Et jam vociferans; Nihil ergò poſſumus? inquit,
Me, me *ipſum* infœlix *puer*, & mea regna triumpho
Ducet ovans? dum vos (pudet oh!) torpetis inertes.
Innocui ludunt & adhuc per colla *Ceraſtæ*?
Nil *Furiis* dignum & populo memorabile *noſtro*
Quod timeat *Deus*, & quod vel ſtupeam *Ipſe*, paratis?
Quæ nova *Formido*, aut pejor formidine *Virtus*
Corda gelat? quondam (memini) fortiſſima corda?
Perdidi ob hoc *Cœlum*?
Pectora tum longæ percellit verbere caudæ,
Iratus tantæ quod non ſuffecerit Iræ.
Deinde ſedet, vultúq; horrendum cætera profert.
Stant *Furiæ* juxtà, & ſe lumine circumſpectant,
Dum latè loca vaſta ſilent, *ſævúq; quiete*
Triſtis nativi duplicata horroris imago eſt.
Ipſi flammantes inſano ſulphure rivi
Jam tacitis ſerpunt per littora conſcia lymphis,
Vincula nulla ſonant, non Angues ſibila mittunt,
Non audent inter *tormenta* gemiſcere *Sontes*.
Tandem prorepit diræ fœdiſſima turbæ
Invidia; impexis crinem ſerpentibus atrum
It criſpata; cutis multum laxata pependit,
Oſſáq; liquit iners, oſſa aſpera longo luctu.
Dipſas (monſtrum atrox) latitat ſub pectore anhelo,
Nocte diéq; bibens nigrum inſaturata *cruorem*,
Et ne tam crebro fontem conſumeret hauſtu

Nocte

Nocte diéque suo compensat damna *veneno*.
Sanguine deformatam hominum, tabóque fluentem
Pallam humeris gerit, & dextrâ rotat alta *flagellum*.
Immanem lævâ crateræ sustinet orbem
Spumantem felle atque absynthia tetra vomentem
Quo bibit assiduè, & sese ebria facta flagellat.
Hoc jam torva modo, se pro medio agmine sistit
Invidia; ô barathro *Furiarum* maxima toto
Invidia! ô nunquam, nisi cum *se punit*, amanda!
Summe *Pater*, clamat stygii *Barathri*, & mihi *Numen*,
Se puer imbellis nostros meruisse timores
Jactabit, magnóque *Erebum* miscere tumultu
His *Colubris*, *Méque* & *Te*, nostro *Principe*, salvis?
Te minitante tremet perterrita fabrica mundi,
Et legum errabit *Natura* oblita suarum,
Te minitante dabunt rapidæ responsa procellæ
Et timidum horrendo resonabit fulmine cœlum.
Tunc & inauratos temerè *Sol* contrahet ignes,
Exiliétque, diémque abducet limite noto.
Fœdera dirumpet *Pontus*, supera ardua tangens,
Vicináque *undas Flammarum* elementa pavescent,
Ipse *Polus* fixam sedem & loca jussa relinquet
Sphærarúmque hilarum cessabit lubricus orbis,
Diffugient nitidi hùc illùc *picta agmina* cœli,
Ipse etiam *Deus* illorum.
Námque olim *timuit* certè cum sumpsimus arma
Nobilia arma, & quæ meruerunt *victa triumphum*!
O laudanda dies! ô ingens gloria nostri!
O iterum talem liceat mihi cernere lucem,
Ipse licet vincat, licet in *nova tartara* trudat
Et pejora istis, possint si talia fingi.
His par concurret *pastor* rudis & *puer* armis?
Quid possunt tortæ stridentia verbera fundæ?
Quem torvus longâque fame stimulatus & irâ
Non domuit *Leo*, non insandus membra *Goliah*,
Hunc mea *vox* perdet sola, & sub tartara mittet
Multa priùs passum, & nequicquam *Numine* fisum.
Quod si *Jessiden* tantâ pietate foveret
(Sed satis est longo notus mihi tempore) *Saulus*,
Quanto nos odio premimus, quantóque furore
Ante bis exactos superis ex ordine soles,
Corde novum toto longè excutiemus amorem,
Ipsa, &, vos cari, fidissima turba, *Colubri*.
Me suadente nefas, fraterno sanguine *fecit*
Cainus, & ætatum dedit *Omnia læta* sequentum.
Vidi toto ingens connixum corpore saxum
Jactantem, *fratris mortem*, & *monumenta* sepulti.
Quis potuit risus (equidem risi ipsa) tenere
Cum sua sic *primus* nutriret rura *Colonus*?
Post eadem à tergo spirans furiale venenum,

Diviſum populi ad marmor *Pharaona* ſuperbum,
Currúſque, clypeóſque virûm, ardentéſque caballos,
Me gelidam mortem ſuadente & *frigida fata*,
Hauſerunt avidi peſtis, mentem ipſa manúmque
Dathano armavi, cum tela rebellia ſumpſit,
Cum *Magicum* (cujus *nomen* deteſtor & *Ipſum*)
Deſeruit pulchrâ pro libertate *Tyrannum*.
Hùc (vidiſtis enim) cava per penetralia longè
Deſiluit, vaſto terrarum exhauſtus hiatu,
Próque *Rogo*, noſtros deſcendit *vivus in Ignes*.
Me ſuadente, moras quid ceſſo abrumpere inanes?
Quid *nova* non agito, dum *geſta antiqua* recordor?
Jam tibi, *Jeſſides* (viden'?) hic *tibi ſibilat anguis*!
Nil tua te pietas, nil te, *Puer*, ipſe juvabit
Cui fruſtrà inſervis, *Deus*; ô, ſi, te juvet, orbis
Latè omnis longâ compoſtus pace ſeneſcat,
Nec *Mores*, vel *Fata* hominum naſcantur *iniqua*.
Ipſa autem his meritò dilectis exul ab oris
Contempta evadam in terris, miſerandáque *Virtus*.
Dixerat, at ſimul ora premunt, & lumina verſant,
Mox fremitus currunt obſcuráque murmura circum,
Gaudentúmque & *mirantûm*; nihil illa movetur,
Sed fremit, & tantas *ſibi laudes invidet ipſi*.
Exilit ardenti ſolio *Rex Ditis* acerbi
Amplexúſque petit; ſubito cùm mota furore
Ter ſubmiſſa genu rapidâ fugit ocyor aurâ.
Murmura dant *Furiæ*, dant ſibila læta *Colubri*.
Nox erat, humanos & vaſta ſilentia ſenſus
Spargebántque *brevi Lethe*, plumbóque ligabant.
Ipſum etiam regni molem ſub corde ferentem
Jactantémque graves curas ſopor altus habebat
Ciſſiden, ſopor *Invidiam* ſed nullus habebat.
Illa per *Iſacidûm* magnas it ſævior urbes,
Utque videt ſtructas ingenti marmore turres,
Atque ebur, & fulvi diſcrimina clara metalli,
Pergite jam clamat, propriis tumulata *ruinis*
Hæc ego tecta dabo, & *ſolâ lucentia flammâ*.
Subſtitit in curſu medio, ac ſua fræna remiſit
Pallida *Luna*, novis ſudavit floridus *Hermon*
Roribus, ipſe *Sion* trepidavit vertice toto.
Jordanes latebram in ripâ quæſivit utrâque
Territus, & multâ tandem caput abdidit algâ.
Ecce domum ingreditur *Sauli*, quæ tota tremiſcit,
Ipſáque fundamenta tremunt, tremit excita tellus;
Hic veneranda ſenis ſeſe convertit in ora
Benjamini, oculóſque graves, vultúmque ſeverum,
Brachiáque, & latos humeros, & fortia membra
Aſſimilat, pendétque ingens pro pectore barba;
Qualis ubi ſteterat ſuper atria celſa palati,
(Egregium *Sculptoris* opus) de marmore factus

Ad portam magni lætus vigilare *nepotis*:
Hâc adſtans *Saulo* notæ ſub imagine formæ,
Formæ verba ſacræ non *reſpondentia* fundit.
Surge, age, *Rex brevis Abramidum*; ſic nempe ſepultus
Omen alis fati? *Somnus* tibi *ferreus* inſtat
Atque æterna quies; Si *Regem* ritè vocavi,
Si nondum tua ſceptra gerit *Paſtorculus* ille.
Nondum? unquámne geret? vigila, & *totum indue Saulum*.
Nec tu, magne *Deus*, juſti ſiqua eſt tibi cura,
(Quod dubito, meliúſq; irent mortalia vellem)
Dedecus hoc *Saulo*, atq; *Mihi* patiaris inuſtum,
Abramidiſque tuis, ſacræq; in ſecula genti.
O *Cananæa fames!* quid non me abſumpſeris ante
Quàm femur in genus exhauſiſſem fertile tantum?
Heu genus infelix nullâque in ſorte beatum,
Donatum magno in *pœnam* atque *opprobria Sceptro!*
Coctile quid fugiſtis opus, *Memphitica* juſſa,
Invito *Pharaone* truci, auſpiciiſque ſiniſtris?
Quid *magicæ* (infandum) *virgæ* mare paruit ipſum,
Denſatumque vias nova per *divortia* duxit?
Quin, ſi me auditis, *rubri* per marmora *ponti*,
Per nemorum errores, immaniſque invia ſilvæ,
Argillam Ægypti, laterésque requirite veſtros.
Dedecus hoc quanto minus eſt *Paſtore Tyranno*?
Túne potes *Domino* contentus vivere *Servo*?
Concedent tua *Sceptra Lyræ*? jam *ſceptra* ſuperſunt
Sola tibi, titulique & regni *nomen* inane.
Illum aliæ magnâ laudant formidine gentes,
Illum omnis *Judæa* colit, Meminiſtin' ovantem
(Si quicquam in te, *Saule*, viri eſt, meminiſſe neceſſe eſt)
Cum cantu rediiſſe domum, feſtiſque choreis?
Mille viros gladio *Saulus* confoderit; eſto;
Quis dederit letho decies totidem, arduus, audax,
Pluſquam *Agmen Puer*? & vivit tamen ille, tuiſque
Perfruitur damnis; illi tua regia ſervit;
Quam non illa diù *Tua*? jam diadema capeſſit,
Conſcenditque tuos thalamos, *Saulique* potentis
Jeſſidæ dabit *hæredem* (pro dedecus!) *Uxor*.
Hoc ſtruit, hoc ſperat *Samuel*; talem tibi peſtem
Molitur, cum dicta *Dei* crudelia ſpargit
Per populos paſſim, cum vana *Oracula mendax*
Quæque optat, fingit; *Deus* eſt, *Deus* illa minatus?
Sic te tractâſſet *Rex Divûm Hominúmque Baâlus*?
Aut tam averſa *ſuis Aſtarte* magna fuiſſet?
Quid queritur? ſacram te vi rapuiſſe coronam?
At magnæ proceſſerunt juſſo ordine *ſortes*;
Néve aliter potuit (quid enim taceam?) *Ipſe* jubere;
Non unquam plus te *Sortive Deóve* fatebor
Quàm meritis debere *tuis*. Quid tempore ab illo
Ipſe *Deus*, populuſque dei tibi debeat, ulli

Haud reor obscurum; tantâ tu laude coronam
(O mi chare *nepos*, ô magnæ maxime gentis)
Divinum tanto cumulâsti *munere munus*,
Nequicquam; nam quæ tantis data præmia factis?
Te *Puer*, & *Vates furiosus* & *omnia* vorsant,
Contrà Te *sanguis tuus*, & *Natura* rebellat,
Ac vanum infidi præfertur nomen *Amici*,
(O furor, ô scelus infandum!) *Sceptróq*; *Patriq*;
Cui causæ indormis? quæ *Manes* suscitat *ipsos*;
Fixa *sepulchrorum* atq; *oculorum* claustra resignat;
Nec *cineres* puer ille sinit dormire *sepultos*
Sed negat æternæ jus *indubitabile Noctis*:
Quid facis? aut talem quid non interficis hostem
Qui turbat *vitámq*; *tuam mortémq*; *tuorum*?
Aude, age, nil illo restat tibi triste remoto,
Solus hic objectus (seu *Terræ* ignobilis umbra
Ausa laboranti quæ *solem* avertere *Lunæ*)
Ad *te* ventura & tibi debita munera cœli
Occupat, ac sacri radios *intercipit* ignis,
Defectum post hunc superant tibi *candida fata*,
Formosíque dies, & vitæ lucidus ordo.
Natales nos, *Nate*, tuos, *regaliáq*; *astra*
Conscriptámq; notis *Fortunam* vidimus aureis.
Nondum, ô, nondúmne ardescit tibi pectus honesto
(Ardescit certè) vindictæ ac laudis amore?
Magnum aliquid pariat. Memor esto *Tuiq*; *Meiq*;
Jamq; vale, feror ad cœlum sedesque tuorum,
Et luce, & nutu magni revocatus *Abrami*.
Dixit, & ora viri flatu percussit iniquo;
Intrat Lethalis labefactas aura medullas;
Olli vanescit dubii nubecula somni,
Hùc illùc fert circum oculos; tremit inde repente
Dum simulacra videt formis volitantia mixtis,
Quæ confuta malè in vacuo timor aëre pingit.
Stant crines, sudor perfundit frigidus artus,
Et toto ingentes decurrunt corpore guttæ.
Jam pedibus terram, manibus jam pectora tundens
Incipit; Et verum est; oravit vera, fuíque
Israëlitis adhuc; pietas me stulta fefellit,
Me *Puer*, & *Vates furiosus* & *omnia* vorsant.
Sacrilega, heu, facta est *patientia* nostra sepultos
Heu *violat cineres*, tumulósq; recludit avitos.
Octingentorum minus est *Mors ipsa* profunda
Annorum, quam quo torpet mea *Vita veterno*.
Indigno, tu sancte *parens*, ignosce *Nepoti*,
Quem propter placidas voluisti linquere sedes,
Mortalésque ægros, miserúmq; revisere mundum.
Sancte *parens*, tua justa libens mandata capescam,
Et *te* vincam odio, & tandem *me vivere* noscès.
Nec frustra hunc tantum capies, *Magna Umbra*, laborem.

Non

Non *Homines* illum nobis, non *Sidera* cœli,
Non *Deus* eripiet.
Intereà in placidas, Tu *Dive*, relabere ſedes,
Et repete antiquam pacatâ mente quietem
Sub terras, ubi *Jeſſiden* mox affore triſtem
Lætus, & effuſo pallentem ſanguine cernes.
Poſt lucem hanc noſtros iterùm ſi lædat ocellos,
A Te, magne *Pater*, perrumpere diſcat oportet
Naturæ Leges, & ferrea *clauſtra Sepulchri*.
His dictis nutrit flammam ſtimulátq; furores.
Jeſſides ſecurus abeſt; illum *Sopor* udus
Non jam rore levi, ſed plenâ proluit *Urnâ*,
Dormiat, & *ſolidum* accipiat per membra ſoporem,
Qualem animus caſtus, qualem mens integra donat,
Quis metus eſt *vigilante Deo*, *dormire Davidem*?
Palantes nubes ſuprà implicitóſq; *labores*
Ætheris, atq; *volumen inextricabile* Cœli,
Gaudia ſphærarum ſuprà & modulamina certa
Supra Orbem, qui perpetuo benè *pervigil* igne
Exiguis ſplendet *Gemmis*, *numerúmq;* requirit,
Eſt *Locus* immenſâ qui *exhauſtus* luce ſatiſcit;
Hîc Polus excurrit longè, & *ſe ponè relinquit*,
Nec *proprias* laſſus valet ipſe attingere *Metas*.
Igne *tumet* blando, & *tranquillo fulgure* vibrat,
Gloria nec tanto in ſpacio *immoderata* tenetur.
Non hîc *obſcuri* tremebunda *crepuſcula Solis*
Nativum jubar inficiunt *caſtúmq;* *Serenum*.
Non hîc *Luna* ſuis *veſtitur* pallida furtis,
Nec face languenti ſpargit per inane *Tenebras*,
Non hîc præcipiti *Tempus* ſuper orbe rotatur,
Nec vaga partitur repetitis *Sæcula* gyris
Vertigo; Nihil hîc *Fuit*, & nihil hîc *Erit* unquam.
Sed conſtans, immotúmq; æternúmq; *ſedet Nunc*,
Hæc domus, hoc magni ſanctum penetrale *Tonantis*;
Hîc *Labor* anguſti, dulcis *Labor Infiniti*,
Occupat atq; *implet* Cœlum, ſed limite cœli
Contentus nullo; Solus ſe *continet* Ipſe.
Quondam immane fuit *Vacuum*; *Sint omnia* dixit;
Ille ſimul dixit, parent ſimul omnia *Verbo*,
Nam *Verbum* fuit *Ipſe* ſuum. *Turgeſcere* cœpit
Fœcundum Nihil, & plenâ cuncta edidit alvo.
Quis vos, O *Deus*, aut quis veſtra palatia pandet
Tres une!
Hîc te perfrueris *toto*, atq; has maximus arces
Æternùm colis, intereà non deſeris orbem
Quem feciſti olim noſtrum, ſed pondera vaſta
Exagitas nutu informans *molémq;* *ſequacem*.
Quod ſi vim tacitam auferres dextrámq; potentem
Extemplo turbata fides ac fœdera rerum,
Ipſe die rector fuſis nullo ordine habenis

Retrò ageret currus, & mundi cardo coacti
Cum ſonitu rueret, laxis diſcurrere *ſtellis*,
Et ſine lege hominum *confundere fata* liceret.
Ipſa etiam rationis egens *Natura* pararet
In *Nihilum* properare ſuum; nam *Spiritus* aptum
Tornatúmq; *exercet* opus, ſeq; addit ubiq;.
Ni faciat ſubito torperent cuncta, malóq;
Tota laborarent ſomno, æternóq; veterno.
Omnia *nobiſcum* (qui *Nos*) *Deus* efficit, orſis
Non dedignatus ſocium ſe adjungere noſtris.
Stant circùm aurati, turma officioſa, *Miniſtri*,
Atq; *Dei* juſſa expectant, gaudéntq; juberi.
Hìnc *Domini* in vultu immenſo ſine fine bibentes
Immortalem oculis lucem fixo ore tenentur.
Unum ex his nutu vocat ipſe; ſilentia ſervat
Regia cœlorum, & reverentèr tota tremiſcit.
Ergóne tam ſubitò excidimus? (ſic infit ab alto)
Sceptra videt, nec *Nos* ſimul? imperióq; potitus
Ignorat per quem ſteterat? credítne procellas
Irrita per pontum rapuiſſe ferocia verba
Injuſtaſq; minas? *Surdine effecimus Aures*?
Falleris, O demens, audivimus omnia, *Saule*,
Atq; emptum optabis magno nil tale locutum.
Quæ mala *Jeſſidæ* intentas meliora merenti
Cuncta tui in caput unius converſa ferentur.
Diximus: an dictis noſtris *Gens Terra* repugnet?
Ah imbelle *lutum!* non hoc tua Lingua referret,
Injuſſa in medio ſubſiſteret icta palato,
Si tibi nota dies fieret, quo tu ipſe jacebis
Gilboacos multo deformans ſanguine campos,
Ipſe miſer, *natiq; tui*, & capita illa ſuperba
Pendebunt *Templis* monumentum infame profanis,
Stultorum jocus, & ludibria ſæva *Deorum*.
Dextera *Jeſſidæ* immeritò quæ tanta minatur
Juſta aderit vindex, & te, te occiderit ipſum,
Quocum nunc iras atq; implacabile bellum
Nequicquam geris, ille tuo lucebit in auro,
Dilectóq; nimis cinget diademate frontem,
Et quod tu *Solium* feciſti infame *piabit*.
Ergo age, *Jeſſidæ* inſani fer dicta *Tyranni*;
Ipſe nihil; ſed enim timeat, properantior ipſam
Arceſſitus eat (nam *Rex* arceſſet) ad aulam
Non ullum metuet, benè ſi nos noverit, hoſtem.
Incolumem (dixi) qui nunc jubeo ire, reducam.
Sic ait, inflectit ſeſe polus ipſe decenter,
Nec non turba poli famulatrix; ocyùs omnes
Interrupta iterum exercent modulamina Sphæræ,
Angelicæq; ſimul renovant *ſacra orgia Turmæ*.
At non qui miſſus *Jeſſidæ Nuncius* ibat;
Ille vehens pennis magnum per inane citatis,

Nubila

Nubila plus ſolito jam candeſcentia tranat,
Quáq; volat niveus ſignat veſtigia limes.
Aligerum cœli ſic vulnerat aera fulgur,
Plurima ſic primæ currit *ſtrictura* diei,
(Sic aut *tarda* magis) cum vix dùm *Sole relicto*
Ecce ſimul terram ferit, atq; reſurgit in altum.
Vix ipſum rapidi *Tempus* miracula *Motus*
Percipit attonitum, & menſuram non habet ullam
Tam *curtam*, excelſo ſic præpes ab æthere lapſus
Nuncius aſtabat *Jeſſidæ*, ac talia fatur.
Surge, bone, inſaniq; exaudi dicta *Tyranni*
Aſpera, nempe tuo jam mane cruore litabit;
Ipſe nihil ſed enim timeas; properantior ipſam
Arceſſitus eas (nam *Rex* arceſſet) ad aulam.
Tutum (dixit enim) qui te jubet ire, reducet.
Exilit ille toris, & circum lumina verſat
Nequicquam; nox undiq; & undiq; funditur aer.
Spéſq; Metúſq; adſunt dubii, vicibúſq; recurſant.
Quos vario exagitans convolvit pectore, donec
Albeſcunt primo montana cacumina Sole,
Cum *Rex Jeſſiden* arceſſit ſævus, ut ægram
(Incautum ſpecie ſi fallere poſſet honeſtâ)
Soletur fidibus mentem, curáſq; ſoporet.
Dic mihi, *Muſa*, ſacri quæ tanta potentia *Verſûs*?
(Nam tibi *ſcire* datum, & *verſu memorare potenti*,
Cuncta vides, nec te poterit res tanta latere
In *regno*, *Regina*, *tuo*) vim *Diva* recluſam
Carminis, & latè penetralia ditia pande,
Theſauróſq;, & opes, & inenarrabile *Sceptrum*.
Quæ ſprevere homines, tandèm ut mirentur amémtq;,
Diviſq; accedat reverentia juſta *Poetis*.
Ut ſacri primùm fœcundo in pectore *Vatis*
Indigeſta operis ſurgunt *Elementa* futuri,
Materies donec paulatìm ſumere *formas*
Incipiat, juſſóq; incedant ordine verba,
Ac benè diſpoſitus leni fluat agmine verſus:
Talis erat *Naturæ* olim *naſcentis Imago*,
Sic magnum *Mundi* divino ex ore *Poema*
Prodiit, *artificiſq;* informis maſſa ſupremam
Imploravit opem, longo impatienter amore.
Indociles nondùm ſubierunt *fœdere Partes*
Fraterno commune jugum; bellúmq; ſine arte
Geſſerunt diſcurrentes nullo ordine *Motus*.
Æterni *Ratio* quos tandèm *Muſica* verbi
Diſcrevítq; locis, & *vincula dulcia victis*
Impoſuit; *Numeróſq;* pios, facilémq; tenorem
Elicuit; *Medios Aer* atq; *Unda Sonores*
Concentu referunt *muto*; levis *Ignis acutos*,
Terra graves, rapido *Lunam* diverberat ictu,
At lentam *Saturni* operoſo pollice *Chordam*.

Sic *celeres Motus* cum *tardis* intertexti,
Jam festum *Recti*, *Curvi*, *Longiq*; *Brevisq*;
Exercent *Ludum*, & docto discrimine plaudunt,
Ut peccent magnæ vestigia nulla *Choreæ*.
Hæc est quæ *Menti* auditur *Symphonia* dulcis,
Ornatu cernendam alio sese exhibet *Auri*,
Dives opum, varióq; superbâ *Scientia* cultu,
Hæc habitat vatum libris, hæc *carmine in isto*
Harmonia est; non *Cantoris*, non illa *Legentis*
Indiget, in charta multùm *facunda silenti*.
Hæc agilis *Magni* percurrit corpora *Mundi*,
Hæc Parvi toto se miscet corpore *Mundi*.
Totus Homo Harmonia est; omnes *Symmetria* census
Congerit hìc, omnis *Naturæ Archiva* tenentur.
Ipse *Chorum* facit *Unus*, & est *Deus ipse Choragus*.
Hinc in nos nata est *Numerorum* sancta potestas,
Nam simul ac portas humani corporis intrant
Inveniunt *Fratrésq*; suos, charósq; *Sodales*
Et pariles numeros, & respondentia metris
Metra suis; jungunt dextras, reddúntq; salutem.
Nec nos vi victos capiunt, bellóq; subactos,
Stant *Cives* intùs dilecti à partibus *Hostis*.
Et sese dedunt sine *Proditione volentes*,
Hoc rerum ingenio mirâ medicatus ab arte
Effusus *Sanguis* distantia vulnera quærit
Ignotum per iter, quámq; accipit ipse salutem
Absenti gaudet *gratus* transmittere *Fonti*.
Haud aliter parili tentis conamine *Chordis*
Fraterno hæc trepidat, cum tangitur altera, motu.
Illa suo, hæc *solo Naturæ vivida pulsu*.
Sic *Lyra Jessidæ*, tum dulci callida furto
Ægra subintravit miseri præcordia *Regis*,
Placavítq; æstus animi, sævósq; tumultus.

Psalmus 114.

CUm sacra sævis *Isacidum* manus
Exiret oris, terribilem procul
Audivit, aspexitq; gentem,
Et refluum trepidavit æquor.
Ut qui sequentes antevolans fugâ
Evasit hostes, stat procul arduo
De monte respectans, & omnes
Aure sonos bibit inquietâ.
Erexit undas sic *Mare* turbidum
Ut signa vidit prætereuntia,
Fluctúsq; pendentes utrímq;
Ut *Scopuli* steterunt acuti.

Chrystallini

Chryſtallini non *mœnia lympida*
Mundi figurâ plus ſtabili manent
Ex elaborato nitentûm
Marmore conſolidata aquarum.
Non audet *Amnis* ad mare progredi,
Fontem reviſit mentis inops ſuum.
Nato latebroſos receſſus
Fons aperit, gremiúmq; *victo*.
Circùm tremiſcunt culmina *Montium*,
Multúſq; *Collis Montibus* adſilit,
Ut matris abſcondunt ſub alis
Se teneri *trepidántq;* *Pulli*.
Gaudere viſo fluctivagum *mare*,
Gaudere *Flumen* nobile, nec fuit
Fugiſſe poſt *Montes fugaces*
Mobilibus pudor ullus *Undis*.
Nobis nocebit nil *fuga Montium*,
Verſi nocebit nil *fuga Fluminis*,
I *Flumen*, î *formidoloſum*,
Et pavidi procùl ite *Montes*.
Æquare ſummis ima valet *Deus*.
Diſcent in *altum plana* tumeſcere,
Valleſq; *turgeſcent*, ferémtq;
Attonito capita alta cœlo:
Fontemq; *Flumen* ſi repetis tuum,
Fontem refundet dura *ſilix* novum;
Nec ſaxa ceſſabunt, nec ipſæ
Flumina ſuppeditare *rupes*.

Sic cecinit ſanctus *Vates*, digitóſq; volantes
Innumeris per fila modis trepidantia movit,
Intimáq; elicuit *medici* miracula plectri.
Audivêre ſonum, & victi ceſsêre furores.
At non *Invidiæ Sauli* de pectore ceſſit
Indomitus *Serpens*; vocem nihil ille ſalubrem,
Incantatoris nihil irrita carmina curat.
Fingit adhùc morbum, & ſpumas agit ore *Tyrannus*,
Et verum falſo ſcelus excuſare furore
(Heu nimiùm ingratus tantæ oblitúſq; ſalutis!)
Sperat, adhùc miſer, & nequicquam mente receptâ.
Jamq; inopinatam ſuſtollens fervidus *haſtam*
(Quam earam ſibi pro *Sceptro* geſtare ſolebat)
Dentibus infrendens, oculíſq; immane minatus,
Pectora *Jeſſidæ* crudeli deſtinat ictu,
Dulcia dum ſacræ renovat medicamina vocis,
Nil meritus metuenſve mali; volat illa per auras,
Stridens, oppoſitoq; dat irrita vulnera muro.
Námq; polo lapſus *Miles cæleſtis* ab alto
Detorſitq; manu, *juſtoq;* *errore* ſefellit.

O cæcas hominum vires, fruſtráq; ſuperbas!
Arma ſui dextram *Domini* mandatáq; fallunt,
Ni jubeat *Deus* infirmúmq; impellat acumen.
Vulneris ille tui jam *fæliciſſimus error*,
Tam benè *Gilboacis* non deludêris in arvis!
Indè tuam excipiet gentem, & *fatalia* ſceptra
Jeſſides, manéſq; tuos ea fama (ſub imò
Siquid res hominum merſos *Acheronte* movebunt)
Semper morte novâ & *fœcundo vulnere* rodet.
Hinc *Deus* ipſe tuas dedit illi evadere fauces
Incolumem, hinc *Parcas* jam fila extrema legentes
Inſtaurare opus, & telam producere juſſit.
Ille fugam celerans vix duro elapſus ab hoſte
Sentit adhùc; ſed & arma ſequi, ſed & agmina credit
A tergo; credítq; haſtam exaudire volantem.
Nec fruſtrà; tantos cauſa urget honeſta timores,
Ipſáq; *Formido* illius *divina futuri* eſt.
Nam ſuperaccenſa eſt fato violentia *Regis*,
Et quæ *Jeſſiden* non fixit lancea, *Saulum*
Vulnerat hæc ipſum; ſalvo jam neſcit *honore*
Exuere inſanam mentem, nec judicat eſſe
Regis, inexpletum *crudúmq;* relinquere crimen.
Ergo manum lectam juvenum quos ipſe furentes
Impulerat monitis, ſcelerúmq; incoxerat uſu.
Vi, ferro, jubet incautum ſuperare *Davidem*,
Errorémq; ſuum ſucceſſu abolere *nefaſto*.
Sic animo *Saulus*, contrà *Deus* omnia volvit.
Intereà *Michole Jeſſides* multa timenti,
Multáq; ploranti *curiſq; decentibus* ægræ,
(Námq; oculis plus illa ſuis, plus lumine cœli
Dilexit, non *ipſa* minùs dilecta, *Maritum*)
Facta refert, & parva ſui diſcrimina lethi.
Forte ſuper *Micholes* dotalia tecta, ubi & *Hortus*
Æthereus mirâ florebat *penſilis* arte,
Parvum ubi multa nemus pandebat citrea malus,
Quámq; dedit lucem cœli vicinia, flavis
Reddebat pomis, ut *Solis lumina Stella*;
Lenti incedebant manibúſq; oculíſq; plicatis,
Plurimáq; alloquio lenibant triſtia dulci.
Cum *Michole* (viſus nam pluſquam *aquilinus* amantûm eſt)
Heu veniunt diri, veniunt, exterrita clamat,
Carnifices; equitum video agmen, equóſq; frementes
Audio; clareſcunt mediis in frondibus arma,
Sæváq; per denſam tranſmittunt fulgura ſilvam.
Tolle gradum citus, & propera, fuge quolibet, inquit,
Ne morere, O *Conjux*; fuge dictis ocyus; adſunt;
Quid nos, quid vinclo junxit pater ipſe jugali,
Voce vocans in ſacra *Deum*, populúmq; libentem?
Bis centum meruiſſe nihil præputia credit?
Ingratus! Sudor, ſanguis, bellíq; labores

Dos tibi noſter erant. Tum pleno uberrima fonte
Diſcurrit, vocíſq; vicem pia lacryma ſervat.
Mox iterùm; Nihil efficiet; per aperta feneſtræ
Hinc te demittam incolumem; tu quà via cæca,
Arripe iter; fuge mî *Conjux*; non hæc tibi dico
More meo, *inviſa* eſt tua jam *præſentia* primùm.
Ille refert contra; O cunctis præſtantior una
Conjugibus!------*Michole* dicturum plurima molli
Occupat amplexu, & raptìm multa oſcula turbat.
Dum lacrymas *Luctûs*, ac gaudia miſcet *Amoris*.
Parce, ait, incaſſùm pretioſa effundere verba,
Aſpice quanta tuæ triſtis *vicinia mortis*.
Ergò alacer paret dictis; hæc callida lecto
Jeſſidæ Statuam, mirâ factam arte reponit;
Jamq; manus juvenum ſeſe in penetralia fundit
Dedignata moram ſceleris, jámq; enſibus ipſum
Illum ipſum expoſcunt, & verba haùd mollia jactant.
At *Michole* laudanda parat mendacia contrà,
Docta *piam fraudem*, ac dives muliebribus armis,
Flet ſcinditq; comas, & luctiſono ululatu
Tecta replet; tum ſic bene ficto pectore fatur.
Quid facitis? quem vos prohibetis *vivere*, duri,
Huic ipſam miſero *mortem*, & *ſua fata* negatis?
Quæritis exitium *Jeſſidæ*? parcite *Vobis*;
Nil opus eſt *Scelere*; ardentis vis improba morbi
Jamdudùm inſervit Patri, & vos eſſe nocentes
Non ſinit; ecce illum jamdudùm *Lingua Oculiq;*
Deficiunt; tantam fruſtrà quid *perditis* iram?
Nec *Mortem*, nec *Vos*, nec veſtros ſentiet *Enſes*.
Si vos innocui ſitis urget tanta cruoris;
(Me miſeram!) facite ut lubet, & ſatiate furorem.
Non faciet *brevis hora* minus; nec tempore longo
Reſtabo infelix; Tum lumina juſſa decoro
Imbre madent, miróſq; oculis dolor afflat honores.
O quem non *Luctus* dominæq; potentia *Formæ*
Viribus admixtis frangent? turba impia diſcit
Credere jamprimùm & *miſereſcere*; linquere mœſtam
Triſtis & ipſa domum properat; Statua ipſa recumbit
Faſciolíſq; voluta caput, ſtratóq; Sepulta
Purpureo, atq; refert *morientis mortua* vultum.
Lugentes famuli circùm tacitíq; miniſtrant,
Et medicinalis panduntur fercula pompæ,
Triſte ornamentum menſæ; dat & arte locata
Horrorem obſcurum non clara lucerna cubili;
Scilicet iſta *favent fraudi*; at ſupra omnia *Numen*,
Suffudit ſpectantum oculos caligine *ſacrâ*.
O tandem nullo *fœlix* in crimine ceſſa
Virtutem imbelli fruſtrà tentare duello,
O *manibus* decepte tuis, *oculiſq; tuorum!*
Saulus, ut hæc audit, Quis talia crederet, inquit?

Illum igitur *bis quinque virûm qui millia fudit*
Illum animam ſegni tandèm deponere letho?
Nimirùm *Deus* hunc fertur defendere fontem;
Sonsve inſonsve fuat, defendat; ſit precor illi
Talis membrorum modus & concordia juſta
Qualis erat primis olim mortalibus ante
Quam *Scelus*, aut ſceleris *Morbi* digniſſima merces
Robora fregiſſent ſubito nativa veneno;
Noſtrum immane odium eſt, totúmq; explere *Davides*
Integer haud poterit; quid ſe laudem addit in iſtam
Adjutrix Fortuna mihi? memorabile nil eſt
Partitâ in pœnâ. Pereuntem extinguere lucem
Quid juvat? exhauſtæ quid *fœcem* emittere vitæ,
Et pænè *attritum* feriendo abrumpere filum?
Uſq; adeóne humilem mea vera & nobilis ira
Se dabit? Ah meliùs *I ſolennis victima* nobis
Jeſſidæ vita eſt, & non niſi *opima*, litabit.
Nondùm vindictæ maturus, *creſcit* in iram
Pingueſcátq; meam; tunc ipſe libidine quantâ
Singultantem animâ multùm luctante videbo,
Pugnantémq; diù & *productâ* morte cadentem?
Quid loquor? aut quò nunc vindictam differo ſeram
Cunctator?
Forſitan & pietas ſtulta & clementia ſegnis
Juratúſq; meo *Samuel* malus hoſtis honori,
Quæ mihi nunc fixa eſt, mutabunt deniq; mentem.
Adde quod & noſtræ vindex *Fortuna* querelæ
Implicitum tenet, & fugiendi copia nulla eſt;
Haſta impunè erret, jam ſæpè ferire licebit,
Et geminare ictus, totúmq; haurire cruorem.
Si fato oppetere, & placidâ jam morte neceſſe eſt;
At videam extremos trepidanti pectore ſenſus
Fundentem, atq; oculos optato funere paſcam.
Ergo agite hûc, juvenes, *Jeſſiden* ſiſtite nobis,
Expirantem animam licet, & ſuprema gementem.
Jam pulchræ apparent latè veſtigia fraudis;
At *Michole* irati juſſa incuſare *Mariti*,
Crudeléſq; minas, & vim prætendere facto.
Saulus ut hæc; vix immodicâ ſe ſuſtinet irâ,
Volventéſq; premit luctanti pectore curas,
Amens, & rubris ſuffectus lumina flammis,
Sic olim *Hircanæ* metuenda *potentia ſilvæ*
Indomitus *Leo*, cui rabiem jejunia longa
Addiderunt, ſiquem incautum procul ire juvencum
Aſpicit, ille jubam quaſſat, dapibúſq; futuris
Accingit ſeſe lætus, tum cæca viarum
Speratam ſi fortè tegunt erroribus eſcam,
Deluduntq; famem, torquet flammantia circum
Lumina, & irato tellurem vulnerat ungue,
Horrendúmq; fremens ſilvas rimatur opertas.

Nil

Nil opus eſt *vento*, trepidant *formidine* frondes,
Speluncíſq; feras timor *abdit* & *urget* in ipſis.
Mœſtus ubíq; horror, nemorúmque ſilentia vaſta,
Non audet turbata rugitum imitarier *Eccho*.
In medio ſilvæ immenſæ quæ proxima *Ramam*
Obtegit, *illuſtrátque* verendi nominis umbrâ,
Inclita ſanctorum ſita ſunt *Collegia Vatum*,
Sub magnis juvenum fervens ubi turba *Magiſtris*,
Ad ſacros effuſa pedes didicere ſilentes,
Cordáq; cœleſti ſtiparunt cerea melle.
Succreſcunt palmo veluti radicibus alta
Germina, rore *Dei*, & materno lacte repaſta,
Nunc parva, haud umbras olim factura minores.
Non tam *mole* ſuâ quam *fundatore* ſuperbit
Grata *Domus*, nollet *Samuelis* nomine marmor
Aut mutare aurum; tantum decus addidit *author*.
Hanc pius extruxit *Vates*; modicóſq; & honeſtos
Suffecit reditus, paupertatémque *decoram*.
Nec ſeſe tantum *dextræ* tamen illa benignæ,
Quam *Linguæ* debere putat, quæ prodiga ſacros
Explicuit cenſus, magníq; æraria cœli.
Doctores illic *Samuel* cunctóſq; *Prophetas*
Sub pedibus lætos vidit; nec gloria tanta
Quod *docuêre* alios, quàm quod *didicêre* ſub illo.
Quadrata exiguis includitur area tectis;
Nam non illa *Artis* fabricavit inepta libido,
Sed *Naturæ* uſus, quæ gaudet *maxima parvo*.
Intus quadratæ viridis ſtat porticus umbræ,
Et denſæ *Solis* propellunt ſpicula *Laurus*,
Securæ cœli, rapidóſque ad fulguris ictus
Impavidæ; in medióque argentea vena ſalubris
Exiliebat aquæ, violatæ carcere nullo
Marmoris, aut triſti plangentis vincla ſuſurro,
Sed lætæ topho viridi, argutíſque lapillis.
Non minùs illa tamen, corpus purgare, levare
Apta ſitim, aut *ſacros* accedere *pauper* ad uſus.
Hic ſua cuiq; data eſt *cella*, & ſua cuiq; *ſupellex*
(*Lautities* veterum *Sanctorum* & *copia dives*)
Sponda brevis, ſcamnum, necnon ex abiete eodem
Menſa tripes; portam clauſiſſent plura volenti
Inferre; antiqui *pomœria juſta Neceſſi*
Servantes, pulchréque *auſi contemnere Vana*.
Fallimur heu! nec magna opulentum aut plurima reddunt,
Sed forma, ac generi benè reſpondentia vitæ.
Impedit, atq; *onerat* dominum *numeroſa ſupellex*.
In *parvâ* congeſta *domo*. Ponè altera ſurgit
Altior, atq; uſu cultúq; auguſtior ædes.
Ad latus hic lævum ſe pandunt *Aula*, *Scholæq*;.
Bibliotheca tenet dextrum, & *Synagoga*, precantum
Nunquam muta choro. Stat plurima fagina menſa

Ornamentum

Ornamentum Aulæ; non invidiosa, nec impar
Pellibus instratis, quibus est circumdata, *Lectis*.
Accumbunt primi capitísq; comæq; verendæ
Doctores, *Socii* in gremiis jacuêre recepti.
At *Juvenes* infra benè læti rebus egenis
Graminibus super aggestis, ulvâq; palustri
Decumbunt; *Lectos*, *Mensásque Dapésq;* ministrat
Terra ferax, & *Sole Coquo* convivia gaudent.
Bibliotheca fuit paucis decorata libellis,
Non onerata malis; nondum insatiata libido
Scribendi (pestis jucunda) invaserat orbem,
Nec *Medicina Artes* curandis mentibus aptæ
In *morbum* fuerant *ipsæ* scabiémq; pudendam
Conversæ, quæ nunc latè *contagia* serpunt.
Scilicet hos importunos exclusit *Amantes*
Virgo Musa, novæ gemmanti in flore juventæ
Spectari pavida, & vultum velata modestum.
Nunc fugit amplexus *Meretrix* deperdita nullos,
Garrula, vana, procax, *cultu mendica superbo*,
Et *populo* compressa (nefas) parit horrida *Monstra*.
Quis furor hic tanto frustrà sudare *labore*
Desidiam, miseróq; insanæ more *Sibyllæ*
Scribere, quæ volitent vacuis ludibria *Ventis*?
Diversas illic artésq; modósq; videres,
Queis brevis atq; fugax *Verborum Natio vitam*
Exuit *aeriam*, & firmum sibi vindicat ævum.
Tessérulis quædam leviter commissa caducis,
Ast alia in solido deposta fideliter *ære*,
Palmarum hæc foliis vano mandata labore
Ni cognata *Oleum* præberet *Cedrus* amicum.
Hîc longa arboreis scribuntur carmina *libris*,
Tam bene florenti non *vixit* in arbore cortex;
Illic *Pictoris* signata *elementa* videres,
Hic *Textoris* acu, doctaq; volumina vestis.
Illic ceratásq; stilo perarante tabellas,
Ast hic membranas tenues, biblónq; palustrem,
Tunc rudia, atq; artis nova tentamenta futuræ,
Nec non & paries perfungitur ipse *Scholarum*
Munere *librorum*; totus describitur orbis,
Æquoreæq; viæ, sparsæq; per æquora terræ,
Ætheriæq; Plagæ, palantésq; æthere *Stellæ*.
Adduntur *Sententiolæ*, monitústq; verendi,
Historiæq; breves; pars clara & aperta legenti,
At pars *Niliacis* animantum obscura *figuris*.
Hic sociatorum *sacra Constellatio Vatum*
(Quos felix virtus evexit ad æthera, *nubes*
Luxuriæ suprà, *Tempestatésq; Laborum*)
Dispersit latè radios, tenebrásq; fugavit,
Doctrinæ effundens *Lucem Influxúmq;* benignum.
Astrorum *Nathanus* viréq; viásq; latentes,

Aureáq;

Aureáq; explicuit ſuperi penetralia mundi.
Haud magico cœlis deducens Sydera verſu
Sol ut utróſq; *polos* converſâ luce ſalutat
Gaudentes; ſequitúrq; volubilis *Annus* euntem.
Quam gravibus numeris *argentea Scena* ſupernè
Procedit, quantáq; coercita *lege* vagatur
Ipſe quidem *Vates*, ſed enim nil debuit *Aſtris*;
Contemnens *Rivos*, & *Fonte* repletus ab ipſo
Materiam ingenti *Mahol* inſectatur amore,
Per gyros, per mæandros, per cæca viarum
Venator, fugit illa levis, premit ille fugacem,
Oráq; vertentem, & tentantem evadere furto.
At ſolidas ſignare notas in *pulvere docto*
Gaddus, & *æternas* gaudet *turbare figuras*.
Necnon & longe *Numeros* ſine fine vagantes
Producit *patiens Comes*; exuperabile nunquam
Tentat adire jugum, *punctóq;* aſcendit ab *Uno*.
Pyramidem inverſam, & creſcentem ſemper acervum
Defunctis victura ſtruit monumenta *Seraias*,
Condit aromatica prohibétq; putreſcere laude.
Et quos præteriti vaſtum *Mare Temporis* annos
Abſorpſit, fundo petit *Urinator* ab imo.
Quam celer *occaſus*, tardúmq; ſit *incrementum*
Imperiis; & quæ fabricat ſolertia *Fatum*
Edocet; at *Samuel* divina oracula fidus
Explicat interpres; nec cæcos morè ferarum
Sed lætos parere homines jubet, atq; ſcientes.
Sæpè etiam abreptus mentis violentibus alis,
Temporis ingreditur penetralia celſa futuri,
Implumésq; videt *nidis* cœleſtibus *anmas*.
Hæ reliquæq; Artes hic excipiuntur amico
Hoſpitio tantùm; poterat ſed ſancta *Poeſis*
Hoc nata atq; educta loco, & regnare videri.
Non magis aſſiduo reſonat domus aurea cantu
Angelici cœli; nullo non ſpirat ab ore
Carmen; dulciſonúmq; chorum moderantur *Aſaphus*
Hemanúſq;, ambo genio excellente *Poetæ*,
Voce pares liquidâ, digitiſq; *loquacibus* ambo.
Parte aliâ *Synagoga* pio pulcherrima luxu
Splendebat (nam ſunt illic *diſpendia frugi*)
Perſtringunt oculos auro laquearia fulvo,
Spectantum; ſed quos recreant aulæa viciſſim
Cœruleo, *ſacróq;* colore; illic prece forti
Térq; die ſoliti *ad cæli* inferre *volenti*,
Térq; die ſanctum *Moſis* verſare volumen,
Térq; piis, totiſq; *Deum* reſonantibus *Hymnis*,
Exercent lætam ſtadio *ſeptemplice* vocem.
Talis erat quondam, tam celſo *Muſa* volatu
Sprevit humum, *generis* memor, atq; *ſuperba decenter*.
Carmen erat *Deus* hunc *Mundum* quâ *voce loquutus*;

Namq;

Námq; priùs tenebræ diffundebantur inanes,
Immenſúmq; *Nihil Vacuiq;* informis hiatus.
Plenus ubíq; ſui, propria *ipſe Palatia* ſedit
Omnipotens, ſeſe contentus & *Omnia ſolus*.
Ille autem totus *Bonitas*, *Sapientia* totus,
Totus *Amor*, voluit *gratis* producere cuncta;
Cuncta *Voluntati*, nondùm *producta* gerebant
Artifici morem, & latè capita alta ferebant.
Antè alia imperio citiùs ſeſe extulit ingens
Immane, indigeſtum *Aliquid*; ſine lumine formæ,
Et ſine honore jacens;(*Monogramma Exordia* mundi!)
Feſtinaſſe illud ſcires, dum ſancta capeſcit
Juſſa libens, rebúſq; aliis præcurrere gaudet.
Hoc tamen in gremio, & *nil promittente* receſſu,
Ditia cunctarum glomerantur ſemina rerum.
Emicat hinc ſubitò lucenti vortice *Flamma*,
Aſcendítq; *Polum*, & multo ſeſe implicat orbe;
Olli ſe jungit comitem & veſtigia tentat
Fuſus circùm *Aer*; *Tellus* oneroſa graviſq;
Ad *Mundi* medium nativo pondere ſe dat
Merſa mari; ſed mox denſæ penetralia terræ
Vaſta aperit *Pater*, & magnum deſcendere *Pontum*,
Voce jubet, penitúſq; cavis habitare latebris.
At timidi contra non audent hiſcere fluctus,
Inq; uterum terræ ſine murmure delabuntur.
Convexa accendit cœli meliore metallo,
Jámque nova arcano prorumpit *gloria* fonte,
Atque implet *Solem* exundans; hinc flumine vivo
Lucis inexhauſtæ mundum ſe ſpargit in omnem
Magnum, quo facta eſt, *Numen* ſtudioſa referre.
Inde rudem *Lunæ* maſſam, ſimpléxque polivit
Voce opus, & radios aurato *pectine* compſit.
Surge, ait, & mœſtæ regnum vigil accipe noctis;
Surrexit, traxítq; ſacræ vaga Syrmata lucis.
Attollunt famulas hinc atque hinc *ſidera* tædas,
Et pulchram cingunt *Dominam*, & comitantur euntem
Turget humus fœcunda, & pubeſcentibus herbis
Miratur riſúmq; ſuum, inſolitóſq; colores.
Jámque iter aerium radunt impunè volantes,
Exultantque alacres paſſim formidine nullâ,
Nondum *luxuries* illis *humana* minata eſt,
Nondum læthalis modulamina rupit arundo.
Tum magnum tenui cecinerunt gutture *Numen*
Securæ fraudum; *Numen* námque omnia laudant,
Fluctivagi *Piſces*, *mutum genus*; illius ipſi
Munus erant, *Montéſq;* maris, volventia *Cete*,
Quiq; ſuas parvo ſuperant vix corpore arenas.
Inde feræ immiſſæ ſilvis, cœleſtia juſſa;
Quidnam ultrà potuit; *Cœli Terræq;* catenam,
Ipſum *Hominem* potuit; quo miſcuit omnia in uno:

Admirandum

Admirandum opus, & *compendia ditia Mundi.*
Tum verò magni *monitrix clementia* Patris
Carmen erat, *rarœq;* *iræ*, fulménq; *coactum*,
Impia cum *ſacras* damnaſſent crimina terras,
Unda ruens victrix magno ſonitúq; ruinâq;
Omnia vaſta dedit; frondentia tecta volucrum
Implicuêre hilares fruſtrà, *nova retia*, piſces.
Naufragium paſſa eſt *Natura*; os *Phœbus* ab alto
Extulit, & ſolos percuſſit lumine fluctus.
Non tamen hæc homines memori ſub pectore condunt
Inſani, fervétq; iterùm furioſa libido;
Cum ſubitò ardeſcunt nubes, incendia cœlo
Tetra micant, totúſq; *in pœnam* excandet *Olympus.*
Mox *Sodomas* tabeſcentes, liquefactáq; tecta
Corripuit rapidus flammanti ſulphure nimbus,
Senſerunt *vivi* membris crepitantibus ignem
Qui nunc æternùm miſeros poſt funera torret.
Longè alia implicuit peſtis *Pharaona* ſuperbum.
Cum fluctus *conjurati*, & *commilito* ventus
Auxilium *Abramidis* tulerant; pecus omne profundi
Miratur, *Regúmq;* ſedent in curribus aureis
Regum corporibus ſatiati; in gurgite toto
Apparent ſemeſi artus, natat unda cruore,
Nec *Mare* jam *vano* cenſetur nomine *Rubrum.*
Plurimus ipſe etiam in carmen veniebat *Abramus*,
Cujus *iter* genti manſurum in ſæcula nomen
Hebrææ dedit, & *Moſes*, *Nunniq;* propago
Bellipotens; quantóſq; illi fregere Tyrannos,
Sihonem, membríſq; ſuperbum ingentibus *Oggum*,
Zipporidemq; *Hobamúnq;* trucem, fortémq; *Debirum*,
Quos dextrâ *Iſacidum* divina potentia ſtravit.
Sic fragilis vitæ fugientia tempora prendunt,
Pacatíſq; animis cœlum *labuntur* in ipſum.
Non illos aurum perſtringit fulgure ſacro
Dulce malum, ignotum ſæclis quibus *Aurea Nomen.*
Cujus nunc ergo ſudore ad tartara multo
Heu non à miſeris tantùm *effoſſoribus* itur.
Quantum ô ſtultorum turbam ſuperabat avaram
Dives opum contemptus, & ingens *copia mentis*!
Non illos *Bombyx* pretioſo ſedulus ornat
Funere, nec Tyrio deformant corpora fuco,
Gloria, nunc animis æternóq; empta dolore,
Aura illic viſa eſt levis, & ſine pondere nomen.
Accipit ingenuum feſſos durúmq; cubile.
Quódq; benè extremi jubeat meminiſſe *ſepulchri*;
In medium facilis per ſilvam quæritur eſca,
Nec populant fluvios crudeli, aut æra ventre,
Nec crudo heſternas accuſant pectore cœnas.
Conturbat nunquam tali *Natura* paratu,

Hæc bona *mundities* animi eſt ; *rubigine* nullâ
Inficitur vitii, nitidum ſic ſordibus ævum
Deterget miſeris, puróq; incedit amictu.
Hinc Deus intrat agens ſacro præcordia motu,
Nec propriam cœli *præſentior* incolit ædem.
Hinc alacres juſto funguntur munere *Senſus*,
Nec tituḃant, revocántve gradum, *Ratione* magiſtrâ.
Hinc ſimulacra animo depingit myſtica *Somnus*
Molliter in victos ſimul ac defluxit ocellos.
Tranſilit admiſſo præſentia *Tempora* ſaltu,
Ætatúmq; inter *ſilvas*, & amœna vireta
Ambulat, atq; *annos* jam nunc exire parantes,
Frænáq; *mordentes* cernit ; micat undiq; fati
Ordo ingens, valvæq; patent, longíq; receſſus.
O *fortunatos nimium*, *& bona qui ſua norunt* !
O quàm præcelſo deſpectant culmine mundum !
Et nubes rerum, & jactatum turbine *Saulum* !
Hæc domus hoſpitio *Jeſſiden* læta recepit
Solantem curas, & denſa pericula cantu,
At manus hùc juvenum (quò non penetraverit *ira*
Invidiæq; oculus ?) *Regiſq*; *ſuoq*; furore
Sæva venit ; votis *damnati* immanibus omnes.
Segnis erat qui non peſtem *juraverat* amens
Jeſſidæ, membrúmq; aliquod *promiſerat* enſi.
Sic *abſens* totum partita eſt *Ira* cadaver.
Jámq; adſunt, ſubitóq; afflantur corda ſereno,
Ignotum inſinuat ſeſe per pectora cœlum.
Laſcivit paulatìm horror, vultúſq; recedit
Fulgur atrox ; & jam pacato fidere vernat.
Venarum caſto gaudentes flumine rivi,
Lenè micant ; ſignat divinus tempora candor.
Mira *dies* frontis, ſacro quæ fuſa *pudore*
Prima rubet ; ponit belli cædíſq; cupido,
Dum Numen pacis celebrant, & carmina fundunt
Pacis opus ; bis jámq; alios, bis luſus eiſdem
Miſerat exemplis, ipſum jam plena *Tyrannum*
Ire lubet rabies læſámq; ulciſcier iram.
Cum melior ſubitò furor implet mentem animúmq;
Pérq; omnes ſenſus, pérq; intima pertinet oſſa.
Tum chlamidem illuſam gemmis, auróq; rigentem
Exuit, & capitis deponit nobile pondus.
Ah puduit regni decus atq; inſignia ferre
Turpe jugum vitii, & ſervilia jura ferentem ;
Tum primùm *Rex Saulus* erat ; *lux una* beatæ
Inſtar habet *vitæ*, & longum præponderat ævum.
Miratur populus, dictúmq; emanat ubíq;,
Ipſum etiam vatum turbæ ſe adjungere *Saulum*.
Balamus ſic *Beorides Moabitida* venit,
Ut *benedictam* ageret diris & carmine gentem,
Et pretio infælix *fatalia* venderet ora,

Sic

Sic ſecum ; at didicit tandèm (mirabile dictu)
Ipſo *Aſino ſapere*, ac *fari* meliora *magiſtro*.
O magnum *Iſacidum* decus ! ô pulcherrima caſtra !
O arma ingentes olim paritura triumphos !
Non ſic herbarum vario ſubridet amictu,
Planities pictæ vallis, montíſve ſupini
Clivus, perpetuis *cedrorum* verſibus altus.
Non ſic æſtivo quondam nitet *hortus* in anno,
Frondéſq; fructúſq; ferens, formoſa ſecundum
Flumina, mollis ubi viridíſq; ſupernatat umbra.
Quid video? *mortem Iſacidum* ſuper arma ſedentem !
Læta ſedet, prædámq; expectat avara futuram.
Plures *Iſacidæ* gladios, plura arma parate ;
Scilicet hæc crebro *Victoria conteret* uſu.
Cum *Leo* ſe attollit *Judæ*, torvúmq; tuetur,
Omnia diffugient preſſis animalia longè
Auribus ; & medio ſi fortè recumbit in antro,
Murmura tum ponent ſilvæ, metuendáq; *Tigris*
Prætereuns ipſo vel *dormitante* tremiſcet.
Quæ mala, quis *Judæ* vel proſpera fata precatur,
Omnia in ipſius caput ingeminata ferentur.

FINIS.

BRITISH
4 OCT 71
MUSEUM

Verses written on several occasions.

CHRISTS PASSION,

Taken out of a Greek Ode, written by Mr. Masters *of New College in* Oxford.

1.

ENough, my Muse, of Earthly things,
And inspirations but of wind,
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlasting strings;
And on 'em play, and to 'em sing,
The happy mournful stories,
The Lamentable glories,
Of the great Crucified King.
Mountainous heap of wonders! which do'st rise
Till Earth thou joyneſt with the Skies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half seen by mortal eye.
How shall I grasp this boundless thing?
What shall I play? what shall I sing?
I'll sing the Mighty riddle of mysterious love,
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed Spirits above
With all their Comments can explain;
How all the whole Worlds Life to die did not disdain.

2.

I'll sing the Searchless depths of the Compassion Divine,
The depths unfathom'd yet
By reasons Plummet, and the line of Wit,
Too light the Plummet, and too short the line,
How the Eternal Father did bestow
His own Eternal Son as ransom for his Foe,
I'll sing aloud, that all the World may hear,
The Triumph of the buried Conquerer.
How Hell was by its Pris'ner Captive led,
And the great slayer Death slain by the Dead.

3.

Me thinks I hear of murthered men the voice,
Mixt with the Murderers confused noise,
Sound from the top of *Calvarie*;
My greedy eyes fly up the Hill, and see
Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three;
Oh how unlike the others he!
Look how he bends his gentle head with blessings from the Tree!
His gracious Hands ne'r stretcht but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood:
And sinful Man do's fondly bind
The Arms, which he extends t'embrace all humane kind.

4.

Unhappy Man, canſt thou ſtand by, and ſee
All this as patient, as he?
Since he thy Sins do's bear,
Make thou his ſufferings thine own,
And weep, and ſigh, and groan,
And beat thy Breaſt, and tear,
Thy Garments, and thy Hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
Do'ſt thou not ſee thy Prince in purple clad all o're,
Not purple brought from the *Sidonian* ſhore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Doſt thou not ſee the Roſes, which adorn
The thorny Garland, by him worn?
Doſt thou not ſee the livid traces
Of the ſharp ſcourges rude embraces?
If yet thou feeleſt not the ſmart
Of Thorns and Scourges in thy heart,
If that be yet not crucifi'd,
Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on his Side.

5.

Open, Oh! open wide the Fountains of thine eyes,
And let 'em call
Their ſtock of moiſture forth, where e're it lies,
For this will ask it all.
'Twould all (alas) too little be,
Though thy ſalt tears came from a Sea:
Canſt thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee?
Take heed; for by his ſides miſterious flood
May well be underſtood,
That he will ſtill require ſome waters to his blood.

On *Orinda's* Poems.

ODE.

WE allow'd You Beauty, and we did ſubmit
To all the Tyrannies of it;
Ah! Cruel Sex, will you depoſe us too in Wit?
Orinda does in that too raign,
Does Man behind her in Proud Triumph draw,
And Cancel great *Apollo's* Salick Law.
We our old Title plead in vain,
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verſe was Loves Fire-arms heretofore,

In

In Beauties Camp it was not known,
Too many Arms beſides that Conqueroar bore:
'Twas the great Canon we brought down
T'aſſault a ſtubborn Town;
Orinda firſt did a bold ſally make,
Our ſtrongeſt Quarter take,
And ſo ſucceſsful prov'd, that ſhe
Turn'd upon Love himſelf his own Artillery.

2.

Women as if the Body were their Whole,
Did that, and not the Soul
Tranſmit to their Poſterity;
If in it ſometime they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive Iſſue never liv'd.
'Twere ſhame and pity' *Orinda*, if in thee
A Spirit ſo rich, ſo noble, and ſo high
Should unmanur'd, or barren lye.
But thou induſtriouſly haſt ſow'd and till'd
The fair, and fruitful field;
And 'tis a ſtrange increaſe, that it does yield.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet altogether at a feaſt,
A ſecret Joy unſpeakably does move,
In their great Mother *Cybele's* contented breaſt:
With no leſs pleaſure thou methinks ſhouldſt ſee,
This thy no leſs immortal Progenie.
And in their Birth thou no one touch doſt find,
Of th' ancient curſe to Woman-kind,
Thou bringſt not forth with pain,
It neither Travel is, nor labour of the brain,
So eaſily they from thee come,
And there is ſo much room
In th' unexhauſted and unfathom'd Womb,
That like the *Holland* Counteſs thou mayſt bear
A child for every day of all the fertil year.

3.

Thou doſt my wonder, wouldſt my envy raiſe
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praiſe,
Where e're I ſee an excellence,
I muſt admire to ſee thy well knit ſenſe,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
Thoſe as thy forehead ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thine eye.
'Tis ſolid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis Angelical,
For as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verſes ſee
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet,
They are than Man more ſtrong, and more than Woman ſweet.

4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female *Chimera's* that o're Poets reign,
I ne'r could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm sure in vain:
They talk of *Sappho*, but alas, the shame!
Ill manners soil the lustre of her Fame:
Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,
That like a Lanthorn's fair inclosed Light,
It through the Paper shines where she do's write.
Honour and Friendship, and the generous scorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond Disease,
Like that of Girles, our vicious Stomachs please)
Are the instructive Subjects of her pen,
And as the *Roman* Victory
Taught our rude Land, Arts, and Civility,
At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters Men.

5.

But *Rome* with all her Arts could ne'r inspire,
A Female Breast with such a fire.
The warlike *Amazonian* train,
Who in *Elysium* now do peaceful reign,
And wits milde Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be setled in their sex by her.
Merlin the Seer, (and sure he would not ly,
In such a sacred Company,)
Does Prophecies of Learn'd *Orinda* show,
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.
Ev'n *Boadicia's* angry Ghost
Forgets her own misfortune, and disgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,
That *Rome's* o'recome at last, by a woman of her Race.

ODE.

Upon occasion of a Copy of Verses of my Lord Broghills.

BE gon (said I) Ingrateful Muse, and see
What others thou canst fool as well as me.
Since I grew Man, and wiser ought to be,
My business and my hopes I left for thee:
For thee (which was more hardly given away)
I left, even when a Boy, my Play.
But say, Ingrateful Mistress, say,
What for all this, what didst Thou ever pay?

Thou'lt

Thou'lt say, perhaps, that Riches are
Not of the growth of Lands, where thou dost Trade,
And I, as well my Countrey might upbraid
Because I have no vineyard there.
Well: but in Love, thou dost pretend to Reign,
There thine the power and Lordship is,
Thou bad'st me write, and write, and write again;
'Twas such a way as could not miss.
I like a Fool, did thee Obey,
I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain,
For after all my expense of Wit and Pain,
A rich, unwriting Hand, carry'd the Prize away.

2.

Thus I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd,
That she had given me Fame.
Bounty Immense! And that too must be try'd,
When I my self am nothing but a name.
Who now, what Reader does not strive
T'invalidate the gift whilst w'are alive?
For when a Poet now himself doth show,
As if he were a common Foe,
All draw upon him, all around,
And every part of him they wound,
Happy the Man that gives the deepest blow:
And this is all, kind Muse, to thee we owe.
Then in a rage I took
And out at window threw
Ovid and *Horace*, all the chiming Crew,
Homer himself went with them too,
Hardly escap'd the sacred *Mantuan* Book;
I my own Off-spring, like *Agave* tore
And I resolv'd, nay and I think I swore,
That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow,
Where only flowry Weeds instead of Corn did grow.

3.

When (see the subtil ways which Fate does find,
Rebellious man to bind,
Just to the work for which he is assign'd)
The Muse came in more chearful than before,
And bad me quarrel with her now no more.
Loe thy reward! look here and see,
What I have made (said she)
My Lover, and belov'd, my *Broghil* do for thee.
Though thy own verse no lasting fame can give,
Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.
What Criticks, the great *Hectors* now in Wit,
Who Rant and Challenge all men that have Writ,
Will dare t'oppose thee when
Broghil in thy defence has drawn his conquering Pen?

I rose and bow'd my head,
And pardon askt for all that I had said,
Well satisfi'd and proud,
I straight resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,
That from her service now I ne'r would part.
So strongly, large Rewards work on a grateful Heart.

4.

Nothing so soon the drooping Spirits can raise
As Praises from the Men, whom all men praise.
'Tis the best Cordial, and which only those
Who have at home th' Ingredients can compose,
A Cordial, that restores our fainting Breath,
And keeps up Life even after Death.
The only danger is, lest it should be
Too strong a remedie:
Lest, in removing cold, it should beget
Too violent a heat;
And into madness, turn the Lethargie.
Ah! Gracious God! that I might see
A time when it were dangerous for me
To be o're heat with Praise!
But I within me bear (alas) too great allayes.

5.

'Tis said, *Apelles*, when he *Venus* drew,
Did naked Women for his pattern view,
And with his powerful fancy did refine,
Their humane shapes into a form Divine;
None who had set could her own Picture see,
Or say, One part was drawn for me:
So, though this nobler Painter when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit
That my Book should before him sit,
Not as a cause, but an occasion to his wit:
Yet what have I to boast, or to apply
To my advantage out of it, since I,
Instead of my own likeness, only find
The bright *Idea* there, of the great Writers mind?

ODE.

Mr. Cowley's *Book presenting it self to the University Library of* Oxford.

HAil Learnings *Pantheon*! Hail the sacred Ark
Where all the World of Science do's imbarque!
Which ever shall withstand, and hast so long withstood,
Insatiate Times devouring Flood.

Hail

Hail Tree of Knowledg, thy leaves Fruit! which well
Dost in the midst of Paradise arise,
Oxford the Muses Paradise,
From which may never Sword the blest expell.
Hail Bank of all past Ages! where they lye
T' inrich with interest Posterity!
Hail Wits Illustrious Galaxy!
Where thousand Lights into one brightness spread;
Hail living University of the Dead!

2.

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues, which e're
The mighty Linguist Fame, or Time the mighty Traveler,
That could speak, or this could hear.
Majestick Monument and Pyramide,
Where still the shapes of parted Souls abide
Embalm'd in verse, exalted souls which now
Enjoy those Arts they woo'd so well below,
Which now all wonders plainly see,
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the mysterious Library,
The Beatifick *Bodley* of the Deity.

3.

Will you into your Sacred throng admit
The meanest British Wit?
You Gen'ral Council of the Priests of Fame,
Will you not murmur and disdain,
That I place among you claim,
The humblest Deacon of her train?
Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
The chain of Ornament which here
Your noble Prisoners proudly wear;
A Chain which will more pleasant seem to me
Than all my own Pindarick Liberty:
Will ye to bind me with those mighty names submit,
Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?
What ever happy book is chained here,
No other place or People need to fear;
His Chain's a Pasport to go ev'ry where.

4.

As when a seat in Heaven,
Is to an unmalicious Sinner given,
Who casting round his wondring eye,
Does none but Patriarchs and Apostles there espye;
Martyrs who did their lives bestow,
And Saints who Martyrs liv'd below;
With trembling and amazement he begins,
To recollect his frailties past and sins,

He

He doubts almoſt his Station there,
His ſoul ſayes to it ſelf, How came I here?
It fares no otherwiſe with me
VVhen I my ſelf with conſcious wonder ſee,
Amidſt this purifi'd elected Companie.
With hardſhip they, and pain,
Did to this happineſs attain:
No labour I, nor merits can pretend,
I think Predeſtination only was my friend.

5.

Ah, that my Author had been ty'd like me
To ſuch a place, and ſuch a Companie!
In ſtead of ſev'ral Countries, ſev'ral Men,
And buſineſs which the Muſes hate,
He might have then improv'd that ſmall Eſtate,
VVhich nature ſparingly did to him give,
He might perhaps have thriven then,
And ſetled, upon me his Child, ſomewhat to live.
'T had happier been for him, as well as me,
For when all, (alas) is done,
VVe Books, I mean, You Books, will prove to be
The beſt and nobleſt converſation.
For though ſome errors will get in,
Like Tinctures of Original ſin:
Yet ſure we from our Fathers wit
Draw all the ſtrength and Spirit of it:
Leaving the groſſer parts for converſation,
As the beſt blood of Man's imploy'd in generation.

ODE.

Sitting and Drinking in the Chair, made out of the Reliques of Sir Francis Drake's *Ship.*

CHear up my Mates, the wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more ſail and never ſpare;
Farewell all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go:
Bleſs me, 'tis hot! another bowl of wine,
And we ſhall cut the Burning Line:
Hey Boyes! ſhe ſcuds away, and by my head I know,
VVe round the VVorld are ſailing now.
VVhat dull men are thoſe who tarry at home,
VVhen abroad they might wantonly rome,
And gain ſuch experience, and ſpy too
Such Countries, and VVonders as I do?
But prythee good *Pilot* take heed what you do,

And

And fail not to touch at *Peru*;
With Gold, there the Veſſel we'll ſtore,
And never, and never be poor,
No never be poor any more.

2.

What do I mean? What thoughts do me miſguide?
As well upon a ſtaff may Witches ride
Their fancy'd Journies in the Ayr,
As I ſail round the Ocean in this Chair:
'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you ſee,
For all its quiet now, and gravitie,
Has wandred, and has travailed more,
Than ever Beaſt, or Fiſh, or Bird, or ever Tree before.
In every Ayr, and every Sea't has been, (ſeen.
'T has compas'd all the Earth, and all the Heavens 't has
Let not the Pope's it ſelf with this compare,
This is the only Univerſal Chair.

3.

The pious Wandrers Fleet, ſav'd from the flame,
(Which ſtill the Reliques did of *Troy* perſue,
And took them for its due)
A ſquadron of immortal Nymphs became:
Still with their Arms they row about the Seas,
And ſtill make new and greater voyages;
Nor has the firſt Poetick Ship of *Greece*,
(Though now a ſtar ſhe ſo Triumphant ſhow,
And guide her ſailing Succeſſors below,
Bright as her ancient freight the ſhining fleece;)
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,
The tide of Heaven ſtill carries her around.
Only *Drakes* Sacred veſſel which before
Had done, and had ſeen more,
Than thoſe have done or ſeen,
Ev'n ſince they Goddeſſes, and this a Star has been;
As a reward for all her labour paſt,
Is made the ſeat of reſt at laſt.
Let the caſe now quite alter'd be,
And as thou went'ſt abroad the World to ſee,
Let the World now come to ſee thee.

4.

The World will do't; for Curioſity
Does no leſs than devotion, Pilgrims make;
And I my ſelf who now love quiet too,
As much almoſt as any Chair can do,
Would yet a journey take,
An old wheel of that Chariot to ſee,
Which *Phaeton* ſo raſhly brake:

Yet what could that ſay more than theſe remains of *Drake?*
Great Relique! thou too, in this Port of eaſe,
Haſt ſtill one way of Making Voyages;
The breath of fame, like an auſpicious Gale,
(The great Trade-wind which ne're does fail,)
Shall drive thee round the World, and thou ſhalt run,
As long around it as the Sun.
The ſtraights of time too narrow are for thee,
Lanch forth into an indiſcovered Sea,
And ſteer the endleſs courſe of vaſt Eternitie,
Take for thy Sail this Verſe, and for thy *Pilot* Mee.

Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres.

1.

'Tis folly all, that can be ſaid
By living Mortals of th' immortal dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we ſhed.
'Tis, as if we, who ſtay behind
In Expectation of the wind
Should pity thoſe, who paſs'd this ſtrait before,
And touch the univerſal ſhore.
Ah happy Man, who art to ſail no more!
And, if it ſeem ridiculous to grieve
Becauſe our Friends are newly come from Sea,
Though ne're ſo fair and calm it be;
What would all ſober men believe
If they ſhould hear us ſighing ſay:
Balcarres, who but th' other day
Did all our Love and our reſpect command,
At whoſe great parts we all amaz'd did ſtand,
Is from a ſtorm, alaſs! caſt ſuddenly on land?

2.

If you will ſay: Few perſons upon Earth
did more then he, deſerve to have
A life exempt from fortune and the grave;
Whether you look upon his Birth,
And Anceſtors, whoſe fame's ſo widely ſpred,
But Anceſtors alas, who long ago are dead!
Or whither you conſider more
The vaſt increaſe, as ſure you ought,
Of honor by his Labour bought,
And added to the former ſtore,
All I can anſwer, is, that I allow
The priviledge you plead for; and avow
That, as he well deſerv'd, he doth injoy it now.

Though

3.

Though God for great and righteous ends,
Which his unerring Providence intends,
Erroneous mankind ſhould not underſtand,
Would not permit *Balcarres* hand,
That once with ſo much induſtry and art
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of ev'ry part,
To perfect his diſtracted Nations Cure,
Or ſtop the fatal bondage, 't was t' endure;
Yet for his pains he ſoon did him remove
From all th' oppreſſion and the woe
Of his frail Bodies Native Soil below,
To his Souls true and peaceful Count'ry above:
So God, like Kings, for ſecret cauſes known
Sometimes, but to themſelves alone,
One of their ableſt Miniſters elect,
And ſend abroad to Treaties, which th' intend
Shall never take effect.
But, though the Treaty wants a happy end,
The happy agent wants not the reward,
For which he Labour'd faithfully and hard;
His juſt and righteous Maſter calls him home,
And gives him near himſelf ſome honourable room.

4.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
To ſave his Country and reſtore his King;
And whilſt the Manly half of him, which thoſe,
VVho know not Love, to be the whole ſuppoſe,
Perform'd all parts of Virtues vigorous Life;
The beauteous half his lovely VVife
Did all his Labors and his cares divide;
Nor was a lame, nor paralitick ſide.
In all the turnes of human ſtate,
And all th' unjuſt attacques of fate
She bore her ſhare and portion ſtill,
And would not ſuffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that ſuch was he,
Whom, in the ſtorms of bad ſucceſs,
And all that error calls unhappineſs,
His virtue, and his virtuous Wife did ſtill accompany.

5.

VVith theſe companions 't was not ſtrange
That nothing could his temper change.
His own and Countries union had not weight
enough to cruſh his mighty mind.
He ſaw around the Hurricans of State,

Fixt as an Iſland 'gainſt the waves and wind.
Thus far the greedy Sea may reach,
All outward things are but the breach; Beach,
A great Mans Soul it doth aſſault in vain.
Their God himſelf the Ocean doth reſtrain
VVith an imperceptible chain,
And bid it to go back again:
His Wiſdom, Juſtice, and his Piety,
His Courage both to ſuffer and to die,
His Virtues and his Lady too
VVere things Celeſtial. And we ſee
In ſpight of quarrelling Philoſophie,
How in this caſe 'tis certain found,
That Heav'n ſtands ſtill, and only Earth goes round.

ODE.

Upon Dr. *Harvey.*

1.

COy Nature, (which remain'd, though aged grown,
A Beauteous virgin ſtill, injoy'd by none,
Nor ſeen unveil'd by any one)
VVhen *Harveys* violent paſſion ſhe did ſee,
Began to tremble, and to flee,
Took Sanctuary like *Daphne* in a tree:
There *Daphnes* lover ſtop't, and thought it much
The very Leaves of her to touch,
But *Harvey* our *Apollo*, ſtopt not ſo,
Into the Bark, and root he after her did goe:
No ſmalleſt Fibres of a Plant,
For which the eiebeams Point doth ſharpneſs want,
His paſſage after her withſtood.
VVhat ſhould ſhe do? through all the moving wood
Of Lives indow'd with ſenſe ſhe took her flight,
Harvey perſues, and keeps her ſtill in ſight.
But as the Deer long-hunted takes a flood,
She leap't at laſt into the winding ſtreams of blood;
Of mans *Meander* all the Purple reaches made,
Till at the heart ſhe ſtay'd,
VVhere turning head, and at a Bay,
Thus, by well-purged ears, was ſhe o're-heard to ſay.

2.

Here ſure ſhall I be ſafe (ſaid) ſhe
None will be able ſure to ſee

This

This my retreat, but only He
Who made both it and me.
The heart of Man, what Art can e're reveal?
A wall impervious between
Divides the very Parts within,
And doth the Heart of man ev'n from its self conceal.
She spoke, but e're she was aware,
Harvey was with her there,
And held this slippery *Proteus* in a chain,
Till all her mighty Mysteries she descry'd,
Which from his wit the attempt before to hide
Was the first Thing that Nature did in vain.

3.

He the young Practise of New life did see,
Whil'st to conceal its toilsome Poverty,
It for a living wrought, both hard, and privately.
Before the Liver understood
The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it, to set up the Trade;
Before the untaught Heart began to beat
The tuneful March to vital Heat,
From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,
Whether imply'd for Earth, or Sea, or Air,
Whether it in the Womb or Egg be wrought,
A strict account to him is hourly brought,
How the Great Fabrick does proceed,
What time and what materials it does need.
He so exactly does the work survey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

4.

Thus *Harvey* sought for Truth in Truth's own Book
The Creatures, which by God himself was writ;
And wisely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read Comments only upon it,
But on th'original it self to look.
Methinks in Arts great Circle others stand
Lock't up together, Hand in Hand,
Every one leads as he is led,
The same bare path they tread,
A Dance like Fairies a Fantastick round,
But neither change their motion, nor their ground:
Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his wit,
His noble Circle of the Blood, had been untroden yet.
Great Doctor! Th' Art of Curing's cur'd by thee,
We now thy patient Physick see,
From all inveterate diseases free,
Purg'd of old errors by thy care,
New dieted, put forth to clearer air,

It

It now will ſtrong and healthful prove,
It ſelf before Lethargick lay, and could not move.

5.

Theſe uſeful ſecrets to his Pen we owe,
And thouſands more 'twas ready to beſtow;
Of which a barb'rous Wars unlearned Rage
Has robb'd the ruin'd age;
O cruel loſs! as if the Golden Fleece,
With ſo much coſt, and labour bought,
And from a far by a Great *Heroe* brought
Had ſunk ev'n in the Ports of *Greece*.
O curſed Warr! who can forgive thee this?
Houſes and Towns may riſe again,
And ten times eaſier it is
To rebuild *Pauls*, than any work of his.
That mighty Task none but himſelf can do,
Nay, ſcarce himſelf too now,
For though his Wit the force of Age withſtand,
His Body alas! and Time it muſt command,
And Nature now, ſo long by him ſurpaſs't,
Will ſure have her revenge on him at laſt.

ODE.

Acme *and* Septimius *out of* Catullus.

Acmen Septimius *ſuos amores*
Tenens in gremio, &c.

WHilſt on *Septimius* panting Breſt,
(Meaning nothing leſs then Reſt)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* ſaid.

My deareſt *Acme*, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee
With a Paſſion far above
All that e're was called Love,
In a *Lybian* deſert may
I become ſome Lions prey,
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear
My Breſt, when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love who ſtood to hear him,
(The God of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickl'd with the ſound,
Sneez'd aloud, and all around
The little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd and bleſt the Augurie.

Acme

Acme enflam'd with what he ſaid,
Rear'd her gently-bending head,
And her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious Boy
Twice (and twice could ſcarce ſuffice)
She kiſt his drunken, rowling eyes.

My little Life, my All (ſaid ſhe)
So may we ever ſervants be
To this beſt God, and ne'r retain
Our hated Liberty again,
So may thy paſſion laſt for me,
As I a paſſion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much then can
Be conceiv'd by Thee a Man.
Into my Marrow is it gone,
Fixt and ſetled in the Bone,
It reigns not only in my Heart,
But runs, like Life, through ev'ry part.

She ſpoke; the God of Love aloud,
Sneez'd again, and all the crowd
Of little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd and bleſt the Augurie.

This good Omen thus from Heaven
Like a happy ſignal given,
Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor *Septimius* (who did now
Nothing elſe but *Acme* grow)
Acme's boſome was alone,
The whole worlds Imperial Throne,
And to faithful *Acmes* mind
Septimius was all Human kind.

If the Gods would pleaſe to be
But adviſ'd for once by me,
I'de adviſe 'em when they ſpie,
Any illuſtrious Piety,
To reward Her, if it be ſhe;
To reward Him, if it be He;
With ſuch a Husband, ſuch a Wife,
With *Acme's* and *Septimius'* Life.

ODE,

ODE.

Upon His Majeſties Reſtoration and Return.

Virgil.— *Quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo*
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

1.

NOw *Bleſsings* on you all, ye peaceful *Starrs*,
Which meet at laſt ſo kindly, and diſpence
Your univerſal gentle *Influence*,
To calm the ſtormy *World*, and ſtill the rage of *Warrs*.
Nor whilſt around the Continent,
Plenipotentiary Beams ye ſent,
Did your *Pacifick Lights* diſdain,
In their large *Treaty* to contain
The world apart, o're which do raign
Your ſeven fair *Brethren* of Great *Charls his Wane*;
No *Star* amonſt ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous aſſiſtance give,
As that which thirty years ago,
At * *Charls* his *Birth*, did, in deſpight
Of the proud *Sun*'s Meridian Light,
His future *Glories*, and this *Year* foreſhow,
No leſs effects than theſe we may
Be aſſur'd of from that powerful *Ray*,
Which could out-face the *Sun*, and overcome the *Day*.

* The Star that appeared at Noon, the day of the Kings Birth, juſt as the King His Father was riding to St. *Pauls* to give thanks to God for that Bleſſing

2.

Auſpicious *Star* again ariſe,
And take thy *Noon-tide ſtation* in the skies,
Again all *Heaven* prodigiouſly adorn;
For loe! thy *Charls* again is *Born*.
He then was *Born with and to pain*:
With, and *to Joy* he's *born* again.
And wiſely for this *ſecond Birth*,
By which thou certain wert to bleſs
The Land with full and flouriſhing *Happineſs*
Thou mad'ſt of that fair *Month* thy choice,
In which *Heaven*, *Air*, and *Sea*, and *Earth*,
And all that's in them all does *ſmile*, and does *rejoyce*.
'Twas a right *Seaſon*, and the very *Ground*
Ought with a face of *Paradiſe* to be found,
Than when we were to entertain
Felicity and *Innocence* again.

Shall

3

Shall we again (good Heaven!) that *Bleſſed pair* behold,
Which the abuſed *People* fondly ſold
For the bright *Fruit* of the *forbidden Tree*,
By ſeeking all like *gods* to be?
Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Neſt* venture to build
Upon a *Shore* with *Shipwracks* fill'd?
And truſt that *Sea*, where ſhe can hardly ſay,
Sh'has known theſe twenty years one *calmy day*,
Ah! mild and gaulleſs *Dove*,
Which doſt the *pure* and *candid* Dwellings love:
Canſt thou in *Albion* ſtill delight?
Still canſt thou think it *white*?
Will ever fair *Religion* appear
In theſe deformed *Ruins*? will ſhe clear
Th' *Augean Stables* of her *Churches* here?
Will *Juſtice* hazard to be ſeen
Where a *High Court* of *Juſtice* e're has been?
Will not the Tragique Scene,
And *Bradſhaw*'s bloody *Ghoſt* affright her there,
Her who ſhall never fear?
Then may *White-hall* for *Charles* his *Seat* be fit,
If *Juſtice* ſhall endure at *Weſtminſter* to ſit.

4.

Of all, methinks, we leaſt ſhould ſee
The chearful looks again of *Liberty*.
That *Name* of *Cromwell*, which does freſhly ſtill
The Curſes of ſo many ſufferers fill,
Is ſtill enough to make her ſtay,
And jealous for a while remain,
Leſt as a *Tempeſt* carried him away,
Some *Hurican* ſhould bring him back again.
Or ſhe might juſtlier be afraid
Leſt that great *Serpent*, which was all a *Tail*,
(And in his poys'nous folds whole *Nations Priſ'ners* made)
Should a third time perhaps prevail
To joyn again, and with worſe ſting ariſe,
As it had done, when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye *Sacred Four*,
And dread your periſht Enemies no more,
Your fears are cauſeleſs all, and vain
Whilſt you return in *Charles* his train,
For *God* does *Him*, that *He* might *You* reſtore,
Nor ſhall the world him only call,
Defender of the *Faith*, but of *ye All*.

5.

Along with you *Plenty* and *Riches* go
VVith a full Tide to every Port they flow,
VVith a warm fruitful *wind* o're all the Countrey blow.
Honour does as ye march her *Trumpet* ſound,
The *Arts* encompaſs you around,
And againſt all *Alarms* of *Fear*,
Safety it ſelf brings up the *Rear*.
And in the head of this *Angelique band*,
Lo, how the *Goodly Prince* at laſt does ſtand
(O righteous *God*!) on his *own happy Land*.
'Tis *Happy* now, which could, with ſo much eaſe
Recover from ſo deſperate a *Diſeaſe*,
A various complicated *Ill*,
VVhoſe every *Symptome* was enough to *kill*,
In which one part of Three *Frenzey* poſſeſt,
And *Lethargy* the reſt.
'Tis *Happy*, which no *Bleeding* does indure
A *Surfet* of ſuch *Blood* to cure.
'Tis *Happy*, which beholds the *Flame*
In which by hoſtile hands it ought, to burn,
Or that which if from *Heaven* it came
It did but well deſerve, all into *Bonfire* turn.

6.

VVe *fear'd* (and almoſt toucht the black degree
Of inſtant *Expectation*)
That the three dreadful *Angels* we
Of *Famine*, *Sword* and *Plague* ſhould here eſtabliſht ſee;
(*God's* great *Triumvirate* of *Deſolation*)
To ſcourge and to deſtroy the ſinful *Nation*.
Juſtly might *Heav'n Protectors* ſuch as thoſe,
And ſuch *Committees* for their *Safety* impoſe,
Upon a *Land* which ſcarſely *Better choſe*.
VVe fear'd that the *Fanatique war*
VVhich men againſt *God's houſes* did declare,
VVould from th' *Almighty Enemy* bring down
A ſure deſtruction on our *Own*.
We read th' *Inſtructive Hiſtories* which tell
Of all thoſe endleſs miſchiefs that befell,
The *Sacred Town* which *God* had lov'd ſo well,
After that *fatal Curſe* had once been ſaid,
His Blood be upon ours, and on our Childrens head.
We knew, though there a *greater Blood* was ſpilt,
'Twas ſcarcely done with *greater Guilt*.
VVe know thoſe miſeries did befall
VVhilſt they rebell'd againſt that *Prince* whom all
The reſt of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Mankind* call.

7. Already

7.

Already was the *ſhaken Nation*
Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought
And it was haſting on (we thought)
Even to the laſt of *Illis*, *Annihilation*.
VVhen in the midſt of this confuſed Night,
Loe, the bleſt *Spirit* mov'd, and *there was Light*.
For in the glorious *General*'s previous Ray,
VVe ſaw a new created *Day*.
VVe by it ſaw, though yet in *Miſts* it ſhone,
The *beauteous Work* of *Order* moving on.
Where are the men who bragg'd that God did bleſs,
And with the marks of good *ſucceſs*
Signe his allowance of their *wickedneſs*?
Vain men! who thought the Divine Power to find
In the fierce *Thunder* and the violent *Wind*:
God came not till the ſtorm was paſt,
In the *ſtill voice* of *Peace* he came at laſt.
'The cruel buſineſs of *Deſtruction*,
May by the *Claws* of the great *Fiend* be done.
Here, here we ſee th' *Almighty*'s *hand* indeed,
Both by the *Beauty* of the *VVork*, we ſee't, and by the *Speed*.

8.

He who had ſeen the noble *Britiſh Heir*,
Even in that ill diſadvantageous *Light*,
VVith which misfortunes ſtrives t'abuſe our ſight;
He who had ſeen him in his *Clowd* ſo bright:
He who had ſeen the double *Pair*
Of *Brothers* heavenly good, and *Siſters* heavenly fair,
Might have perceiv'd (me thinks) with eaſe,
(But *wicked men* ſee only what they pleaſe)
That God had no intent t'extinguiſh quite
The *pious King's eclipſed Right*.
He who had ſeen how by the power Divine
All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line
Did in their *fire* without *conſuming ſhine*,
How through a *rough Red ſea* they had been led,
By *Wonders* guarded, and by *Wonders* fed.
How many years of trouble and diſtreſs
They'd wandred in their fatal *Wilderneſs*,
And yet did never *murmure* or *repine*;
Might (me-thinks) plainly underſtand,
That after all theſe conquer'd Trials paſt,
Th' *Almighty Mercy* would at laſt
Conduct them with a ſtrong un-erring hand
To their own *promis'd Land*.
For all the glories of the *Earth*
Ought to be *entail'd* by right of *Birth*

And all *Heaven's blessings* to come down
Upon *his Race*, to whom alone was given
The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heaven*,
Who *crown'd* the *Kingly* with the *Martyrs Crown*.

9.

The *Martyr's blood* was said of old to be
The *seed* from whence the *Church* did grow.
The *Royal Blood* which dying *Charles* did sow
Becomes no less the *seed* of *Royalty*.
'Twas in *dishonour sown*,
We find it now in *glory grown*,
The *grave* could but the *dross* of it devour;
'Twas *sown* in *weakness*, and 'tis *rais'd* in *power*.
We now the *Question* well decided see,
Which *Eastern Wits* did once contest
At the *Great Monarch's* Feast
Of all on earth what things the strongest be:
And some for *Women*, some for *Wine* did plead;
That is, for *Folly* and for *Rage*,
Two things which we have known indeed
Strong in this latter *Age*.
But as 'tis prov'd by *Heaven* at length,
The *King* and *Truth* have greatest *strength*,
When they their sacred force unite,
And twine into one *Right*,
No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,
No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,
No *Nets* of humane *Policies*;
No stores of *Arms* or *Gold* (though you could joyn
Those of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*)
No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by Sea, or *Troops* by Land,
No deeply entrencht *Islands* can withstand,
Or any small resistance bring
Against the *naked Truth*, and the *unarmed King*.

10.

The *foolish Lights* which *Travellers* beguile,
End the same night when they begin;
No *Art* so far can upon *Nature* win
As e're to *put out Stars*, or long keep *Meteors in*.
Wher's now that *Ignis Fatuus* which e're while
Mis-lead our *wandring Isle*?
Wher's the *Impostor Cromwel* gon?
Where's now that *Falling-star* his *Son*?
Where's the *large Comet* now whose raging flame
So fatal to our *Monarchy* became?
Which o're our heads in such proud horror stood,
Insatiate with our *Ruine* and our *Blood*?

The

The *fiery Tail* did to vaſt length extend;
And twice for want of *Fuel* did expire,
And twice renew'd the diſmal *Fire*;
Though long the *Tayl* we ſaw at laſt its end.
The flames of one triumphant day,
Which like an Anti-Comet here
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away;
Then did th'allotted hour of *dawning Right*
Firſt ſtrike our raviſht ſight
VVhich *Malice* or which *Art* no more could ſtay,
Than *Witches Charms* can a retardment bring
To the *Reſuſcitation* of the *Day*,
Or *Reſurrection* of the *Spring*.
VVe welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Bleſs the *preceding Winter* and the *Night*.

II.

Man ought his *future Happineſs* to fear,
If he be always *Happy here*
He wants the *bleeding Mark of Grace*,
The *Circumciſion of the choſen race*.
If no one *part* of him ſupplies
The duty of a *Sacrifice*,
He is (we doubt) reſerv'd *intire*
As a whole *Victime* for the *Fire*.
Beſides even in this *World* below,
To thoſe who never did *ill Fortune* know,
The *good* does *nauſeous* or *inſipid* grow
Conſider man's *whole Life*, and you'l confeſs,
The ſharp *Ingredient* of ſome *bad ſucceſs*
Is that which gives the *taſte* to all his *Happineſs*.
But the true *Method* of *Felicity*,
Is when the worſt
Of humane *Life* is plac'd the firſt,
And when the *Childs Correction* proves to be
The cauſe of *perfecting* the *Man*
Let our *weak Dayes* lead up the *Van*,
Let the brave *Second* and *Triarian Band*,
Firm againſt all impreſſion ſtand;
The firſt we may *defeated* ſee;
The *Virtue* and the *Force* of theſe, are ſure of *Victory*.

12.

Such are the *years* (great *Charles*) which now we ſee
Begin their *glorious March* with *Thee*:
Long may their *March* to *Heaven*, and ſtill *Triumphant* be.
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill Fortune never ſhall *o're-take* thee more.
To ſee't again, and pleaſure in it find,
Caſt a diſdainful look *behind*,

Things

Things which *offend*, when preſent, and *affright*,
In *Memory*, well *painted*, move delight.
Enjoy then all thy *afflictions* now;
Thy *Royal Father's* came at laſt:
Thy *Martyrdom's* already paſt.
And *different Crowns* to both ye owe.
No *gold* did e're the *Kingly Temples* bind,
Than thine more *try'd* and more *refin'd*.
As a choiſe *Medal* for *Heaven's Treaſury*
God did *ſtamp* firſt upon one ſide of *Thee*
The *Image* of his *ſuffering Humanity*:
On th' other ſide, turn'd now to ſight, does ſhine
The *glorious Image* of his *Power Divine*.

13.

So when the wiſeſt *Poets* ſeek
In all their livelieſt colours to ſet forth
A *Picture* of *Heroick* worth,
(The *Pious Trojan*, or the *Prudent Greek*)
They chuſe ſome *comely Prince* of *heavenly Birth*,
(No proud *Gigantick ſon* of *Earth*,
Who ſtrives t' uſurp the *god's forbidden ſeat*)
They feed him not with *Nectar*, and the *Meat*
That cannot without *Joy* be eat.
But in the *cold* of *want*, and *ſtorms* of *adverſe chance*,
They *harden* his *young Virtue* by degrees;
The *beauteous Drop* firſt into *Ice* does *freez*,
And into *ſolid Chryſtal* next advance.
His *murdered friends* and *kindred* he does ſee,
And from his *flaming Country* flee.
Much is he *toſt* at *Sea*, and much at *Land*,
Does long the force of *angry gods* withſtand.
He does long *troubles* and long *wars* ſuſtain,
E're he his *fatal Birth-right* gain.
With no leſs *time* or *labour* can
Deſtiny build up ſuch a *Man*,
Who's with ſufficient virtue fill'd
His *ruin'd Country* to *rebuild*.

14.

Nor without cauſe are *Arms* from *Heaven*,
To ſuch a *Hero* by the *Poets* given.
No *human Metal* is of force t' oppoſe
So many and ſo violent blows.
Such was the *Helmet*, *Breaſt-plate*, *Shield*,
Which *Charles* in all Attaques did wield:
And all the *Weapons Malice* e're could try,
Of all the ſeveral *makes* of wicked *Policy*,
Againſt this *Armour* ſtruck, but at the ſtroke,
Like *Swords* of *Ice*, in thouſand pieces broke.

To

To *Angels* and their *Brethren Spirits* above,
No ſhow on Earth can ſure ſo pleaſant prove,
As when they *great misfortunes* ſee
With *Courage* born and *Decency*.
So were they *born* when *Worceſter*'s diſmal *Day*
Did all the terrors of *black Fate* diſplay.
So were they born when no *Diſguiſes clowd*
His *inward Royalty* could *ſhrowd*,
And one of th' *Angels* whom juſt *God* did ſend
To guard him in his noble flight,
(A *Troop* of *Angels* did him then attend)
Aſſur'd me in a *Viſion* th' other night,
That *He* (and who could better judge than *He*?)
Did then more *Greatneſſe* in him ſee,
More *Luſtre* and more *Majeſty*,
Than all his *Coronation Pomp* can ſhew to *Human Eye*.

15.

Him and his *Royal Brothers* when I ſaw
New marks of *honour* and of *glory*,
From their *affronts* and *ſufferings* draw,
And look like *Heavenly Saints* even in their *Purgatory*;
Me-thoughts I ſaw the *three Judæan Youths*,
(Three *unhurt Martyrs* for the *Nobleſt Truths*)
In the *Chaldæan Furnace* walk;
How chearfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No *hair* is findg'd, no ſmalleſt *beauty* blaſted;
Like *painted Lamps* they ſhine *unwaſted*.
The greedy *fire* it ſelf dares not be fed
With the bleſt *Oyl* of an *Anointed Head*.
The honourable *Flame*
(Which rather *Light* we ought to name)
Does, like a *Glory* compaſs them around,
And their *whole Body's crown'd*.
What are thoſe *Two Bright Creatures* which we ſee
Walk with the Royal *Three*
In the ſame *Ordeal fire*,
And *mutual Ioyes* inſpire?
Sure they the *beauteous Siſters* are,
Who whilſt they ſeek to bear their ſhare,
Will ſuffer no *affliction* to be there.
Leſs favour to thoſe *Three* of old was ſhown,
To ſolace with their company,
The *fiery Trials* of *Adverſity*;
Two Angels joyn with *theſe*, the *others* had but *One*.

16.

Come forth, come forth, ye *men of God belov'd*,
And let the *power* now of that *flame*,
Which againſt you ſo *impotent* became,
On all your *Enemies* be proved.

Come,

Come, mighty *Charls*, *deſire of Nations*, come;
Come, *you triumphant Exile*, home.
He's come, he's ſafe at ſhore; I hear the noiſe
Of a whole *Land* which does at once rejoyce,
I hear th' united *People's ſacred voice.*
The *Sea* which circles us around,
Ne're ſent to *Land* ſo loud a *ſound*;
The mighty *ſhout* ſends to the *Sea* a *Gale*,
And ſwells up every *ſail*;
The *Bells* and *Guns* are ſcarcely heard at all;
The *Artificial Ioy*'s drown'd by the *Natural*.
All *England* but one *Bone-fire* ſeems to be,
One *Ætna* ſhooting *flames* into the *Sea.*
The *Starry Worlds* which ſhine to us afar,
Take *ours* at this time for a *Star.*
With *Wine* all *rooms*, with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow;
And *We*, the *Prieſts* of a *Poetick* rage,
Wonder that in this *Golden Age*
The *Rivers* too ſhould not do ſo.
There is no *Stoick* ſure who would not now,
Even ſome *Exceſs* allow;
And grant that one *wild fit* of *chearful folly*
Should end our twenty years of *diſmal Melancholy.*

17.

Where's now the *Royal Mother*, where,
To take her mighty *ſhare*
In this ſo raviſhing ſight,
And with the *part* ſhe *takes* to *add* to the *Delight?*
Ah! Why art *Thou* not here,
Thou always *Beſt*, and now the *Happieſt Queen*,
To *ſee* our *Ioy*, and with new *Ioy* be *ſeen?*
God has a *bright Example* made of *Thee*,
To ſhew that *Woman-kind* may be
Above thát *Sex*, which her Superiour ſeems,
In wiſely managing the wide *Extreams*
Of great *Affliction*, great *Felicity.*
How well thoſe different *Virtues Thee* become,
Daughter of *Triumphs*, *Wife* of *Martyrdom!*
Thy Princely *Mind* with ſo much *Courage* bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;
With ſo much *Goodneſs* us'd *Felicity*,
That it cannot refrain from coming back to *Thee*;
'Tis come, and ſeen to day in all it's *Bravery.*

18.

Who's that *Heroick Perſon* leads it on,
And *gives* it like a glorious *Bride*
(Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial Pride*)
Into the hands now of thy *Son?*

'Tis

'Tis the good *General*, the *Man* of *Praiſe*,
Whom *God* at laſt in gracious pitty
Did to th' *enthrall'd Nation* raiſe,
Their great *Zerubbabel* to be,
To looſe the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,
And to *rebuild* their *Temple* and their *City*.
For ever bleſt may *He* and *His* remain,
VVho, with a *vaſt*, though leſs-appearing gain,
Preferr'd the *ſolid Great* above the *Vain*,
And to the world this *Princely Truth* has ſhown,
That more 'tis to *Reſtore*, than to *Uſurp* a *Crown*.
Thou worthieſt Perſon of the *Britiſh Story*,
(Though 'tis not *ſmall* the *Britiſh glory*)
Did I not know my *humble Verſe* muſt be
But ill-proportion'd to the *Heighth* of *Thee*,
Thou, and the *World* ſhould ſee,
How much my *Muſe*, the *Foe* of *Flattery*,
Do's make *true Praiſe* her *Labour* and *Deſign*;
An *Iliad* or an *Æneid* ſhould be *Thine*.

19.

And ill ſhould We deſerve this happy day,
If no acknowledgments we pay
To you, *great Patriots*, of the *Two*
Moſt *truly Other Houſes* now,
VVho have redeem'd from *hatred* and from *ſhame*
A *Parliaments* once *venerable name*;
And now the Title of a *Houſe* reſtore,
To that, which was but *ſlaughter-houſe* before.
If my advice, ye *VVorthies*, might be ta'ne,
VVithin thoſe reverend places,
VVhich now your *living preſence* graces,
Your Marble-*Statues* alwayes ſhould remain,
To keep alive your uſeful *Memory*,
And to your *Succeſſors* th' *Example* be
Of *Truth*, *Religion*, *Reaſon*, *Loyalty*.
For though a firmly ſetled *Peace*
May ſhortly make your publick labours ceaſe,
The grateful *Nation* will with joy conſent,
That in *this ſenſe* you ſhould be ſaid,
(Though yet the *Name* ſounds with ſome dread)
To be the *Long*, the *Endleſs Parliament*.

On the Queens Repairing Somerſet *Houſe.*

WHen God (the Cauſe to Me and Men unknown)
Forſook the Royal Houſes, and his Own,
And both abandon'd to the Common Foe;
How near to ruine did my Glories go?
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this Princely place
Which Covetous hands could Take, or Rude Deface.
In all my rooms and galleries I found
The richeſt Figures torn, and all around
Diſmembred Statues of great Heroes lay;
Such *Naſeby*'s Field ſeem'd on the fatal Day.
And Me, when nought for Robbery was left,
They ſtarv'd to death; the gaſping walls were cleft,
The Pillars ſunk, the Roofs above me wept,
No ſign of Spring, or Joy, my Garden kept,
Nothing was ſeen which could content the Eye,
Till Dead the impious Tyrant Here did lye.
See how my face is chang'd, and what I am
Since my true Miſtreſs, and now Foundreſs, came.
It does not fill her Bounty to reſtore
Me as I was (nor was I ſmall) before.
She imitates the Kindneſs to Her ſhown;
She does, like Heaven (which the dejected Throne
At once reſtores, fixes, and higher rears.)
Strengthen, Enlarge, Exalt what ſhe Repairs.
And now I dare (though proud I muſt not be,
Whil'ſt my great Miſtreſs I ſo Humble ſee
In all her various Glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudeſt Palaces compare,
My Beauty, and Convenience will (I'm ſure)
So juſt a boaſt with Modeſty endure.
And all muſt to me yield, when I ſhall tell,
How I am plac'd, and VVho does in me dwell.
Before my Gate a Street's broad Channel goes,
VVhich ſtill with VVaves of crowding people flows,
And every day there paſſes by my ſide,
Up to its VVeſtern Reach, the *London* Tide,
The Spring-Tides of the Term; my Front looks down
On all the Pride, and Buſineſs of the Town.
My other Front (for as in Kings we ſee
The livelieſt Image of the Deity,
VVe in their Houſes ſhould Heaven's likeneſs find,
VVhere nothing can be ſaid to be Behind)
My other fair and more Majeſtick Face
(VVho can the Fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on it ſelf below
In the beſt Mirrour that the world can ſhow.

And here, Behold, in a long bending row,
How two joynt Cities make one glorious Bow,
The Midſt, the nobleſt place, poſſeſs'd by Me;
Beſt to be Seen by all, and all O're ſee.
Which way ſoe'r I turn my joyful Eye,
Here the Great Court, there the rich Town, I ſpy;
On either ſide dwells Safety and Delight;
Wealth on the Left, and Power upon the Right.
T' aſſure yet my defence, on either hand,
Like mighty Forts, in equal diſtance ſtand
Two of the beſt and ſtatelieſt piles, which e're
Man's liberal Piety of old did rear,
Where the two Princes of th' Apoſtles Band,
My Neighbours and my Guards, watch and command.
My warlike Guard of Ships, which farther lye,
Might be my Object too, were not the Eye
Stopt by the Houſes of that wondrous Street
Which rides o're the broad River, like a Fleet.
The Stream's eternal Siege they fixt abide,
And the ſwoln Stream's Auxiliary Tide,
Though both their ruine with joynt power conſpire,
Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but Fire.
And here my *Thames*, though it more gentle be
Than any Flood, ſo ſtrengthned by the Sea,
Finding by Art his Natural forces broke,
And bearing, Captive-like, the Arched Yoke,
Do's roar, and foam, and rage at the diſgrace,
But recompoſes ſtrait and calms his Face,
Is into reverence and ſubmiſſion ſtrook,
As ſoon as from afar he does but look
Tow'rds the VVhite Palace where that King does reign
VVho lays his Laws and Bridges o're the Main.
Amidſt theſe lowder Honours of my Seat,
And two vaſt Cities, troubleſomly Great,
In a large various plain the Country too
Opens her gentler bleſſings to my View,
In me the Active and the Quiet Mind
By different wayes equal content may find.
If any prouder Vertuoſo's ſence
At that part of my Proſpect take offence,
By which the meaner Cabanes are deſcri'd,
Of my Imperial River's humbler ſide,
If they call that a Blemiſh, let them know,
God, and my God-like Miſtreſs, think not ſo;
For the diſtreſt and the afflicted lye
Moſt in their Care, and always in their Eye.
And thou, fair River, who ſtill pay'ſt to Me
Juſt Homage, in thy paſſage to the Sea,
Take here this one Inſtruction as thou goeſt;
When thy mixt VVaves ſhall viſit every Coaſt,

When round the world their Voyage they shall make,
And back to Thee some secret Channels take,
Ask them what nobler sight they e're did meet
Except thy mighty Master's Soveraign Fleet,
Which now triumphant o're the Main does ride,
The Terror of all Lands, the Ocean's Pride.
From hence his Kingdom's Happy now at last,
(Happy, if Wise by their Misfortunes past)
From hence may Omens take of that success
Which both their future Wars and Peace shall bless:
The Peaceful Mother on mild *Thames* does build,
With her Son's Fabricks the rough *Sea* is fill'd.

The Complaint.

1.

IN a deep Vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a Bow'r for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade,
Of the black Yew's unlucky green,
Mixt with the mourning Willow's careful gray,
Where Reverend *Cham* cuts out his Famous way,
The Melancholy *Cowley* lay:
And Lo! a Muse appear'd to' his closed sight,
(The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play)
Bodied, arrayed, and seen, by an internal Light,
A golden Harp, with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,
In which all Colours, and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate;
And with loose Pride it wanton'd in the Air.
In such a Dress, in such a well-cloath'd Dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair *Ismenus* Stream,
Pindar her *Theban* Favourite to meet;
A Crown was on her Head, and wings were on her Feet.

2.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from the Ground;
The shaken strings Melodiously Resound.
Art thou return'd at last, said she,
To this forsaken place and me?
Thou Prodigal, who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy Youthful years, the good Estate;
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late?
And gather husks of Learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest time of Life is past,
And *Winter* marches on so fast?

But,

But, when I meant t' adopt Thee for my Son,
And did as learn'd a Portion aſſign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their deareſt Children done;
When I reſolv'd t' exalt thy' anointed Name,
Among the Spiritual Lords of peaceful Fame;
Thou Changling, thou, bewitcht with noiſe and ſhow,
Wouldſt into Courts and Cities from me go;
Wouldſt ſee the World abroad, and have a ſhare
In all the follies, and the Tumults there,
Thou would'ſt, forſooth, be ſomething in a State,
And buſineſs thou would'ſt find, and would'ſt Create:
Buſineſs! the frivolous pretence
Of humane Luſts to ſhake off Innocence;
Buſineſs! the grave impertinence:
Buſineſs! the thing which I of all things hate,
Buſineſs! the contradiction of thy Fate.

3.

Go, Renegado, caſt up thy Account,
And ſee to what Amount
Thy fooliſh gains by quitting me:
The ſale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd Apoſtacy.
Thou thought'ſt if once the publick ſtorm were paſt,
All thy remaining Life ſhould ſun-ſhine be:
Behold the publick ſtorm is ſpent at laſt,
The Sovereign is toſt at Sea no more,
And thou, with all the Noble Company,
Art got at laſt to ſhore.
But whilſt thy fellow Voyagers, I ſee
All marcht up to poſſeſs the promis'd Land,
Thou ſtill alone (alas) doſt gaping ſtand,
Upon the naked Beach, upon the Barren Sand.

4.

As a fair morning of the bleſſed ſpring,
After a tedious ſtormy night;
Such was the glorious entry of our King,
Enriching moyſture drop'd on every thing:
Plenty he ſow'd below, and caſt about him light.
But then (alas) to thee alone,
One of Old *Gideons* Miracles was ſhown,
For every Tree, and every Herb around,
With Pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quickned ground,
The fruitful ſeed of Heaven did brooding lye,
And nothing but the Muſes Fleece was dry.

It did all other Threats ſurpaſs,
When God to his own People ſaid,
(The Men whom through long wandrings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a Heaven of Braſs:
They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,
That Bounteous Heaven, which God did not reſtrain,
Upon the moſt unjuſt to Shine and Rain.

5.

The *Rachel*, for which twice ſeven years and more,
Thou didſt with Faith and Labour ſerve,
And didſt (if Faith and labour can) deſerve,
Though ſhe contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another thou didſt ſee,
Giv'n to another who had ſtore
Of fairer, and of Richer Wives before,
And not a *Leah* left, thy recompence to be.
Go on, twice ſeven years more, thy fortune try,
Twice ſeven years more, God in his bounty may
Give thee, to fling away
Into the Courts deceitful Lottery.
But think how likely 'tis, that thou
With the dull work of thy unweildy Plough,
Shouldſt in a hard and Barren ſeaſon thrive,
Shouldſt even able be to live;
Thou, to whoſe ſhare ſo little bread did fall,
In the miraculous year, when *Manna* rain'd on all.

6.

Thus ſpake the Muſe, and ſpake it with a ſmile,
That ſeem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raiſing his thoughtful head,
The Melancholy *Cowley* ſaid,
Ah wanton foe, doſt thou upbraid
The Ills which thou thy ſelf haſt made?
When in the Cradle, Innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit, ſtoleſt me away,
And my abuſed Soul didſt bear,
Into thy new-found Worlds I know not where,
Thy Golden Indies in the Air;
And ever ſince I ſtrive in vain
My raviſht freedom to regain;
Still I Rebel, ſtill thou doſt Reign,
Lo, ſtill in verſe againſt thee I complain.
There is a ſort of ſtubborn Weeds,
VVhich, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds,
No wholſom Herb can near them thrive,
No uſeful Plant can keep alive:
The fooliſh ſports I did on thee beſtow,
Make all my Art and Labour fruitleſs now;
Where once ſuch Fairies dance, no graſs doth ever grow.

7. When

7.

When my new mind had no infuſion known,
Thou gav'ſt ſo deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever ſince I vainly try
To waſh away th' inherent dye:
Long work perhaps may ſpoil thy Colours quite,
But never will reduce the Native white:
To all the Ports of Honour and of Gain,
I often ſteer my courſe in vain,
Thy Gale comes croſs, and drives me back again.
Thou ſlack'neſt all my Nerves of Induſtry,
By making them ſo oft to be
The tinckling ſtrings of thy looſe minſtrelſie.
Who ever this worlds happineſs would ſee,
Muſt as entirely caſt off thee,
As they who only Heaven deſire,
Do from the world retire.
This was my Errour, This my groſs miſtake,
My ſelf a demy-votary to make.
Thus with *Saphira*, and her Husbands fate,
(A fault which I like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And periſh for the part which I retain.

8.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muſe,
The Court, and better King t' accuſe;
The Heaven under which I live is fair;
The fertile ſoil will a full Harveſt bear;
Thine, thine is all the Barrenneſs; if thou
Mak'ſt me ſit ſtill and ſing, when I ſhould plough,
When I but think, how many a tedious year
Our patient Soveraign did attend
His long misfortunes fatal end;
How chearfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Soveraigns Will he did depend:
I ought to be accurſt, if I refuſe
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muſe!
Kings have long hands (they ſay) and though I be
So diſtant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all Princes thou
Shouldſt not reproach Rewards for being ſmall or ſlow;
Thou who rewardeſt but with popular breath,
And that too after death.

The Adventures of Five hours.

AS when our Kings (Lords of the ſpacious Main)
Take in juſt wars a rich Plate Fleet of *Spain*;
The rude unſhapen Ingots they reduce
Into a form of Beauty and of uſe;
On which the Conquerors Image now does ſhine,
Not His whom it belong'd to in the Mine;
So in the mild Contentions of the Muſe
(The War which Peace it ſelf loves and perſues)
So have you home to us in triumph brought,
This Cargazon of *Spain* with Treaſures fraught,
You have not baſely gotten it by ſtealth,
Nor by Tranſlation borrow'd all its wealth,
But by a pow'rful Spirit made it your own
Metal before, Money by you 'tis grown.
'Tis currant now, by your adorning it
'With the fair ſtamp of your victorious wit:
But though we praiſe this voyage of your Mind,
And though our ſelves enricht by it we find,
We 're not contented yet, becauſe we know
What greater ſtores at home within it grow;
We 've ſeen how well you forrain Oars refine,
Produce the Gold of your own Nobler Mine.
The world ſhall then our Native plenty view,
And fetch materials for their wit from you,
They all ſhall watch the travails of your Pen,
And *Spain* on you ſhall make Repriſals then.

On the death of Mrs. Katherine Philips.

CRuel diſeaſe! Ah, could it not ſuffice
Thy old and conſtant ſpight to exerciſe
Againſt the gentleſt and the faireſt Sex,
Which ſtill thy Depredations moſt do vex?
VVhere ſtil thy Malice moſt of all
(Thy Malice or thy Luſt) does on the faireſt fall?
And in them moſt aſſault the faireſt place,
The Throne of Empreſs Beauty, ev'n the Face?
There was enough of that here to aſſwage,
(One would have thought) either thy Luſt or Rage,
VVas't not enough, when thou, prophane Diſeaſe,
Didſt on this Glorious Temple ſeize.
VVas't not enough, like a wild Zealot, there,
All the rich outward Ornaments to tear,

Deface

Deface the innocent pride of beauteous Images?
VVas't not enough thus rudely to defile
But thou muſt quite deſtroy the goodly Pile?
And thy unbounded Sacriledge commit
On th' inward Holieſt Holy of her VVit?
Cruel diſeaſe! There thou miſtook'ſt thy power;
No Mine of Death can that devour,
On her embalmed Name it will abide
An everlaſting Pyramide,
As high as Heav'n the top, as Earth, the Baſis wide.

2.

All Ages paſt, record, all Countreys now,
In various kinds ſuch equal Beauties ſhow,
That ev'n Judge *Paris* would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to beſtow,
Though Goddeſſes to' his ſentence did ſubmit
VVomen and Lovers would appeal from it:
Nor durſt he ſay, Of all the Female race,
This is the Sovereign Face.
And ſome (though theſe be of a kind that's Rare,
That's much, ah, much leſs frequent then the Fair)
So equally renown'd for Virtue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might poſe,
VVhen the beſt VVoman for her guide ſhe choſe.
But if *Apollo* ſhould deſign
A VVoman *Laureat* to make,
VVithout diſpute he would *Orinda* take,
Though *Sappho* and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a Princeſs or a Queen
Is Great; but 'tis a Greatneſs always ſeen;
The VVorld did never but two VVomen know,
VVho, one by fraud, th' other by wit did riſe
To the two tops of Spiritual Dignities,
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

3.

Of Female Poets who had names of old
Nothing is ſhown, but only Told,
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-Flatt'ry only, and Male-Poetry.
Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning waſte,
The Thunder of their voice did longer laſt,
But that too ſoon was paſt.
The certain proofs of our *Orinda's* wit,
In her own laſting Characters are writ,
And they will long my praiſe of them ſurvive,
Though long perhaps too that may live.

The Trade of Glory mannag'd by the Pen
Though great it be, and every where is found
Does bring in but ſmall profit to us Men;
'Tis by the number of the ſharers drown'd.
Orinda on the Female coaſts of Fame,
Ingroſſes all the Goods of a Poetique Name.
She does no Partner with her ſee,
Does all the buſineſs there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole Company.

4.

But Wit's like a Luxurian Vine;
Unleſs to Virtue's prop it joyn,
Firm and Erect towards Heaven bound;
Though it with beauteous Leaves and pleaſant Fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the Ground.
Now Shame and Bluſhes on us all,
Who our own Sex Superior call!
Orinda does our boaſting Sex out-do,
Not in Wit only, but in Virtue too.
She does above our beſt Examples riſe,
In Hate of Vice, and ſcorn of Vanities.
Never did ſpirit of the Manly make,
And dipt all o're in Learnings Sacred Lake,
A temper more Invulnerable take.
No violent Paſſion could an entrance find,
Into the tender Goodneſs of her Mind
Through walls of Stone thoſe furious Bullets may
Force their impetuous way
When her ſoft Breſt they hit, powerleſs and dead they lay.

5.

The Fame of Friendſhip which ſo long had told
Of three or four illuſtrious Names of old,
Till hoarſe and weary with the tale ſhe grew,
Rejoyces now t' have got a new,
A new, and more ſurprizing ſtory,
Of fair *Leucaſia* and *Orindas* Glory.
As when a prudent Man does once perceive
That in ſome Forrain Countrey he muſt live,
The Language and the Manners he does ſtrive
To underſtand and practiſe here,
That he may come, no ſtranger there
So well *Orinda* did her ſelf prepare
In this much different Clime for her remove
To the glad World of Poetry and Love.

Hymn. To light.

1.

FIrſt born of *Chaos*, who ſo fair didſt come
From the old *Negro*'s darkſome womb!
Which when it ſaw the lovely Child,
The melancholly Maſs put on kind looks and ſmil'd,

2.

Thou Tide of Glory which no Reſt doſt know,
But ever Ebb, and ever Flow!
Thou Golden ſhower of a true *Jove*!
Who does in thee deſcend, and Heav'n to Earth make Love!

3.

Hail active Natures watchful Life and Health!
Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth!
Hail to thy Husband Heat, and Thee!
Thou the worlds beauteous Bride, the luſty Bridegroom He!

4.

Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,
Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
Swiftneſs and Power by Birth are thine:
From thy Great Sire they came, thy Sire the word Divine.

5

'Tis, I believe, this Archery to ſhow,
That ſo much coſt in Colours thou,
And skill in Painting doſt beſtow,
Upon thy ancient Arms, the Gawdy Heav'nly Bow.

6.

Swift as light Thoughts their empty Carriere run,
Thy Race is finiſht, when begun,
Let a Poſt-Angel ſtart with Thee,
And Thou the Goal of Earth ſhalt reach as ſoon as He:

7.

Thou in the Moons bright Chariot proud and gay,
Doſt thy bright wood of Stars ſurvay;
And all the year doſt with thee bring
Of thouſand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal Spring.

8.

Thou *Scythian*-like doſt round thy Lands above
The Suns gilt Tent for ever move,
And ſtill as thou in pomp doſt go
The ſhining Pageants of the World attend thy ſhow.

9.

Nor amidſt all theſe Triumphs doſt thou ſcorn
The humble Glow-worms to adorn,
And with thoſe living ſpangles gild,
(O Greatneſs without Pride!) the Buſhes of the Field.

10.

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou doſt fright,
And ſleep, the lazy Owl of Night;
Aſham'd and fearful to appear
They skreen their horrid ſhapes with the black Hemiſphere.

11.

With 'em there haſts, and wildly takes the Alarm,
Of painted Dreams, a buſie ſwarm,
At the firſt opening of thine eye,
The various Cluſters break, the antick Atomes fly.

12.

The guilty Serpents, and obſcener Beaſts
Creep conſcious to their ſecret reſts:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill Omens, and ill Sights removes out of thy

13:

At thy appearance, Grief it ſelf is ſaid,
To ſhake his Wings, and rowſe his Head.
And cloudy care has often took
A gentle beamy Smile reflected from thy Look.

14.

At thy appearance, Fear it ſelf grows bold;
Thy Sun-ſhine melts away his Cold.
Encourag'd at the ſight of Thee,
To the cheek Colour comes, and firmneſs to the knee.

15.

Even Luſt the Maſter of a hardned Face,
Bluſhes if thou beeſt in the place,
To darkneſs' Curtains he retires,
In Sympathizing Night he rowls his ſmoaky Fires.

16.

When, Goddeſs, thou liftſt up thy wakened Head,
Out of the Mornings purple bed,
Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world ſalutes the riſing day.

17. The

17.

The Ghosts, and Monster Spirits, that did presume
A Bodies Priv'lege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And Bodies gain agen their visibility.

18.

All the Worlds bravery that delights our Eyes
Is but thy several Liveries,
Thou the Rich Dy on them bestowest,
Thy nimble Pencil Paints this Landskape as thou go'st.

19.

A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st;
A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st,
The Virgin Lillies in their White,
Are clad but with the Lawn of almost Naked Light.

20.

The Violet, springs little Infant, stands,
Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands:
On the fair Tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd Coat.

21.

With Flame condenst thou dost the Jewels fix,
And solid Colours in it mix:
Flora her self envyes to see
Flowers fairer then her own, and durable as she.

22.

Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,
And be less Liberall to Gold;
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care (alas) might'st thou poor Man relieve!

23.

To me the Sun is more delightful farr,
And all fair Dayes much fairer are.
But few, ah wondrous few there be,
Who do not Gold prefer, O Goddess, ev'n to Thee.

24.

Through the soft wayes of Heaven, and Air, and Sea,
Which open all their Pores to Thee;
Like a cleer River thou dost glide,
And with thy Living Stream through the close Channels slide.

25.

But where firm Bodies thy free courſe oppoſe,
Gently thy ſource the Land oreflowes;
Takes there poſſeſſion, and does make,
Of Colours mingled, Light, a thick and ſtanding Lake.

26.

But the vaſt Ocean of unbounded Day
In th' Empyræan Heaven does ſtay.
Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below
From thence took firſt their Riſe, thither at laſt muſt Flow.

To the Royal Society.

1.

PHiloſophy the great and only Heir
Of all that Human Knowledge which has bin
Unforfeited by Mans rebellious Sin,
Though full of years He do appear,
(Philoſophy I ſay, and call it, He,
For whatſoe're the Painters Fancy be,
It a Male-virtue ſeemes to me)
Has ſtill been kept in Nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vaſt Eſtate:
Three or four thouſand years one would have thought,
To ripeneſs and perfection might have brought
A Science ſo well bred and nurſt,
And of ſuch hopeful parts too at the firſt.
But, oh, the Guardians and the Tutors then,
(Some negligent, and ſome ambitious men)
Would ne're conſent to ſet him Free,
Or his own Natural Powers to let him ſee,
Leſt that ſhould put an end to their Autoritie.

2.

That his own buſineſs he might quite forget,
They' amus'd him with the ſports of wanton Wit,
With the Deſſerts of Poetry they fed him,
In ſtead of ſolid meats t' encreaſe his force;
In ſtead of vigorous exerciſe they led him
Into the pleaſant Labyrinths of ever-freſh Diſcourſe:
In ſtead of carrying him to ſee
The Riches which doe hoorded for him lie
In Natures endleſs Treaſurie,
They choſe his Eye to entertain
(His curious but not covetous Eye)
With painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain.

Some

Some few exalted Spirits this latter Age has ſhown,
That labour'd to aſſert the Liberty
(From Guardians, who were now Uſurpers grown)
Of this old *Minor* ſtill, Captiv'd Philoſophy;
But 'twas Rebellion call'd to fight
For ſuch a long-oppreſſed Right.
Bacon at laſt, a mighty Man, aroſe
Whom a wiſe King and Nature choſe
Lord Chancellour of both their Lawes,
And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils cauſe.

3.

Autority, which did a Body boaſt,
Though 'twas but Air condens'd, and ſtalk'd about,
Like ſome old Giants more Gigantic Ghoſt,
To terrifie the Learned Rout
With the plain Magick of true Reaſons Light,
He chac'd out of our ſight,
Nor ſuffer'd Living *Men* to be miſled
By the vain ſhadows of the Dead:
To Graves, from whence it roſe, the conquer'd Phantome fled;
He broke that Monſtrous God which ſtood
In midſt of th' Orchard, and the whole did claim,
Which with a uſeleſs Sith of Wood,
And ſomething elſe not worth a name,
(Both vaſt for ſhew, yet neither fit
Or to Defend, or to Beget;
Ridiculous and ſenceleſs Terrors!) made
Children and ſuperſtitious Men afraid.
The Orchard's open now, and free;
Bacon has broke that Scar-crow Deitie;
Come, enter, all that will,
Behold the rip'ned Fruit, come gather now your Fill.
Yet ſtill, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the Forbidden Tree,
We would be like the Deitie,
When Truth and Falſhood, Good and Evil, we
Without the Sences aid within our ſelves would ſee;
For 'tis God only who can find
All Nature in his Mind.

4.

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,
(Though we our Thoughts from them perverſly drew)
To things, the Minds right Object, he it brought,
Like fooliſh Birds to painted Grapes we flew;
He ſought and gather'd for our uſe the True;
And when on heaps the choſen Bunches lay,
He preſt them wiſely the Mechanick way,

Till

Till all their juyce did in one Veſſel joyn,
Ferment into a Nouriſhment Divine,
The thirſty Souls refreſhing Wine.
Who to the life an exact Piece would make,
Muſt not from others VVork a Copy take;
No, not from *Rubens* or *Vandike*;
Much leſs content himſelf to make it like
Th' Idæas and the Images which lie
In his own Fancy, or his Memory.
No, he before his ſight muſt place
The Natural and Living Face;
The real object muſt command
Each Judgment of his Eye, and Motion of his Hand.

5.

From theſe and all long Errors of the way,
In which our wandring Prædeceſſors went,
And like th' old *Hebrews* many years did ſtray
In Deſarts but of ſmall extent,
Bacon, like *Moſes*, led us forth at laſt,
The barren VVilderneſs he paſt,
Did on the very Border ſtand
Of the bleſt promis'd Land,
And from the Mountains Top of his Exalted Wit,
Saw it himſelf, and ſhew'd us it.
But Life did never to one Man allow
Time to Diſcover Worlds, and Conquer too;
Nor can ſo ſhort a Line ſufficient be
To ſadome the vaſt depths of Natures Sea:
The work he did we ought t' admire,
And were unjuſt if we ſhould more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' Exceſs
Of low Affliction, and high Happineſs.
For who on things remote can fix his ſight,
That's alwayes in a Triumph, or a Fight?

6.

From you, great Champions, we expect to get
Theſe ſpacious Countries but diſcover'd yet;
Countries where yet in ſtead of Nature, we
Her Images and Idols worſhip'd ſee:
Theſe large and wealthy Regions to ſubdue,
Though Learning has whole Armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every Land,
A better Troop ſhe ne're together drew,
Methinks, like *Gideon*'s little Band,
God with Deſign has pickt out you,
To do theſe noble Wonders by a Few:
When the whole Hoſt he ſaw, They are (ſaid he)
Too many to O'rcome for Me;

And now he chuses out his Men,
Much in the way that he did then:
Not those many whom he found
Idely extended on the ground,
To drink with their dejected head
The Stream just so as by their Mouths it fled:
No, but those Few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious Hands the Cup.

7.

Thus you prepar'd; and in the glorious Fight
Their wondrous pattern too you take:
Their old and empty Pitchers first they brake,
And with their Hands then lifted up the Light.
Io! Sound too the Trumpets here!
Already your victorious Lights appear;
New Scenes of Heaven already we espy,
And Crowds of golden Worlds on high;
Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea;
Could never yet discover'd be
By Sailers or *Chaldeans* watchful Eye.
Natures great Workes no distance can obscure,
No smalness her near Objects can secure
Y' have taught the curious Sight to press
Into the privatest recess,
Of her imperceptible Littleness.
Y' have learn'd to Read her smallest Hand,
And well begun her deepest Sense to understand.

8.

Mischief and true Dishonour fall on those
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
So Virtuous and so Noble a Design,
So Human for its Use, for Knowledge so Divine,
The things which these proud men despise, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and small,
Those smallest things of Nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest Actions Doe.
Whoever would Deposed Truth advance
Into the Throne usurp'd from it,
Must feel at first the Blows of Ignorance,
And the sharp Points of Envious Wit.
So when by various turns of the Celestial Dance,
In many thousand years
A Star, so long unknown, appears,
Though Heaven it self more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the World below,
Does to the Wise a Star, to Fools a Meteor show.

9.

With Courage and Succeſs you the bold work begin;
Your Cradle has not Idle bin:
None e're but *Hercules* and you could be
At five years Age worthy a Hiſtory.
And ne're did Fortune better yet
Th' Hiſtorian to the Story fit:
As you from all Old Errors free
And purge the Body of Philoſophy;
So from all Modern Folies He
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
His candid Stile like a clean Stream does ſlide;
And his bright Fancy all the way
Does like the Sun-ſhine in it play;
It does like *Thames*, the beſt of Rivers, glide,
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour the Cryſtal Urn,
And with judicious hand does the whole Current Guide.
T' has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely Dreſs without the paint of Art.

Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drakes *ſhip, Preſented to the Univerſity Library in* Oxford, *by* John Davis *of* Deptford, *Eſquire.*

TO this great Ship which round the Globe has run,
And matcht in Race the Chariot of the Sun,
This *Pythagorean* Ship (for it may claim
Without preſumption ſo deſerv'd a Name,
By knowledge once and transformation now)
In her New Shape this ſacred Port allow.
Drake and his Ship could not have wiſh'd from Fate,
A more bleſt Station, or more bleſt Eſtate.
For (Lo!) a Seat of endleſt Reſt is given,
To her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heaven.

A PROPOSITION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL *PHILOSOPHY.*

The Colledge.

THat the *Philosophical Colledge* be scituated within one, two or (at fartheſt) three miles of *London*, and, if it be poſsible to find that convenience, upon the ſide of the River, or very near it.

That the Revenue of this Colledge amount to four thouſand pounds a year.

That the Company received into it be as follows.

1. Twenty Philoſophers or Profeſſers. 2. Sixteen young Scholars, Servants to the Profeſſors. 3. A Chaplain. 4. A Baily for the Revenue. 5. A Manciple or Purveyor for the proviſions of the Houſe. 6. Two Gardeners. 7. A Maſter-Cook. 8. An Under-Cook. 9. A Butler. 10. An Under-Butler. 11. A Chirurgeon. 12. Two Lungs, or Chymical Servants. 13. A Library-keeper who is likewiſe to be Apothecary, Druggiſt, and keeper of Inſtruments, Engines, *&c.* 14. An Officer to feed and take care of all Beaſts, Fowl, *&c.* kept by the Colledge. 15. A Groom of the Stable. 16. A Meſſenger to ſend up and down for all uſes of the Colledge. 17. Four old Women to tend the Chambers, keep the Houſe clean, and ſuch like ſervices.

That the annual allowance for this Company be as follows. 1. To every Profeſſor, and to the Chaplain, One hundred and twenty pounds. 2. To the ſixteen Scholars Twenty pounds a piece, Ten pounds for their Diet, and Ten pounds for their Entertainment. 3. To the Baily, Thirty pound beſides allowance for his Journeys. 4. To the Purveyor or Manciple, Thirty pounds. 5. To each of the Gardeners, Twenty pounds. 6. To the Maſter-Cook, Twenty pounds. 7. To the Under-Cook, Four pounds. 8. To the Butler, Ten pounds. 9. To the Under-Butler, Four pounds. 10. To the Chirurgeon, Thirty pounds. 11. To the Library-keeper, Thirty pounds. 12. To each of the Lungs twelve pounds. 13. To the keeper of the Beaſts, Six pounds. 14. To the Groom, five pounds. 15. To the Meſſenger, Twelve pounds. 16. To the four neceſſary Women, Ten pounds. For the Manciples Table at which all the Servants

of the Houſe are to eat, except the Scholars, One hundred ſixty pounds. For three Horſes for the ſervice of the Colledge, Thirty pounds.

All which amountes to Three thouſand two hundred eighty five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the Houſe and Gardens, and Operatories, and Inſtruments, and Animals, and Experiments of all ſorts, and all other expences, Seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which were a very inconſiderable ſum for the great uſes to which it is deſigned, but that I conceive the Induſtry of the Colledge will in a ſhort time ſo enrich it ſelf as to get a far better ſtock for the advance and enlargement of the work when it is once begun; neither is the continuance of particular mens liberality to be deſpaired of, when it ſhall be encouraged by the ſight of that publick benefit which will accrue to all Mankind, and chiefly to our Nation, by this Foundation. Something likewiſe will ariſe from Leaſes and other Caſualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the Profeſſors, or any other uſe beſides that of the ſearch of Nature, and by it the general good of the world, and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the inſtitution, as likewiſe for the protection and encouragement of the Company, it is propoſed.

That ſome perſon of Eminent Quality, a Lover of ſolid Learning, and no Stranger in it, be choſen Chancellour or Preſident of the Colledge, and that eight Governours more, men qualified in the like manner, be joyned with him, two of which ſhall yearly be appointed Viſitors of the Colledge, and receive an exact account of all expences even to the ſmalleſt, and of the true eſtate of their publique Treaſure, under the hands and oaths of the Profeſſors Reſident.

That the choice of the Profeſſors in any vacancy belong to the Chancellour and the Governours, but that the Profeſſors (who are likelieſt to know what men of the Nation are moſt proper for the duties of their Society) direct their choice by recommending two or three perſons to them at every Election. And that if any learned Perſon within His Majeſties Dominions diſcover or eminently improve any uſeful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground for his reward and the encouragement of others, be preferr'd, if he pretend to the place, before any body elſe.

That the Governours have power to turn out any Profeſſor who ſhall be proved to be either ſcandalous or unprofitable to the Society.

That the Colledge be built after this, or ſome ſuch manner: That it conſiſt of three fair Quadrangular Courts, and three large grounds, encloſed with good walls behind them. That the firſt Court be built with a fair Cloyſter, and the Profeſſors Lodgings or rather little Houſes, four on each ſide at ſome diſtance from one another, and with little Gardens behind them, juſt after the manner of the *Chartreux* beyond Sea. That the inſide of the Cloyſter be lined with a Gravel-walk, and that walk with a row of

Trees

Trees, and that in the middle there be a Parterre of Flowers, and a Fountain.

That the ſecond Quadrangle juſt behind the firſt, be ſo contrived, as to contain theſe parts. 1. A Chappel. 2. A Hall with two long Tables on each ſide for the Scholars and Officers of the Houſe to eat at, and with a Pulpit and Forms at the end for the publick Lectures. 3. A large and pleaſant Dining-Room within the Hall for the Profeſſors to eat in, and to hold their Aſſemblies and Conferences. 4. A publick School-houſe. 5. A Library. 6. A Gallery to walk in, adorned with the Pictures or Statues of all the Inventors of any thing uſeful to Humane Life; as Printing, Guns, *America*, *&c.* and of late in Anatomy, the Circulation of the Blood, the Milky Veins, and ſuch like diſcoveries in any Art, with ſhort Elogies under the Portractures: As likewiſe the Figures of all ſorts of Creatures, and the ſtuft skins of as many ſtrange Animals as can be gotten. 7. An Anatomy Chamber adorned with Skeletons and Anatomical Pictures, and prepared with all conveniences for Diſſection. 8. A Chamber for all manner of Druggs, and Apothecaries Materials. 9. A Mathematical Chamber furniſht with all ſorts of Mathematical Inſtruments, being an Appendix to the Library. 10. Lodgings for the Chaplain, Chirurgeon, Library-Keeper and Purveyour, near the Chappel, Anatomy Chamber, Library and Hall.

That the third Court be on one ſide of theſe, very large, but meanly built, being deſigned only for uſe and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the Kitchin, Butteries, Brew-houſe, Bake-houſe, Dairy, Lardry, Stables, *&c.* and eſpecially great Laboratories for Chymical Operations, and Lodgings for the Under-ſervants.

That behind the ſecond Court be placed the Garden, containing all ſorts of Plants that our Soil will bear, and at the end a little Houſe of pleaſure, a Lodge for the Gardener, and a Grove of Trees cut out into Walks.

That the ſecond encloſed ground be a Garden, deſtined only to the tryal of all manner of Experiments concerning Plants, as their Melioration, Acceleration, Retardation, Conſervation, Compoſition, Tranſmutation, Coloration, or whatſoever elſe can be produced by Art either for uſe or curioſity, with a Lodge in it for the Gardener.

That the third Ground be employed in convenient receptacles for all ſorts of Creatures which the Profeſſors ſhall judge neceſſary for their more exact ſearch into the nature of Animals, and the improvement of their Uſes to us.

That there be likewiſe built in ſome place of the Colledge where it may ſerve moſt for Ornament of the whole, a very high Tower for obſervation of Celeſtial Bodies, adorned with all ſorts of Dyals and ſuch like Curioſities; and that there be very deep Vaults made under ground, for Experiments moſt proper to ſuch places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the charity or generosity of this Age to extend to; and we do not design this after the Model of *Solomons* House in my Lord *Bacon* (which is a Project for Experiments that can never be Experimented) but propose it within such bounds of Expence as have often been exceeded by the Buildings of private Citizens.

Of the Professors, Scholars, Chaplain, and other Officers.

THat of the twenty Professors four be alwayes travelling beyond Seas, and sixteen alwayes Resident, unless by permission upon extraordinary occasions, and every one so absent, leaving a Deputy behind him to supply his Duties.

That the four Professors Itinerant be assigned to the four parts of the World, *Europe*, *Asia*, *Afrique*, and *America*, there to reside three years at least, and to give a constant account of all things that belong to the Learning, and especially Natural Experimental Philosophy of those parts.

That the expence of all Dispatches, and all Books, Simples, Animals, Stones, Metals, Minerals, *&c.* and all curiosities whatsoever, natural or Artificial, sent by them to the Colledge, shall be defrayed out of the Treasury, and an additional allowance (above the 120*l*) made to them as soon as the Colledges Revenue shall be improved.

That at their going abroad they shall take a solemn Oath never to write any thing to the Colledge, but what after very diligent Examination, they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an Error.

That the sixteen Professors Resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of Natural, Experimental Philosophy, to consist of the Mathematicks, Mechanicks, Medicine, Anatomy, Chymistry, the History of Animals, Plants, Minerals, Elements, *&c.* Agriculture, Architecture, Art Military, Navigation, Gardening; The Mysteries of all Trades, and Improvement of them; the Facture of all Merchandizes, all Natural Magick or Divination; and briefly all things contained in the Catalogue of Natural Histories annexed to my Lord *Bacon*'s *Organon*.

That once a day from *Easter* till *Michaelmas*, and twice a week from *Michaelmas* to *Easter*, at the houres in the afternoon most convenient for Auditors from *London* according to the time of the year, there shall be a Lecture read in the Hall, upon such parts of Natural Experimental Philosophy, as the Professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honourably.

That two of the Professors by daily, weekly, or Monethly turns

turns shall teach the publick Schools according to the Rules hereafter prescribed.

That all the Professors shall be equal in all respects (except precedency, choice of Lodging, and such like priviledges, which shall belong to Seniority in the Colledge) and that all shall be Masters and Treasurers by annual turns, which two Officers for the time being shall take place of all the rest, and shall be *Arbitri duarum Mensarum*.

That the Master shall command all the Officers of the Colledge, appoint Assemblies or Conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double voice, and in his absence the Treasurer, whose business is to receive and disburse all moneys by the Masters order in writing, (if it be an extraordinary) after consent of the other Professors.

That all the Professors shall sup together in the Parlour within the Hall every night, and shall dine there twice a week (to wit *Sundays* and *Thursdays*) at two round Tables for the convenience of discourse, which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve their Studies and Professions, and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable talk shall be the duty of the two *Arbitri Mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the Servant-Scholars to read to them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at Table: That it shall belong likewise to the said *Arbitri Mensarum* only, to invite Strangers, which they shall rarely do, unless they be men of Learning or great Parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one Table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful then numerous Meetings of Acquaintance.

That the Professors Resident shall allow the Colledge twenty Pounds a year for their Diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an Assembly or Conference concerning the Affaires of the Colledge and the progress of their Experimental Philosophy.

That if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of consequence; he shall communicate it to the Assembly to be examined, experimented, approved or rejected.

That if any one be Author of an Invention that may bring in profit, the third part of it shall belong to the Inventor, and the two other to the Society; and besides if the thing be very considerable, his Statue or Picture with an Elogy under it, shall be placed in the Gallery, and made a Denison of that Corporation of famous Men.

That all the Professors shall be alwayes assigned to some particular Inquisition (besides the ordinary course of their Studies) of which they shall give an account to the Assembly, so that by this means there may be every day some operation or other made in all the Arts, as Chymistry, Anatomy, Mechanicks, and the like, and that the Colledge shall furnish for the charge of the operation.

That

That there shall be kept a Register under lock and key, and not to be seen but by the Professors, of all the Experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the tryal.

That the popular and received Errours in Experimental Philosophy (with which, like Weeds in a neglected Garden it is now almost all over-grown) shall be evinced by tryal, and taken notice of in the publick Lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and beget new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the Foundation) the Colledge shall give an account in Print, in proper and antient Latine, of the Fruits of their triennial Industry.

That every Professor Resident shall have his Scholar to wait upon him in his Chamber and at Table, whom he shall be obliged to breed up in Natural Philosophy, and render an account of his progress to the Assembly, from whose Election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the care of his Education, and the just and civil usage of him.

That the Scholar shall understand Latine very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek before he be capable of being chosen into the Service, and that he shall not remain in it above seven years.

That his Lodging shall be with the Professor whom he serves.

That no Professor shall be a married man, or a Divine, or Lawyer in practice, only Physick he may be allowed to prescribe, because the study of that Art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so great, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary practice.

That the Professors shall in the Colledge wear the habit of ordinary Masters of Art in the Universities, or of Doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendship with one another, and that the Assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary mulct upon any one who shall be proved to have entered so far into a quarrel as to give uncivil Language to his Brother-Professor; and that the perseverance in any enmity shall be punish'd by the Governours with expulsion.

That the Chaplain shall eat at the Masters Table, (paying his twenty pounds a year as the others do) and that he shall read Prayers once a day at least, a little before Supper-time; that he shall Preach in the Chappel every *Sunday* Morning, and Catechize in the After-noon the Scholars and the School-boys; that he shall every Moneth Administer the Holy Sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his Auditors with the Controversies of Divinity, but only Teach God in his just Commandments, and in his wonderful Works.

The

The School.

THat the School may be built ſo as to contain about two hundred Boys.

That it be divided into four Claſſes, not as others are ordinarily into ſix or ſeven, becauſe we ſuppoſe that the Children ſent hither to be initiated in Things as well as Words, ought to have paſt the two or three firſt, and to have attained the age of about thirteen yeares, being already well advanced in the Latine Grammar, and ſome Authors.

That none, though never ſo rich, ſhall pay any thing for their teaching; and that if any Profeſſor ſhall be convicted to have taken any money in conſideration of his pains in the School, he ſhall be expelled with ignominie by the Governours; but if any perſons of great eſtate and quality, finding their Sons much better Proficients in Learning here, then Boys of the ſame age commonly are at other Schools, ſhall not think fit to receive an obligation of ſo near concernment without returning ſome marks of acknowledgment, they may, if they pleaſe (for nothing is to be demanded) beſtow ſome little rarity or curioſity upon the Society in recompence of their trouble.

And becauſe it is deplorable to conſider the loſs which Children make of their time at moſt Schools, employing, or rather caſting away ſix or ſeven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly:

That a Method be here eſtabliſhed for the infuſing Knowledg and Language at the ſame time into them; and that this may be their Apprenticeſhip in Natural Philoſophy. This we conceive may be done, by breeding them up in Authors, or pieces of Authors, who treat of ſome parts of Nature, and who may be underſtood with as much eaſe and pleaſure, as thoſe which are commonly taught; Such are in Latine *Varro*, *Cato*, *Columella*, *Pliny*, part of *Celſus*, and of *Seneca*, *Cicero de Divinatione*, *de Naturâ Deorum*, and ſeveral ſcattered pieces, *Virgil's Georgicks*, *Grotius*, *Neneſianus*, *Manilius*; and becauſe the truth is we want good Poets (I mean we have but few) who have purpoſely treated of ſolid and learned, that is, Natural Matters (the moſt part indulging to the weakneſs of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of Love, or with the Fables of gods and Heroes) we conceive that one Book ought to be compiled of all the ſcattered little parcels among the antient Poets that might ſerve for the advancement of Natural Science, and which would make no ſmall or unuſeful or unpleaſant volumn. To this we would have added the Morals and Rhetoricks of *Cicero*, and the Inſtitutions of *Quintilian*; and for the Comœdians, from whom almoſt all that neceſſary part of common diſcourſe, and all the moſt intimate proprieties of the Language are drawn, we conceive the Boys

may be made masters of them, as a part of their Recreation and not of their task, if once a moneth, or at least once in two, they act one of *Terences* Comœdies, and afterwards (the most advanced) some of *Plautus* his; and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enjoyned, and most innocent pleasures they can be allowed. As for the *Greek* Authors, they may study *Nicander*, *Oppianus* (whom *Scaliger* does not doubt to prefer above *Homer* himself, and place next to his adored *Virgil*) *Aristotles* History of Animals, and other parts, *Theophrastus* and *Dioscorides* of Plants, and a Collection made out of several both Poets and other Grecian Writers. For the Morals and Rhetorick *Aristotle* may suffice, or *Hermogenes* and *Longinus* be added for the latter; with the History of Animals they should be shewed Anatomy as a Divertisement, and made to know the Figures and Natures of those Creatures which are not common among us, disabusing them at the same time of those Errors which are universally admitted concerning many. The same Method should be used to make them acquainted with all Plants; and to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern Geography, the understanding of the Globes, and the Principles of Geometry and Astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in *Latine* and *English*, as the *Romans* did in *Greek* and *Latine*; and in all this travel be rather led on by Familiarity, Encouragement, and Emulation, than driven by Severity, Punishment, and Terror. Upon Festivals and Play-times they should exercise themselves in the Fields by Riding, Leaping, Fencing, Mustering and Training after the manner of Soldiers, *&c.* And to prevent all dangers and all disorder, there should always be two of the Scholars with them to be as witnesses and directors of their actions; In foul weather it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.

Upon *Sundays*, and all days of Devotion, they are to be a part of the Chaplains Province.

That for all these ends the Colledge so order it, as that there may be some convenient and pleasant Houses thereabouts, kept by Religious, Discreet, and Careful persons, for the lodging and boarding of young Scholars, that they have a constant eye over them to see that they be bred up there Piously, Cleanly, and Plentifully, according to the proportion of their Parents expences.

And that the Colledge when it shall please God either by their own industry and success, or by the benevolence of Patrons, to enrich them so far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, shall at their own charges erect and maintain some House or Houses for the Entertainment of such poor mens Sons whose good Natural Parts may promise either Use or Ornament to the Commonwealth, during the time of their abode at School, and shall take

care

care that it ſhall be done with the ſame conveniences as are enjoyed even by rich Mens Children (though they maintain the fewer for that cauſe) there being nothing of eminent and illuſtrious to be expected from a low, ſordid, and Hoſpital-like Education.

Concluſion.

IF I be not much abuſed by a natural fondneſs to my own Conceptions (that τοφ of the Greeks, which no other Language has a proper word for) there was never any Project thought upon, which deſerves to meet with ſo few Adverſaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppoſe the eſtabliſhment of twenty well ſelected perſons in ſuch a condition of Life, that their whole buſineſs and ſole profeſſion may be to ſtudy the improvement and advantage of all other Profeſſions, from that of the higheſt General even to the loweſt Artiſan? Who ſhall be obliged to imploy their whole time, wit, learning, and induſtry, to theſe four, the moſt uſeful that can be imagined, and to no other Ends; Firſt, to weigh, examine, and prove all things of Nature delivered to us by former ages, to detect, explode, and ſtrike a cenſure through all falſe Moneys with which the World has been paid and cheated ſo long, and (as I may ſay) to ſet the mark of the Colledge upon all true Coins that they may paſs hereafter without any farther Tryal. Secondly, to recover the loſt Inventions, and, as it were, Drown'd Lands of the Ancients. Thirdly, to improve all Arts which we now have; And laſtly, to diſcover others which we yet have not. And who ſhall beſides all this (as a Benefit by the by) give the beſt Education in the World (purely *gratis*) to as many mens Children as ſhall think fit to make uſe of the Obligation. Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in State or Religion, but is indifferently to be embraced by all Differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good Inſtitutions have done) even of Degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things conſidered, I will ſuppoſe this Propoſition ſhall encounter with no Enemies; the only Queſtion is, whether it will find Friends enough to carry it on from Diſcourſe and Deſign to Reality and Effect; the neceſſary Expences of the Beginning (for it will maintain it ſelf well enough afterwards) being ſo great (though I have ſet them as low as is poſſible in order to ſo vaſt a work) that it may ſeem hopeleſs to raiſe ſuch a ſum out of thoſe few dead Reliques of Humane Charity and Publick Generoſity which are yet remaining in the World.

A DISCOURSE By way of VISION,

Concerning the Government of *Oliver Cromwell.*

IT was the Funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called *Protectour.* And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all publick Pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a Spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular Virtuoso's) as far as from the Mount in *Cornwall,* and from the *Orcades.* I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed Death it self could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants, among which too divers Princes in the persons of their Ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their Brother) were pleased to attend; the Herse was Magnificent, the Idol Crowned, and (not to mention all other Ceremonies which are practised at Royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast multitude of Spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the Spectacle it self. But yet I know not how, the whole was so managed, that, methoughts, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; Much noise, much tumult, much expence, much magnificence, much vain-glory; briefly, a great show, and yet after all this, but an ill sight. At last, (for it seemed long to me, and like his short Reign too, very tedious) the whole Scene past by, and I retired back to my Chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the Mourners. Where I began to reflect on the whole life of this Prodigious Man, and sometimes I was filled with horror and detestation of his actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct and success; till by these different motions and agitations of mind, rocked, as it were, a sleep, I fell at last into this Vision, or if you please to call it but a Dream, I shall not take it ill, because the Father of Poets tells us, Even Dreams too are from God.

But sure it was no Dream; for I was suddenly transported afar off (whether in the body, or out of the body, like St. *Paul,* I know not) and found my self on the top of that famous Hill in the Island *Mona,* which has the prospect of three Great, and Not-long-since most happy Kingdoms. As soon as ever I look't on them,

them, the Not-long-ſince ſtrook upon my Memory, and called forth the ſad repreſentation of all the Sins, and all the Miſeries that had overwhelmed them theſe twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours, and when my preſent ſtock of moiſture was all waſted, I fell a ſighing for an hour more, and as ſoon as I recovered from my paſſion the uſe of ſpeech and reaſon, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon *England*) into this complaint.

1.

Ah, happy Iſle, how art thou chang'd and curſt,
Since I was born, and knew thee firſt!
When Peace, which had forſook the World around,
(Frighted with noiſe, and the ſhrill Trumpets ſound)
Thee for a private place of reſt,
And a ſecure retirement choſe
Wherein to build her *Halcyon* Neſt;
No wind durſt ſtir abroad the Air to diſcompoſe.

2.

When all the riches of the Globe beſide
Flow'd in to Thee with every Tide;
When all that Nature did thy Soil deny,
The Growth was of thy fruitfull Induſtry,
When all the proud and dreadfull Sea,
And all his Tributary-ſtreams,
A conſtant Tribute paid to Thee.
When all the liquid World was one extended Thames.

3.

When Plenty in each Village did appear,
And Bounty was it's Steward there;
When Gold walkt free about in open view,
Ere it one Conquering parties Priſoner grew;
When the Religion of our State
Had Face and Subſtance with her Voice,
Ere ſhe by 'er fooliſh Loves of late,
Like Eccho (once a Nymph) turn'd onely into Noiſe.

4.

When Men to Men reſpect and friendſhip bore,
And God with Reverence did adore;
When upon Earth no Kingdom could have ſhown
A happier Monarch to us than our own,
And yet his Subjects by him were
(Which is a Truth will hardly be
Receiv'd by any vulgar Ear,
A ſecret known to few) made happi'r ev'n than He.

5. Thou

5.

Thou doeſt a *Chaos*, and Confuſion now,
A *Babel*, and a *Bedlam* grow,
And like a Frantick perſon thou doeſt tear
The Ornaments and Cloaths which thou ſhouldſt wear,
And cut thy Limbs; and if we ſee
(Juſt as thy Barbarous *Britons* did)
Thy Body with Hypocriſie
Painted all o're, thou think'ſt, Thy naked ſhame is hid.

6.

The Nations, which envied thee erewhile,
Now laugh (too little 'tis to ſmile)
They laugh, and would have pitty'd thee (alas!)
But that thy Faults all Pity do ſurpaſs.
Art thou the Country which didſt hate,
And mock the *French* Inconſtancy?
And have we, have we ſeen of late
Leſs change of Habits there, than Governments in Thee?

7.

Unhappy Iſle! No ſhip of thine at Sea,
Was ever toſt and torn like thee.
Thy naked Hulk looſe on the Waves does beat,
The Rocks and Banks around her ruin threat;
What did thy fooliſh Pilots ail,
To lay the Compaſs quite aſide?
Without a Law or Rule to ſail,
And rather take the winds, then Heavens to be their Guide?

8.

Yet, mighty God, yet, yet, we humbly crave,
This floating Iſle from ſhipwrack ſave;
And though to waſh that Bloud which does it ſtain,
It well deſerves to ſink into the Main;
Yet for the Royal Martyr's prayer
(The Royal Martyr pray's we know)
This guilty, periſhing Veſſel ſpare;
Hear but his Soul above, and not his bloud below.

I think, I ſhould have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a ſtrange and terrible Apparition, for there appeared to me (ariſing out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man taller than a Gyant, or indeed, than the ſhadow of any Gyant in the evening. His body was naked, but that nakedneſs adorn'd, or rather deform'd all over, with ſeveral figures, after the manner of the antient *Britons*, painted upon it: and I perceived that moſt of them were the repreſentation of the late battels in our civil Wars, and (if I be not much miſtaken) it was the battle of *Naſeby* that

was

was drawn upon his Breast. His Eyes were like burning Brass, and there were three Crowns of the same metal (as I guest) and that lookt as red-hot too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a Sword that was yet bloody, and never the less the Motto of it was *Pax quæritur bello*, and in his left hand a thick Book upon the back of which was written in Letters of Gold, Acts' Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c. Though this suddain, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder then a man in a Vision) that I was not at all daunted, but askt him resolutely and briefly, What art thou? And he said, I am called The North-west Principality, His Highness, the Protector of the Common-wealth of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, and the Dominions belonging thereunto, for I am that Angell, to whom the Almighty has committed the Government of those three Kingdoms which thou seest from this place. And I answered and said, If it be so, Sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past, your highness has been absent from your charge: for not only if any Angel, but if any wise and honest Men had since that time been our Governour, we should not have wandred thus long in these laborious and endless Labyrinths of confusion, but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but in stead of your Highness, we have had since such a Protector as was his Predecessor *Richard* the Third to the King his Nephew; for he presently slew the Common-wealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew an Innocent, and and this Man did but murder a Murderer. Such a Protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for any Enemy, and rather received a constant Turk, than this every moneths Apostate; such a Protector as Man is to his Flocks, which he sheers, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know, what the Wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a Protector — and as I was proceeding, me-thoughts, his Highness began to put on a displeased and threatning countenance, as men use to do when their dearest Friends happen to be traduced in their company, which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him, for I did not believe that *Cromwel* among all his forein Correspondences had ever held any with Angels. However, I was not hardned enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in White-hall) I desired him that his Highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the disparagement of a person, whose relations to his Highness I had not the honour to know. At which he told me, that he had no other concernment for his late Highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the *English* Nation, if not (said he) of the whole World, which gives me a just

title

title to the defence of his reputation; ſince I now account my ſelf, as it were a naturalized *Engliſh* Angel, by having had ſo long the management of the affairs of that Country. And pray Countryman, (ſaid he, very kindly and very flatteringly) for I would not have you fall into the general errour of the World, that deteſts and decryes ſo extraordinary a Virtue, what can be more extraordinary than that a perſon of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of Body, which have ſometimes, or of Mind, which have often raiſed men to the higheſt dignities, ſhould have the courage to attempt, and the happineſs to ſucceed in ſo improbable a deſign, as the deſtruction of one of the moſt antient, and moſt ſolidly founded Monarchies upon the Earth? that he ſhould have the power or boldneſs to put his Prince and Maſter to an open and infamous death? to baniſh that numerous, and ſtrongly-allied Family? to do all this under the name and wages of a Parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleaſed, and ſpurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raiſe up a new and un-heard of Monſter out of their Aſhes; to ſtifle that in the very infancy, and ſet up himſelf above all things that ever were called Sovereign in *England*; to oppreſs all his Enemies by Armes, and all his Friends afterwards by Artifice; to ſerve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriouſly at laſt; to over-run each corner of the three Nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the South, and the poverty of the North; to be feared and courted by all forein Princes, and adopted a Brother to the gods of the earth; to call together Parliaments with a word of his Pen, and ſcatter them again with the Breath of his Mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would pleaſe to be hired at the rate of two millions a year, to be the Maſter of thoſe who had hired him before to be their Servant; to have the Eſtates and Lives of three Kingdomes as much at his diſpoſal, as was the little inheritance of his Father, and to be as noble and liberal in the ſpending of them; and laſtly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his Poſterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among Kings, and with more than Regal ſolemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguiſht, but with the whole World, which as it is now too little for his praiſes, ſo might have been too for his Conqueſts, if the ſhort line of his Humane Life could have been ſtretcht out to the extent of his immortal deſigns?

By this ſpeech I began to underſtand perfectly well what kind of Angel his pretended Highneſs was, and having fortified my ſelf privately with a ſhort mental Prayer, and with the ſign of the Croſs (not out of any ſuperſtition to the ſign, but as a recognition of my Baptiſm in Chriſt) I grew a little bolder, and replyed in this manner; I ſhould not venture to oppoſe what you are pleaſed to ſay in commendation of the late great, and (I confeſs) extraordinary perſon, but that I remember Chriſt forbids us to give aſſent to any other doctrine but what himſelf has taught

us,

us, even though it ſhould be delivered by an Angel; and if ſuch you be, Sir, it may be you have ſpoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty: For ſure I am, that we muſt renounce or forget all the Laws of the New and Old Teſtament, and thoſe which are the foundation of both, even the Laws of Moral and Natural Honeſty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I ſuppoſe you commend by Irony. There would be no end to inſtance in the particulars of all his wickedneſs; but to ſum up a part of it briefly; What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a perſon, ſuch as your ſelf, qualifie him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himſelf above, but to trample upon all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his ſervants? to take Armes againſt Taxes of ſcarce two hundred thouſand pounds a year, and to raiſe them himſelf to above two Millions? to quarrel for the loſſe of three or four Eares, and ſtrike off three or four hundred Heads? to fight againſt an imaginary ſuſpition of I know not what, two thouſand Guards to be fetcht for the King, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himſelf no leſs than fourty thouſand? to pretend the defence of Parliaments, and violently to diſſolve all even of his own calling, and almoſt chooſing? to undertake the Reformation of Religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expoſe it naked to the rage of all Sects and Hereſies? to ſet up Counſels of Rapine, and Courts of Murder? to fight againſt the King under a commiſſion for him; to take him forceably out of the hands of thoſe for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his Net, with proteſtations and vows of fidelity, and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little ſhame, as Conſcience, or Humanity, in the open face of the whole World? to receive a Commiſſion for King and Parliament, to murder (as I ſaid) the one, and deſtroy no leſs impudently the other? to fight againſt Monarchy when he declared for it, and declare againſt it when he contrived for it in his own perſon? to abaſe perfideouſly and ſupplant ingratefully his own General firſt, and afterwards moſt of thoſe Officers, who with the loſs of their Honour, and hazard of their Souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreaſonable ambitions? to break his faith with all Enemies, and with all friends equally? and to make no leſs frequent uſe of the moſt ſolemn Perjuries than the looſer ſort of People do of cuſtomary Oaths? to uſurp three Kingdoms without any ſhadow of the leaſt pretenſions, and to govern them as unjuſtly as he got them? to ſet himſelf up as an Idol (which we know as St. *Paul* ſayes, in it ſelf is nothing) and make the very ſtreets of *London*, like the Valley of *Hinnon*, by burning the bowels of men as a ſacrifice to his *Moloch-ſhip*? to ſeek to entail this uſurpation upon his Poſterity, and with it an endleſs War upon the Nation? And laſtly, by the ſevereſt Judgment of Almighty God, to dye hardned, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curſes of the preſent Age, and the deteſtation of all to ſucceed.

Though I had much more to ſay (for the Life of man is ſo ſhort, that it allows not time enough to ſpeak againſt a Tyrant) yet becauſe I had a mind to hear how my ſtrange Adverſary would behave himſelf upon this ſubject, and to give even the Devil (as they ſay) his right, and fair play in a Diſputation, I ſtopt here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little fear) that he ſhould have broke into a violent paſſion in behalf of his Favourite; but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the Dove-like innocency of a Serpent that was not yet warm'd enough to ſting, thus replyed to me,

It is not ſo much out of my affection to that perſon whom we diſcourſe of (whoſe greatneſs is too ſolid to be ſhaken by the breath of any Oratory) as for your own ſake (honeſt Countryman) whom I conceive to err, rather by miſtake than out of malice, that I ſhall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjuſt opinion. And in the firſt place I muſt needs put you in mind of a Sentence of the moſt antient of the Heathen Divines, that you men are acquainted withall,

ἐ'χ' ὅσιον κταμένοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν ἐυχετάασθαι,

Tis wicked with inſulting feet to tread
Upon the Monuments of the Dead.

And the intention of the reproof there, is no leſs proper for this Subject; for it is ſpoken to a perſon who was proud and inſolent againſt thoſe dead men to whom he had been humble and obedient whilſt they lived. Your Highneſs may pleaſe (ſaid I) to add the Verſe that follows, as no leſs proper for this Subject,

Whom God's juſt doom and their own ſins have ſent
Already to their puniſhment.

But I take this to be the rule in the caſe, that when we fix any infamy upon deceaſed perſons, it ſhould not be done out of hatred to the Dead, but out of love and charity to the Living, that the curſes which onely remain in mens thoughts, and dare not come forth againſt Tyrants (becauſe they are Tyrants) whilſt they are ſo, may at leaſt be for ever ſetled and engraven upon their Memories, to detert all others from the like wickedneſs, which elſe in the time of their fooliſh proſperity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of other mens Tongues, would not ſuffer them to perceive. Ambition is ſo ſubtil a Tempter, and the corruption of humane nature ſo ſuſceptible of the temptation, that a man can hardly reſiſt it, be he never ſo much forewarn'd of the evil conſequences, much leſs if he find not onely the concurrence of the preſent, but the approbation too of following ages, which have the liberty to judge more freely. The miſchief of Tyranny is too great, even in the ſhorteſt time that it can continue, it is endleſs and inſupportable, if the Example be to reign too,

too, and if a *Lambert* must be invited to follow the steps of a *Cromwell* as well by the voice of Honour, as by the sight of power and riches. Though it may seem to some fantastically, yet was it wisely done of the *Syracusians*, to implead with the forms of their ordinary justice, to condemn, and destroy even the Statues of all their Tyrants; If it were possible to cut them out of all History, and to extinguish their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but since they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever closed up without a Scar, at least let us set such a Mark upon their memory, that men of the same wicked inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting Ignominy, than enticed by their momentary glories. And that your Highness may perceive that I speak not all this out of any private animosity against the person of the late *Protector*, I assure you upon my faith, that I bear no more hatred to his name, than I do to that of *Marius* or *Sylla*, who never did me or any friend of mine the least injury; and with that transported by a holy fury, I fell into this sudden rapture.

1.

Curst be the Man (what do I wish? as though
The wretch already were not so;
But curst on let him be) who thinks it brave
And great, his Countrey to enslave.
Who seeks to overpoise alone
The Balance of a Nation;
Against the whole but naked State,
Who in his own light Scale makes up with Arms the weight.

2.

Who of his Nation loves to be the first,
Though at the rate of being worst.
Who would be rather a great Monster, than
A well-proportion'd Man.
The Son of Earth with hundred hands
Upon his three-pil'd Mountain stands,
Till Thunder strikes him from the sky;
The Son of Earth again in his Earths womb does lie.

3.

What Bloud, Confusion, Ruine, to obtain
A short and miserable Reign?
In what oblique and humble creeping wise
Does the mischievous Serpent rise?
But even his forked Tongue strikes dead,
When h'as rear'd up his wicked Head,
He murders with his mortal frown,
A *Basilisk* he grows if once he get a Crown.

4.

But no Guards can oppose assaulting Ears,
Or undermining Tears.
No more than doors, or close-drawn Curtains keep
The swarming Dreams out when we sleep.
That bloudy Conscience too of his
(For, oh, a Rebel Red-Coat 'tis)
Does here his early Hell begin,
He sees his Slaves without, his Tyrant feels within.

5.

Let, Gracious God, let never more thine hand
Lift up this rod against our Land.
A Tyrant is a Rod and Serpent too,
And brings worse Plagues than *Egypt* knew.
What Rivers stain'd with blood have been?
What Storm and Hail-shot have we seen?
What Sores deform'd the Ulcerous State?
What darkness to be felt has buried us of late?

6.

How has it snatcht our Flocks and Herds away?
And made even of our Sons a prey?
What croaking Sects and Vermin has it sent
The restless Nation to torment?
What greedy Troups, what armed power
Of Flies and Locusts to devour
The Land which every where they fill?
Nor flie they, Lord, away; no, they devour it still.

7.

Come the eleventh Plague, rather than this should be;
Come sink us rather in the Sea.
Come rather Pestilence and reap us down;
Come Gods sword rather than our own.
Let rather *Roman* come again,
Or *Saxon*, *Norman*, or the *Dane*,
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blusht before.

8.

If by our sins the Divine Justice be
Call'd to this last extremity,
Let some denouncing *Jonas* first be sent,
To try if *England* can repent.
Methinks at least some Prodigy,
Some dreadful Comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the Earth,
As of good Princes Deaths, so of a Tyrants birth.

Here

Here the ſpirit of Verſe beginning a little to fail, I ſtopt, and his Highneſs ſmiling, ſaid, I was glad to ſee you engaged in the Encloſures of *Meeter*, for if you had ſtaid in the open plain of Declaiming againſt the word Tyrant, I muſt have had patience for half a dozen hours, till you had tired your ſelf as well as me. But pray, Countrey-man, to avoid this ſciomachy, or imaginary Combat with words, let me know ſir, what you mean by the name of Tyrant, for I remember that among your ancient Authors, not only all Kings, but even *Jupiter* himſelf (your *Juvans Pater*) is ſo termed, and perhaps as it was uſed formerly in a good ſence, ſo we ſhall find it upon better conſideration to be ſtill a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind, at leaſt it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be juſtly applied to the perſon who is now the ſubject of our Diſcourſe. I call him (ſaid I) a Tyrant, who either intrudes himſelf forcibly into the Government of his fellow Citizens without any legal Authority over them, or who having a juſt Title to the Government of a people, abuſes it to the deſtruction, or tormenting of them. So that all Tyrants are at the ſame time Uſurpers, either of the whole or at leaſt of a part of that power which they aſſume to themſelves, and no leſs are they to be accounted Rebels, ſince no man can uſurp Authority over others, but by rebelling againſt them who had it before, or at leaſt againſt thoſe Laws which were his Superiors; and in all theſe ſences no Hiſtory can afford us a more evident example of Tyranny, or more out of all poſſibility of excuſe, or palliation, than that of the perſon whom you are pleaſed to defend, whether we conſider his reiterated rebellions againſt all his Superiors, or his uſurpation of the Supream power to himſelf, or his Tyranny in the exerciſe of it; and if lawful Princes have been eſteemed Tyrants by not containing themſelves within the bounds of thoſe Laws which have been left them as the ſphere of their Authority by their fore-fathers, what ſhall we ſay of that man, who having by right no power at all in this Nation, could not content himſelf with that which had ſatisfied the moſt ambitious of our Princes? nay, not with thoſe vaſtly extended limits of Soverainty, which he (diſdaining all that had been preſcribed and obſerved before) was pleaſed (but of great modeſty) to ſet to himſelf? not abſtaining from rebellion and Uſurpation even againſt his own Laws as well as thoſe of the Nation?

Hold friend (ſaid his Highneſs, pulling me by my Arm) for I ſee your zeal is tranſporting you again) whether the Protector were a Tyrant in the exorbitant exerciſe of his power we ſhall ſee anon, it is requiſite to examine firſt whether he were ſo in the uſurpation of it. And I ſay, that not only He, but no man elſe ever was, or can be ſo; and that for theſe reaſons. Firſt, Becauſe all power belongs only to God, who is the ſource and fountain of it, as Kings are of all Honours in their Dominions. Princes are but his Viceroys in the little Provinces of this World, and to ſome he gives their places for a few years, to ſome for their

lives

lives, and to others (upon ends or deſerts beſt known to himſelf, or meerly for his undiſputable good pleaſure) he beſtows as it were Leaſes upon them, and their poſterity, for ſuch a date of time as is prefixt in that Patent of their Deſtiny, which is not legible to you men below. Neither is it more unlawful for *Oliver* to ſucceed *Charles* in the Kingdom of *England*, when God ſo diſpoſes of it, than it had been for him to have ſucceeded the Lord *Strafford* in the Lieutenancy of *Ireland*, if he had been appointed to it by the King then reigning. Men are in both the caſes obliged to obey him whom they ſee actually inveſted with the Authority by that Sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without diſputing or examining the cauſes, either of the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, becauſe all power is attained either by the Election and Conſent of the people, and that takes away your objection of forcible intruſion; or elſe by a Conqueſt of them, and that gives ſuch a legal Authority as you mention to be wanting in the uſurpation of a Tyrant; ſo that either this Title is right, and then there are no Uſurpers, or elſe it is a wrong one, and then there are none elſe but Uſurpers, if you examine the Original pretences of the Princes of the World. Thirdly, (which quitting the diſpute in general, is a particular juſtification of his Highneſs) the Government of *England* was totally broken and diſſolved, and extinguiſht by the confuſions of a Civil War, ſo that his Highneſs could not be accuſed to have poſſeſt himſelf violently of the antient building of the Common-wealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the ruines and aſhes of the former; and he who after a deplorable ſhipwrack can with extraordinary Induſtry gather together the diſperſt and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no leſs wonderful Art and Felicity ſo rejoyn them as to make a new Veſſel more tight and beautiful than the old one, deſerves, no doubt, to have the command of her (even as his Highneſs had) by the deſire of the Seamen and Paſſengers themſelves. And do but conſider Laſtly (for I omit a multitude of weighty things that might be ſpoken upon this noble argument) do but conſider ſeriouſly and impartially with your ſelf, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable diligence and invincible courage muſt of neceſſity have concurred in the perſon of that man who from ſo contemptible beginnings (as I obſerved before) and through ſo many thouſand difficulties, was able not only to make himſelf the greateſt and moſt abſolute Monarch of this Nation, but to add to it the entire Conqueſt of *Ireland* and *Scotland* (which the whole force of the World joyned with the *Roman* virtue could never attain to) and to Crown all this with illuſtrious and Heroical undertakings, and ſucceſſes upon all our foreign Enemies; do but (I ſay again) conſider this, and you will confeſs, that his prodigious merits were a better Title to Imperial Dignity, than the bloud of an hundred Royal Progenitors; and will rather lament that he lived not to overcome more Nations,

than

than envy him the Conqueſt and Dominion of theſe. Who ever you are (ſaid I, my indignation making me ſomewhat bolder) your diſcourſe (methinks) becomes as little the perſon of a Tutelar Angel, as *Cromwels* actions did that of a Protector. It is upon theſe Principles, that all the great Crimes of the world have been committed, and moſt particularly thoſe which I have had the misfortune to ſee in my own time, and in my own Countrey. If theſe be to be allowed, we muſt break up humane ſociety, retire into the Woods, and equally there ſtand upon our Guards againſt our Brethren Mankind, and our Rebels the Wild Beaſts. For if there can be no Uſurpation upon the rights of a whole Nation, there can be none moſt certainly upon thoſe of a private perſon; and if the robbers of Countreys be Gods Vicegerents, there is no doubt but the Thieves and Bandito's, and Murderers are his under Officers. It is true which you ſay, that God is the ſcource and fountain of all power, and it is no leſs true that he is the Creator of Serpents as well as Angels; nor does his goodneſs fail of its ends even in the malice of his own Creatures. What power he ſuffers the Devil to exerciſe in this world, is too apparent by our daily experience, and by nothing more than the late monſtrous iniquities which you diſpute for, and patronize in *England*; but would you inferr from thence, that the power of the Devil is a juſt and lawful one, and that all men ought, as well as moſt men do, obey him? God is the fountain of all powers; but ſome flow from the right hand (as it were) of his Goodneſs, and others from the left hand of his Juſtice; and the World, like an Iſland between theſe two Rivers, is ſometimes refreſh and nouriſht by the one, and ſometimes overrun and ruined by the other; and (to continue a little farther the Allegory) we are never overwhelmed with the latter, till either by our malice or negligence we have ſtopt and damm'd up the former. But to come a little cloſer to your argument, or rather the Image of an Argument, your ſimilitude; If *Cromwell* had come to command in *Ireland* in the place of the late Lord *Strafford*, I ſhould have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the ſtrength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the Commiſſion which he ſhould firſt have ſhewed me from our common Sovereign that ſent him; and if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in *England*; but that he was ſo far from being able to do, that on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even publick Proclamations from God Almighty, not to admit him. Your ſecond Argument is, that he had the ſame right for his Authority, that is the foundation of all others even the right of Conqueſt. Are we then ſo unhappy as to be conquered by the perſon, whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? did we furniſh him with Arms, onely to draw and try upon our Enemies (as we, it ſeems, falſely thought them) and keep them for ever ſheath'd in the bowels of his Friends? did we fight for Liberty againſt our Prince, that we might become Slaves to our Servant?

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this is ſuch an impudent pretence, as neither He nor any of his flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be ſpoken or thought of without paſſion, yet I ſhall, if you pleaſe, argue it more calmly than the caſe deſerves. The right certainly of Conqueſt can only be exerciſed upon thoſe againſt whom the War is declared, and the Victory obtained. So that no whole Nation can be ſaid to be conquered but by foreign force. In all Civil wars men are ſo far from ſtating the quarrel againſt their Countrey, that they do it only againſt a perſon or party which they really believe, or at leaſt pretend to be pernicious to it, neither can there be any juſt cauſe for the deſtruction of a part of the body, but when it is done for the preſervation and ſafety of the whole. 'Tis our Countrey that raiſes men in the quarrel, our Countrey that arms, our Countrey that pays them, our Countrey that authoriſes the undertaking, and by that diſtinguiſhes it from rapine and murder; Laſtly, 'tis our Countrey that directs and commands the Army, and is indeed their General. So that to ſay in Civil Wars that the prevailing party conquers their Countrey, is to ſay, the Countrey conquers it ſelf. And if the General only of that party be the Conquerour, the Army by which he is made ſo, is no leſs conquered than the Army which is beaten, and have as little reaſon to triumph in that Victory, by which they loſe both their Honour and Liberty. So that if *Cromwel* conquer'd any party, it was only that againſt which he was ſent, and what that was, muſt appear by his Commiſſion. It was (ſays that) againſt a company of evil Counſellors, and diſaffected perſons, who kept the King from a good intelligence and conjunction with his People. It was not then againſt the People. It is ſo far from being ſo, that even of that party which was beaten, the Conqueſt did not belong to *Cromwel* but to the Parliament which employed him in their Service, or rather indeed to the King and Parliament, for whoſe Service, (if there had been any faith in mens vows and proteſtations) the Wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miſerable Conqueſt remain then in His Majeſty, and didſt thou ſuffer him to be deſtroyed with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by Savages and Cannibals? was it for King and Parliament that we fought, and has it fared with them juſt as with the Army which we fought againſt, the one part being ſlain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that *Cromwel* was not a Conqueror, but a Thief and Robber of the Rights of the King and Parliament, and an Uſurper upon thoſe of the People. I do not here deny Conqueſt to be ſometimes (though it be very rarely) a true title, but I deny this to be a true Conqueſt. Sure I am, that the race of our Princes came not in by ſuch a one. One Nation may conquer another ſometimes juſtly, and if it be unjuſtly, yet ſtill it is a true Conqueſt, and they are to anſwer for the injuſtice only to God Almighty (having nothing elſe in authority above them) and not as particular Rebels to their Countrey, which is, and ought always to be their Superior and their Lord.

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If perhaps we find Usurpation in stead of Conquest in the Original Titles of some Royal Families abroad (as no doubt there have been many Usurpers before ours, though none in so impudent and execrable a manner) all I can say for them is, that their Title was very weak, till by length of time, and the death of all juster pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the onely one. Your third defence of his Highness (as your Highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his pretence of Conquest, for then a man may say any thing. The Government was broken; Who broke it? It was dissolved; Who dissolved it? It was extinguisht; Who was it but *Cromwell*, who not onely put out the Light, but cast away even the very snuff of it? As if a man should murder a whole Family, and then possesse himself of the House, because 'tis better that He, than that onely Rats should live there. Jesus God! (said I, and at that word I perceived my pretended Angel to give a start and trembled, but I took no notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked pretension even though the whole Family were destroyed, but the Heirs (blessed be God) are yet surviving, and likely to out-live all Heirs of their dispossessors, besides their Infamy. *Rode Caper vitem*, &c. There will be yet wine enough left for the Sacrifice of those wild Beasts that have made so much spoil in the Vineyard. But did *Cromwell* think, like *Nero*, to set the City on fire, onely that he might have the honour of being founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a shadow of Virtue in his wickedness; he meant onely to rob more securely and more richly in midst of the combustion; he little thought then that he should ever have been able to make himself Master of the Palace, as well as plunder the Goods of the Common-wealth. He was glad to see the publick Vessel (the Sovereign of the Seas) in as desperate a condition as his own little Canon, and thought onely with some scattered planks of that great shipwrack to make a better Fisherboat for himself. But when he saw that by the drowning of the Master (whom he himself treacherously knockt on the head as he was swimming for his life) by the flight and dispersion of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining company, that all was abandoned to his pleasure, with the old Hulk and new mis-shapen and disagreeing pieces of his own, he made up with much adoe that Piratical Vessel which we have seen him command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may best be judged by it's perpetual Leaking. First then (much more wicked than those foolish daughters in the Fable, who cut their old Father into pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft to make him young and lusty again) this man endeavoured to destroy the Building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what materials, by what workmen, or what Architect it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dreamt himself to be able to revive that body which he had killed, yet it had been but the insupportable insolence of an ignorant Mountebanck; And Thirdly (which concerns us neareſt) that very new thing

which he made out of the ruines of the old, is no more like the Original, either for beauty, uſe, or duration, than an artificial Plant raiſed by the fire of a Chymiſt is comparable to the true and natural one which he firſt burnt, that out of the aſhes of it he might produce an imperfect ſimilitude of his own making. Your laſt argument is ſuch (when reduced to Syllogiſm) that the Major Propoſition of it would make ſtrange work in the World, if it were received for truth; to wit, that he who has the beſt parts in a Nation, has the right of being King over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the ſame Family, what would become of us when every man in *England* ſhould lay his claim to the Government? and truely if *Cromwell* ſhould have commenced his plea when he ſeems to have begun his ambition, there were few perſons beſides that might not at the ſame time have put in theirs too. But his Deſerts I ſuppoſe you will date from the ſame terme that I do his great Demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late calamities, (for, as for his private faults before, I can onely wiſh (and that with as much Charity to him as to the publick) that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for thoſe of his latter dayes) and therefore we muſt begin the conſideration of his greatneſs from the unlucky *Æra* of our own misfortunes, which puts me in mind of what was ſaid leſs truely of *Pompey* the Great, *Noſtra Miſeria Magnus es.* But becauſe the general ground of your argumentation conſiſts in this, that all men who are the effecters of extraordinary mutations in the world, muſt needs have extraordinary forces of Nature by which they are enabled to turn about, as they pleaſe, ſo great a Wheel; I ſhall ſpeak firſt a few words upon this univerſal propoſition, which ſeems ſo reaſonable, and is ſo popular, before I deſcend to the particular examination of the eminences of that perſon which is in queſtion.

I have often obſerved (with all ſubmiſſion and reſignation of ſpirit to the inſcrutable myſteries of Eternal Providence) that when the fulneſs and maturity of time is come that produces the great confuſions and changes in the World, it uſually pleaſes God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of humane force or policy, but of the Divine Juſtice and Predeſtination, and though we ſee a Man, like that which we call Jack of the Clock-houſe, ſtriking, as it were, the Hour of that fulneſs of time, yet our reaſon muſt needs be convinced, that his hand is moved by ſome ſecret, and to us who ſtand without, inviſible direction. And the ſtream of the Current is then ſo violent, that the ſtrongeſt men in the World cannot draw up againſt it, and none are ſo weak, but they may ſail down with it. Theſe are the Spring-Tides of publick affairs which we ſee often happen, but ſeek in vain to diſcover any certain cauſes,

Omnis

—— Omnia fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruſcum
In mare, nunc lapides adeſos
Stirpeſque raptas, & pecus & domos
Volventis una, non ſine montium
Clamore, vicinæque ſilvæ;
Cum fera Diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes, ——

Hor. Car. 3. 29.

and one man then, by malitiouſly opening all the Sluces that he can come at, can never be the ſole Author of all this (though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be ſo) but it is God that breaks up the Flood-Gates of ſo general a Deluge, and all the art then and induſtry of mankind is not ſufficient to raiſe up Dikes and Ramparts againſt it. In ſuch a time it was as this, that not all the wiſdom and power of the Roman Senate, nor the wit and eloquence of *Cicero*, nor the Courage and Virtue of *Brutus* was able to defend their Country or themſelves againſt the unexperienced raſhneſs of a beardleſs Boy, and the looſe rage of a voluptuous Madman. The valour and prudent Counſels on the one ſide are made fruitleſs, and the errours and cowardize on the other hamleſs, by unexpected accidents. The one General ſaves his life, and gains the whole World, by a very dream; and the other loſes both at once by a little miſtake of the ſhortneſs of his ſight. And though this be not alwaies ſo, for we ſee that in the tranſlation of the great Monarchies from one to another, it pleaſed God to make choice of the moſt Eminent men in Nature, as *Cyrus, Alexander, Scipio* and his contemporaries, for his chief inſtruments and actors in ſo admirable a work (the end of this being not only to deſtroy or puniſh one Nation, which may be done by the worſt of mankind, but to exalt and bleſs another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous perſons) yet when God only intends the temporary chaſtiſement of a people, he does not raiſe up his ſervant *Cyrus* (as he himſelf is pleaſed to call him) or an *Alexander* (who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm) but he makes the *Maſſanelloes*, and the *Johns* of *Leyden* the inſtruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakneſs of the means which he chooſes to demonſtrate it. He did not aſſemble the Serpents and the Monſters of Afrique to correct the pride of the *Egyptians*, but called for his Armies of Locuſts out of *Æthiopia*, and formed new ones of Vermine out of the very duſt; and becauſe you ſee a whole Country deſtroyed by theſe, will you argue from thence they muſt needs have had both the craft of the Foxes, and the courage of Lions? It is eaſie to apply this general obſervation to the particular caſe of our troubles in *England*, and that they ſeem only to be meant for a temporary chaſtiſement of our ſins, and

not for a total aboliſhment of the old, and introduction of a new Government, appears probably to me from theſe conſiderations, as far as we may be bold to make a judgment of the will of God in future events. Firſt, becauſe he has ſuffered nothing to ſettle or take root in the place of that which hath been ſo unwiſely and unjuſtly removed, that none of theſe untempered Mortars can hold out againſt the next blaſt of Wind, nor any ſtone ſtick to a ſtone, till that which theſe Fooliſh Builders have refuſed, be made again the Head of the Corner. For when the indiſpoſed and long tormented Commonwealth has wearied and ſpent it ſelf almoſt to nothing with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of ſeveral Mountebanks, it is to be ſuppoſed, it will have the wit at laſt to ſend for a true Phyſician, eſpecially when it ſees (which is the ſecond conſideration) moſt evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long ſince) that no uſurpation (under what name or pretext ſoever) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of thoſe oppreſſions upon the people, which will at laſt tire out their patience, though it be great even to ſtupidity. They cannot be ſo dull (when poverty and hunger begins to whet their underſtanding) as not to find out this no extraordinary myſtery, that 'tis madneſs in a Nation to pay three Millions a year for the maintaining of their ſervitude under Tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their Princes. This, I ſay, will not alwayes ly hid, even to the ſloweſt capacities, and the next truth they will diſcover afterwards, is, that a whole people can never have the will without having at the ſame time the power to redeem themſelves. Thirdly, it does not look (me-thinks) as if God had forſaken the family of that man, from whom he has raiſed up five Children, of as Eminent virtue, and all other commendable qualities, as ever lived perhaps (for ſo many together, and ſo young) in any other family in the whole world. Eſpecially, if we adde hereto this conſideration, that by protecting and preſerving ſome of them already through as great danger as ever were paſt with ſafety, either by Prince or private perſon, he has given them already (as we may reaſonably hope it to be meant) a promiſe and earneſt of his future favours. And laſtly (to return cloſely to the diſcourſe from which I have a little digreſt) becauſe I ſee nothing of thoſe excellent parts of nature, and mixture of Merit with their Vices in the late diſturbers of our peace and happineſs, that uſes to be found in the perſons of thoſe who are born for the erection of new Empires. And I confeſs I finde nothing of that kind, no not any ſhadow (taking away the falſe light of ſome proſperity) in the man whom you extol for the firſt example of it. And certainly all Virtues being rightly devided into Moral and Intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former than by mens actions, or of the latter than by their Writings or Speeches. As for theſe latter (which are leaſt in merit, or rather which are only the inſtruments of miſchief where the other are

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wanting) I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called Great, besides him we are now speaking of, who never left the memory behinde him of one wise or witty Apothegm even amongst his Domestique Servants or greatest Flatterers. That little in print which remains upon a sad record for him, is such, as a Satyre against him would not have made him say, for fear of transgressing too much the rules of Probability. I know not what you can produce for the justification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular persons, and so many whole parties; which if you please to take notice of for the advantage of his Intellectuals, I desire you to allow me the liberty to do so too, when I am to speak of his Morals. The truth of the thing is this, That if Craft be Wisdom, and Dissimulation Wit, (assisted both and improved with Hypocrisies and Perjuries) I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that as wise-men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was Fool enough to believe him at last; neither did any man seem to do it, but those who thought they gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actings of Godliness grew at last as ridiculous, as if a Player, by putting on a Gown, should think he represented excellently a Woman, though his Beard at the same time were seen by all the Spectators. If you ask me why they did not hiss, and explode him off the stage, I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the Actors and the Door-keepers were too strong for the Company. I must confess that by these arts (how grosly soever managed, as by Hypocritical praying, and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falshoods and perjuries even Diabolical) he had at first the good fortune (as men call it, that is the ill-Fortune) to attain his ends; but it was because his ends were so unreasonable, that no humane reason could foresee them; which made them who had to do with him believe that he was rather a well meaning and deluded Bigot, than a crafty and malicious Impostor, that these arts were helpt by an Indefatigable industry (as you term it) I am so far from doubting, that I intended to object that diligence as the worst of his Crimes. It makes me almost mad when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedness. If I were his Son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other men were ordinarily asleep; how diligent the wicked are the Scripture often tell us; Their feet run to evill, and they make haste to shed innocent bloud, *Isa.* 59. 7. He travels with iniquity, *Psal.* 7. 14. He deviseth mischief upon his bed, *Psal.* 34. 4. They search out iniquity, they accomplish a diligent search, *Psal.* 64. 6. and in a multitude of other places. And would it not seem ridiculous to praise a Wolf for his watchfulness, and for his indefatigable industry in ranging all night about the Country, whilst the sheep, and perhaps

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the ſhepherd, and perhaps the very Dogs too are all aſleep?

The *Chartreux* wants the warning of a Bell
To call him to the duties of his Cell;
There needs no noiſe at all t'awaken ſin,
Th' Adulterer and the Thief his Larum has within.

And if the diligence of wicked perſons be ſo much to be blamed, as that it is only an Emphaſis and Exaggeration of their wickedneſs, I ſee not how their courage can avoid the ſame cenſure. If the undertaking bold, and vaſt, and unreaſonable deſigns can deſerve that honourable name, I am ſure *Faux* and his fellow Gun-powder Fiends will have cauſe to pretend, though not an equal, yet at leaſt the next place of Honour, neither can I doubt but if they too had ſucceeded, they would have found their Applauders and Admirers. It was bold unqueſtionably for a man in defiance of all Humane and Divine Laws (and with ſo little probability of a long impunity) ſo publiquely and ſo outragiouſly to murder his Maſter; It was bold with ſo much inſolence and affront to expel and diſperſe all the chief Partners of his guilt, and Creators of his power; It was bold to violate ſo openly and ſo ſcornfully all Acts and Conſtitutions of a Nation, and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to Aſſume the Authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking ſo many Parliaments; it was bold to trample upon the patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring Countreys; It was bold, I ſay, above all boldneſſes, to Uſurp this Tyranny to himſelf, and impudent above all impudences to endeavour to tranſmit it to his poſterity. But all this boldneſs is ſo far from being a ſign of manly courage, (which dares not tranſgreſs the rules of any other Virtue) that it is only a Demonſtration of Britiſh Madneſs or Diabolical Poſſeſſion. In both which laſt caſes there uſes frequent examples to appear of ſuch extraordinary force as may juſtly ſeem more wonderful and aſtoniſhing than the actions of *Cromwel*, neither is it ſtranger to believe that a whole Nation ſhould not be able to govern Him and a Mad Army, than that five or ſix Men ſhould not be ſtrong enough to bind a diſtracted Girl. There is no man ever ſucceeds in one wickedneſs but it gives him the boldneſs to attempt a greater; 'Twas boldly done of *Nero* to kill his Mother, and all the chief Nobility of the Empire; 'twas boldly done to ſet the Metropolis of the Whole world on fire, and undauntedly play upon his Harp whilſt he ſaw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred boldneſſes of that great perſon (for why ſhould not He too be called ſo?) who wanted when he was to die, that courage which could hardly have failed any Woman in the like neceſſity. It would look (I muſt confeſs) like Envy or too much partiality if I ſhould ſay that perſonal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we ſpeak of; I am confident it was not, and yet I may venture I think, to affirm, that no man ever bore the honour of ſo many victories,

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at the rate of fewer wounds or dangers of his own body, and though his valour might perhaps have given him a just pretension to one of the first charges in an Army, it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a Title to the command of three Nations. What then shall we say? that he did all this by Witchcraft? He did so indeed in a great measure by a sin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But truely and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of his person which might be thought to have produced those of his Fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary Diligence and infinite Dissimulation; and believe he was exalted above his Nation, partly by his own Faults, but chiefly for Ours. We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his Labyrinths) to the Supreme Usurpt Authority, and because you say it was great pity he did not live to command more Kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these. And we will divide the consideration into that of his foreign and domestique Actions. The first of his foreign was a peace with our Brethren of *Holland* (who were the first of our neighbours that God chastised for having had so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home) who would not imagine at first glympse that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed that his whole life could have made any parade of? but no man can look upon all the circumstances without perceiving, that it was purely the sale and sacrificing of the greatest advantages that this Countrey could ever hope, and was ready to reap from a foreign War, to the private Interests of his Covetousness and Ambition, and the security of his new and unsetled Usurpation. No sooner is that danger past, but this *Beatus Pacificus* is kindling afire in the Northern World, and carrying a War two thousand miles off Westwards. Two millions a year (besides all the Vales of his Protectorship) is as little capable to suffice now either his Avarice or Prodigality, as the two hundred pounds were that he was born to. He must have his prey of the whole *Indies* both by Sea and Land, this great Aligator. To satisfie our Anti-*Solomon* (who has made Silver almost as rare as Gold, and Gold as precious stones in his new *Jerusalem*) we must go, ten thousand of his slaves, to fetch him riches from his fantastical *Ophir*. And because his flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate Prince (the *Faustus* as well as *Sylla* of our Nation, whom God never forsook in any of his undertakings) I desire them to consider, how since the *English* name was ever heard of, it never received so great and so infamous a blow as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky *Faustus*; and herein let me admire the justice of God in this circumstance, that they who had enslaved their Countrey (though a great Army, which I wish may be observed by ours with trembling) should be so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty slaves. It was very ridiculous to see how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the Conquest of *Jamaica*, as if a defeated Army should

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have the impudence to brag afterwards of the Victory, becauſe, though they had fled out of the Field of Battel, yet they quartered that night in a Village of the Enemies. The War with *Spain* was a neceſſary conſequence of this folly, and how much we have gotten by it, let the Cuſtom-houſe and Exchange inform you; and if he pleaſe to boaſt of the taking a part of the Silver Fleet, (which indeed no body elſe but he, who was the ſole gainer, has cauſe to do) at leaſt, let him give leave to the reſt of the Nation (which is the only loſer) to complain of the loſs of twelve hundred of her ſhips. But becauſe it may here perhaps be anſwered, that his ſucceſſes nearer home have extinguiſht the diſgrace of ſo remote miſcarriages, and that *Dunkirk* ought more to be remembred for his glory, than St. *Domingo* for his diſadvantage; I muſt confeſs, as to the honour of the *Engliſh* courage, that they were not wanting upon that occaſion, (excepting only the fault of ſerving at leaſt indirectly againſt their Maſter) to the upholding of the renown of their warlike Anceſtors. But for his particular ſhare of it, who ſate ſtill at home, and expoſed them ſo frankly abroad, I can only ſay, that for leſs money than he in the ſhort time of his Reign exacted from his fellow Subjects, ſome of our former Princes (with the daily hazard of their own perſons) have added to the Dominion of *England* not only one Town, but even a greater Kingdom than it ſelf. And this being all conſiderable as concerning his enterpriſes abroad, let us examine in the next place, how much we owe him for his Juſtice and good Government at home. And firſt he found the Common-wealth (as they then called it) in a ready ſtock of about 800^m pounds, he left the Common-wealth (as he had the impudent raillery ſtill to call it) ſome two Millions and an half in debt. He found our Trade very much decayed indeed, in compariſon of the golden times of our late Princes; he left it as much again more decay'd than he found it; and yet not only no Prince in *England*, but no Tyrant in the World ever ſought out more baſe or infamous means to raiſe moneys. I ſhall only inſtance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the execution (even He) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was Decimation; which was the moſt impudent breach of all publick Faith that the whole Nation had given, and all private capitulations which himſelf had made, as the Nations General and Servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all Hiſtory, from any of the moſt barbarous Generals of the moſt barbarous People. Which becauſe it has been moſt excellently and moſt largely laid open by a whole Book written upon that Subject, I ſhall only deſire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleaſed to look upon that Author when you would recollect all the particulars and circumſtances of the iniquity. The other deſign of raiſing a preſent ſum of money, which he violently perſued, but durſt not put in execution, was by the calling in and eſtabliſhment of the *Ferm* at *London*, from which he was rebuted by the univerſal outcry of the Divines, and even of

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the Citizens too, who took it ill that a considerable number at least amongst themselves were not thought *Jews* enough by their own *Herod*. And for this design, they say, he invented (Oh Antichrist! Ὀπισω μου and ὑπαγε!) to sell St. *Pauls* to them for a Synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reacht to the purchase. And this indeed if he had done only to reward that Nation which had given the first noble example of crucifying their King, it might have had some appearance of Gratitude, but he did it only for love of their Mammon; and would have sold afterwards for as much more St. *Peters* (even at his own *Westminster*) to the Turks for a *Mosquito*. Such was his extraordinary Piety to God, that he desired he might be worshipped in all manners, excepting only that heathenish way of the Common-Prayer Book. But what do I speak of his wicked inventions for getting money? when every penny that for almost five years he took every day from every man living in *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, was as much Robbery as if it had been taken by a Thief upon the High-ways. Was it not so? or can any man think that *Cromwell* with the assistance of his Forces and Mosse-Troopers, had more right to the command of all mens purses, than he might have had to any ones whom he had met and been too strong for upon a Road? and yet when this came in the case of Mr. *Coney*, to be disputed by a legal tryal, he (which was the highest act of Tyranny that ever was seen in *England*) not only discouraged and threatned, but violently imprisoned the Council of the Plaintiff; that is, he shut up the Law it self close Prisoner, that no man might have relief from, or access to it. And it ought to be remembred, that this was done by those men, who a few years before had so bitterly decried, and openly opposed the Kings regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little Ship-money. But though we lost the benefit of our old Courts of Justice, it cannot be denied that he set up new ones; and such they were, that as no virtuous Prince before would, so no ill one durst erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of Justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offended against it, and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new ways how to proceed against offenders? The reason which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this, is, because those things are now made Crimes, which were never esteemed so in former ages; and there must needs be a new Court set up to punish that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming (as you call it) against these wickednesses (which if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the Peroration) that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest as things that are too many to be numbred, and must onely be weighed in gross. Let any man shew me (for though I pretend not to much reading, I will defie him in all History) let any man shew me (I say) an Example of any Nation in the World (though much greater than ours) where there have in the space of four years been made so

many Priſoners only out of the endleſs jealouſies of one Tyrants guilty imagination. I grant you that *Marius* and *Sylla*, and the accurſed Triumvirate after them, put more People to death, but the reaſon I think partly was, becauſe in thoſe times that had a mixture of ſome honour with their madneſs, they thought it a more civil revenge againſt a *Roman* to take away his life, than to take away his Liberty. But truly in the point of murder too, we have little reaſon to think that our late Tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been ſet it in other Countreys. Our Judges and our Courts of Juſtice have not been idle; And to omit the whole reign of our late King (till the beginning of the War) in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three Ears, I think the longeſt time of our worſt Princes ſcarce ſaw many more Executions than the ſhort one of our bleſt Reformer. And we ſaw, and ſmelt in our open ſtreets, (as I markt to you at firſt) the broyling of humane bowels as a burnt Offering of a ſweet Savour to our Idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the ſubtileſt invention of his Predeceſſors of *Sicilie*) is more Humane and more Supportable, than his ſelling of Chriſtians, Engliſhmen, Gentlemen; his ſelling of them (oh monſtrous! oh incredible!) to be ſlaves in *America*. If his whole life could be reproacht with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of Crimes in any of our Tyrants; and I dare only touch, without ſtopping or inſiſting upon ſo inſolent and ſo execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into ſo violent (though a juſt) Paſſion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation which I reſolve to obſerve in this Diſcourſe with you. Theſe are great calamities, but even theſe are not the moſt inſupportable that we have endured; for ſo it is, that the ſcorn and mockery and inſultings of an Enemy, are more painful than the deepeſt wounds of his ſerious fury. This Man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our ſufferings; He loved to ſay and do ſenceleſs and fantaſtical things, onely to ſhew his power of doing or ſaying any thing. It would ill befit mine, or any civil Mouth, to repeat thoſe words which he ſpoke concerning the moſt ſacred of our *Engliſh* Laws, the Petition of Right, and *Magna Charta*. To day you ſhould ſee him ranting ſo wildly, that no body durſt come near him, the morrow flinging of cuſhions, and playing at Snow-balls with his Servants. This moneth he aſſembles a Parliament, and profeſſes himſelf with humble tears to be onely their Servant and their Miniſter; the next moneth he ſwears By the Living God, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does ſo, in his princely way of threatning, bidding them, Turn the buckles of their girdles behind them. The repreſentative of a whole, nay of three whole Nations, was in his eſteem ſo contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of ſo little conſequence, as not to deſerve that he ſhould adviſe with any mortal man about it. What ſhall we call this? Boldneſs, or

Bruitiſhneſs?

Bruitiſhneſs? Raſhneſs, or Phrenſie? there is no name can come up to it, and therefore we muſt leave it without one. Now a Parliament muſt be choſen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all caſhiered ſtill after the neweſt mode. Now he will govern by Major Generals, now by One Houſe, now by Another Houſe, now by No Houſe; now the freak takes him, and he makes ſeventy Peers of the Land at one clap (*Extempore*, and *ſtans pede in uno*) and to manifeſt the abſolute power of the Potter, he chooſes not onely the worſt Clay he could find, but picks up even the Durt and Mire, to form out of it his Veſſels of Honour. It was ſaid antiently of Fortune, that when ſhe had a mind to be merry and to divert her ſelf, ſhe was wont to raiſe up ſuch kind of people to the higheſt Dignities. This Son of fortune, *Cromwell* (who was himſelf one of the primeſt of her Jeſts) found out the true haut-gouſt of this pleaſure, and rejoyced in the extravagance of his wayes as the fulleſt demonſtration of his uncontroulable Soverainty. Good God! What have we ſeen? and what have we ſuffer'd? What do all theſe actions ſignifie? What do they ſay aloud to the whole Nation, but this (even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by Heralds through the ſtreets of *London*) You are Slaves and Fools, and ſo Ile uſe you? Theſe are briefly a part of thoſe merits which you lament to have wanted the reward of more Kingdomes, and ſuppoſe that if he had lived longer he might have had them; Which I am ſo far from concurring to, that I believe his ſeaſonable dying to have been a greater good fortune to him than all the victories and proſperities of his Life. For he ſeemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of his deceitfull Glories; his own Army grew at laſt as weary of him as the reſt of the People; and I never paſt of late before his Palace (His, do I call it? I ask God and the King pardon) but I never paſt of late before Whitehall without reading upon the Gate of it, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharſin.* But it pleaſed God to take him from the ordinary Courts of Men, and Juries of his Peers, to his own High Court of Juſtice, which being more merciſull than Ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but ſmall materials for the work of Charity, eſpecially if he deſigned even then to Entail his own injuſtice upon his Children, and by it inextricable confuſions and Civil Wars upon the Nation. But here's at laſt an end of him; And where's now the fruit of all that blood and calamity which his ambition has coſt the World? Where is it? Why, his Son (you'l ſay) has the whole Crop; I doubt he will find it quickly Blaſted; I have nothing to ſay againſt the Gentleman, or any living of his family, on the contrary I wiſh him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet poſſeſſion of his Maſters inheritance. Whatſoever I have ſpoken againſt his Father, is that which I ſhould have thought (though Decency perhaps might have hindred me from ſaying it) even againſt mine Own,

if I had been ſo unhappy, as that Mine by the ſame wayes ſhould have left me three Kingdoms.

Here I ſtopt; and my pretended Protector, who, I expected, ſhould have been very angry, fell a laughing; it ſeems at the ſimplicity of my diſcourſe, for thus he replied: You ſeem to pretend extremely to the old obſolete rules of Virtue and Conſcience, which makes me doubt very much whether from this vaſt proſpect of three Kingdoms you can ſhow me any acres of your own. But theſe are ſo far from making you a Prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to ſee you ſo much as a Juſtice of Peace in your own Countrey. For this I perceive which you call Virtue, is nothing elſe but either the frowardneſs of a Cynick, or the lazineſs of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me at leaſt Artfull Diſſimulation, and unwearied Diligence in my *Hero*, and I aſſure you that he whoſe Life is conſtantly drawn by thoſe two, ſhall never be miſſed out of the way of Greatneſs. But I ſee you are a Pedant, and Platonical Stateſman, a Theoretical Common-wealths-man, an Utopian Dreamer. Was ever Riches gotten by your Golden Mediocrities? or the Supreme place attained to by Virtues that muſt not ſtir out of the middle? Do you ſtudy *Ariſtotles* Politiques, and write, if you pleaſe, Comments upon them, and let another but practiſe *Machiavil*, and let us ſee then which of you two will come to the greateſt preferments. If the deſire of rule and ſuperiority be a Virtue (as ſure I am it is more imprinted in human Nature than any of your Lethargical Morals; and what is the Virtue of any Creature but the exerciſe of thoſe powers and Inclinations which God has infuſed into it?) if that (I ſay) be Virtue, we ought not to eſteem any thing Vice, which is the moſt proper, if not the onely means of attaining of it.

It is a Truth ſo certain, and ſo clear,
That to the firſt-born Man it did appear;
Did not, the mighty Heir, the noble *Cain*,
By the freſh Laws of Nature taught, diſdain
That (though a Brother) any one ſhould be
A greater Favourite to God than He?
He ſtrook him down; and, ſo (ſaid He) ſo fell
The Sheep which thou didſt Sacrifice ſo well.
Since all the fulleſt Sheaves which I could bring,
Since all were Blaſted in the Offering,
Leſt God ſhould my next Victime too deſpiſe,
The acceptable Prieſt I'le Sacrifice.
Hence Coward Fears; for the firſt Blood ſo ſpilt
As a Reward, He the firſt City built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a Grand-Child of the Deity.
So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he ſtaid;
One ſtep of Glory more he ſhould have made,

And

And to the utmoſt bounds of Greatneſs gone;
Had *Adam* too been kill'd, He might have Reign'd Alone.
One Brother's death, What do I mean to name,
A ſmall Oblation to Revenge and Fame?
The mighty-ſoul'd *Abimelec* to ſhew
What for high place a higher Spirit can do,
A Hecatomb almoſt of Brethren ſlew,
And ſeventy times in neareſt blood he dy'd
(To make it hold) his Royal Purple Pride.
Why do I name the Lordly Creature Man?
The weak, the mild, the Coward Woman, can,
When to a Crown ſhe cuts her ſacred way,
All that oppoſe with Manlike Courage ſlay.
So *Athaliah*, when ſhe ſaw her Son,
And with his Life her dearer Greatneſs gone,
With a Majeſtique fury ſlaughter'd all
Whom high birth might to high pretences call.
Since he was dead who all her power ſuſtain'd,
Reſolv'd to reign alone; Reſolv'd, and Reign'd.
In vain her Sex, in vain the Laws withſtood,
In vain the ſacred plea of *David*'s Blood,
A noble, and a bold contention, She,
(One Woman) undertook with Deſtiny.
She to pluck down, Deſtiny to uphold
(Oblig'd by holy Oracles of old)
The great *Feſſean* race on *Juda*'s Throne;
Till 'twas at laſt an equal Wager grown,
Scarce Fate, with much adoe, the Better got by One.
Tell me not ſhe her ſelf at laſt was ſlain;
Did ſhe not firſt ſeven years (a Life-time) reign?
Seven royal years t' a publick ſpirit will ſeem
More than the private Life of a *Methuſalem*.
'Tis Godlike to be Great; and as they ſay
A thouſand years to God are but a day:
So to a Man, when once a Crown he wears,
The Coronation Days more than a thouſand years.

He would have gone on I perceiv'd in his blaſphemies, but that by Gods Grace I became ſo bold as thus to interrupt him. I underſtand now perfectly (which I gueſt at long before) what kind of Angel and Protector you are; and though your ſtile in verſe be very much mended ſince you were wont to deliver Oracles, yet your Doctrine is much worſe than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the face to publiſh; whether your long practice with mankind has encreaſt and improved your malice, or whether you think Us in this age to be grown ſo impudently wicked, that there needs no more Art or Diſguiſes to draw us to your party. My Dominion (ſaid he haſtily, and with a dreadful furious look) is ſo great in this World, and I am ſo powerful a Monarch of it, that I need not be aſhamed that you

ſhould

should know me; and that you may see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inveterate Malignant; and for that reason I shall take you along with me to the next Garrison of Ours; from whence you shall go to the Tower, and from thence to the Court of Justice, and from thence you know whither. I was almost in the very pounces of the great Bird of prey,

When, Lo, e're the last words were fully spoke,
From a fair Cloud, which rather ope'd, than broke,
A flash of Light rather than Lightning came,
So swift, and yet so gentle was the Flame.
Upon it rode, and in his full Career,
Seem'd to my Eyes no sooner There than Here,
The comliest Youth of all th' Angelique Race;
Lovely his shape, ineffable his Face.
The Frowns with which he strook the trembling Fiend,
All smiles of Humane Beauty did transcend,
His Beams of Locks fell part dishevel'd down,
Part upwards curld, and form'd a nat'ral Crown,
Such as the *Brittish* Monarchs us'd to wear;
If Gold might be compar'd with Angels Hair.
His Coat and flowing Mantle were so bright,
They seem'd both made of woven Silver Light:
Acros his Breast an azure Ruban went,
At which a Medal hung that did present
In wondrous living figures to the sight,
The mystick Champions, and old Dragon's fight,
And from his Mantles side there shone afar,
A fixt, and, I believe, a real Star.
In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
No Arms but th' *English* bloody Cros he bore,
Which when he towards th' affrighted Tyrant bent,
And some few words pronounc'd (but what they meant,
Or were, could not, alas, by me be known,
Only I well perceiv'd Jesus was one)
He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away;
Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.
Such Rage inflames the Wolves wild heart and eyes
(Rob'd as he thinks unjustly of his prize)
Whom unawares the Shepherd spies, and draws
The bleating Lamb from out his ravenous jaws.
The Shepherd fain himself would he assail,
But Fear above his Hunger does prevail,
He knows his Foe too strong, and must be gone;
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

Several Diſcourſes by way of Eſſays, in Verſe and Proſe.

1. *Of Liberty.*

THE Liberty of a people conſiſts in being governed by Laws which they have made themſelves, under whatſoever form it be of Government. The Liberty of a private man in being Maſter of his own Time and Actions, as far as may conſiſt with the Laws of God and of his Country. Of this latter only we are here to diſcourſe, and to enquire what eſtate of Life does beſt ſeat us in the poſſeſſion of it. This Liberty of our own Actions is ſuch a Fundamental Priviledge of human Nature, that God himſelf notwithſtanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a Forfeiture made by the Rebellion of *Adam*. He takes ſo much care for the intire preſervation of it to us, that he ſuffers neither his Providence nor Eternal Decree to break or infringe it. Now for our Time, the ſame God, to whom we are but Tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the ſeventh part to be paid to him as a ſmall Quit-Rent in acknowledgment of his Title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he neither gave it, nor can reſtore it, nor is able to pay any conſiderable valew for the leaſt part of it. This Birth-right of mankind above all other creatures, ſome are forced by hunger to ſell, like *Eſau*, for Bread and Broth, but the greateſt part of men make ſuch a Bargain for the delivery up of themſelves, as *Thamar* did with *Judah*, inſtead of a Kid, the neceſſary proviſions for humane life, they are contented to do it for Rings and Bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the Ambitious, the Covetous, and the Voluptuous, and that all theſe men ſell themſelves to be ſlaves, though to the vulgar it may ſeem a Stoical Paradox, will appear to the wiſe ſo plain and obvious, that they will ſcarce think it deſerves the labour of Argumentation. Let us firſt conſider the Ambitious, and thoſe both in their progreſs to Greatneſs, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what *Saluſt* ſaies, *Dominationis in alios ſervitiam ſuam Mercedem dant*, They are content to pay ſo great a price as their own Servitude to purchaſe the domination over others. The firſt thing they muſt reſolve to ſacrifice, is their whole time, they muſt never ſtop, nor ever turn aſide whilſt they are in the race of Glory, no not like *Atalanta* for Golden Apples. Neither indeed can a man ſtop himſelf if he would when he's in this Career. *Fertur equis Auriga neque audit Currus habenas.*

Pray

Pray, let us but consider a little, what mean servil things men do for this Imaginary Food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, then from the chief men of that Nation which boasted most of Liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest *Romans* submit themselves for the obtaining of a Prætorship, or the Consular dignity: they put on the Habit of Suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in durt, through all the Tribes to beg voices, they flattered the pooreſt Artisans, and carried a *Nomenclator* with them, to whisper in their ear every mans name, least they should mistake it in their salutations: they shook the hand, and kist the cheek of every popular Tradesman; they stood all day at every Market in the publick places to shew and ingratiate themselves to the rout; they imploy'd all their friends to sollicite for them, they kept open Tables in every street, they distributed wine and bread and money, even to the vilest of the people. *En Romanos rerum Dominos! Behold the Masters of the World begging from door to door.* This particular humble way to Greatness is now out of fashion, but yet every Ambitious person is still in some sort a *Roman* Candidate. He must feast and bribe, and attend and flatter, and adore many Beasts, though not the Beast with many heads. *Cataline* who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than *Sylla's*, was yet so humble for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all Servants, to be a publique Bawd, to provide whores, and something worse, for all the young Gentlemen of *Rome*, whose hot lusts and courages, and heads he thought he might make use of. And since I happen here to propose *Cataline* for my instance (though there be thousand of Examples for the same thing) give me leave to transcribe the Character which *Cicero* gives of this noble Slave, because it is a general description of all Ambitious men, and which *Machiavil* perhaps would say ought to be the rule of their life and actions. This man (saies he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial touches and stroakes that look'd like the beauty of great Virtues, his intimate conversation was with the worst of men, and yet he seem'd to be an Admirer and Lover of the best, he was furnish't with all the nets of Lust and Luxury, and yet wanted not the Arms of Labour and Industry: neither do I believe that there was ever any monster in nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honorable persons, who more a favourite to the most Infamous? who, sometimes, appear'd a braver Champion, who at other times, a bolder Enemy to his Country? who more dissolute in his pleasures, who more patient in his toiles? who more rapacious in robbing, who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, The arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of men, to retain it with great complaisance, to communicate all things to them, to watch and serve all the occasions of their fortune, both with his money and his interest, and his industry; and if need were

Orat. pro M. Cælio

were, not by ſticking at any wickedneſs whatſoever that might be uſeful to them, to bend and turn about his own Nature and laveer with every wind, to live ſeverely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleaſant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, deſperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: with this variety and multiplicity of his nature, as he had made a collection of friendſhips with all the moſt wicked and reckleſs of all Nations, ſo by the artificial ſimulation of ſome vertues, he made a ſhift to enſnare ſome honeſt and eminent perſons into his familiarity; neither could ſo vaſt a deſign as the deſtruction of this Empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of ſo many vices had not been covered and diſguiſed by the appearances of ſome excellent qualities.

I ſee, methinks, the Character of an *Anti-Paul*, who became all things to all men, that he might deſtroy all; who only wanted the aſſiſtance of Fortune to have been as great as his Friend *Cæſar* was a little after him. And the ways of *Cæſar* to compaſs the ſame ends (I mean till the Civil War, which was but another manner of ſetting his Country on Fire) were not unlike theſe, though he uſed afterward his unjuſt Dominion with more moderation then I think the other would have done. *Saluſt* therefore who was well acquainted with them both, and with many ſuch like Gentlemen of his time, ſaies, That it is the nature of Ambition (*Ambitio multos mortales falſos fieri coegit &*) to make men Lyers and Cheaters, to hide the Truth in their breaſts, and ſhow, like juglers, another thing in their Mouths, to cut all frindſhips and enmities to the meaſure of their own Intereſt, and to make a good Countenance without the help of good will. And can there be Freedom with this perpetual conſtraint? What is it but a kind of Rack that forces men to ſay what they have no mind to? I have wondred at the extravagant and barbarous ſtratagem of *Zopirus*, and more at the praiſes which I finde of ſo deformed an action; who though he was one of the ſeven Grandees of *Perſia*, and the Son of *Megabiſes*, who had freed before his Country from an ignoble Servitude, ſlit his own Noſe and Lips, cut off his own Ears, ſcourged and wounded his whole body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled ſo inhumanly by *Darius*, be received into *Babylon* (then beſeiged by the *Perſians*) and get into the command of it by the recommendation of ſo cruel a Sufferance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the *Babylonians* ſuſpected not his falſhood, that they might have cut off his hands too, and whipt him back again. But the deſign ſucceeded, he betrayed the City, and was made Governour of it. What brutiſh maſter ever puniſhed his offending Slave with ſo little mercy as Ambition did this *Zopirus*? and yet how many are there in all nations who imitate him in ſome degree for a leſs reward? who though they indure not ſo much corporal pain for a ſmall preferment or ſome honour (as they call it) yet ſtick not to com-

De Bel. Catil.

mit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatized? But you may say, Though these be the most ordinary and open waies to greatness, yet there are narrow, thorney, and little-trodden paths too, through which some men finde a passage by vertuous industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then that Industry must be such, as cannot consist with Liberty, though it may with Honesty.

Thou 'rt careful, frugal, painful; we commend a Servant so, but not a Freind.

Well then, we must acknowledg the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this Ascent, but we are Epicures and Lords when once we are gotten up into the High Places. This is but a short Apprentiship after which we are made free of a Royal Company. If we fall in love with any beautious woman, we must be content that they should be our Mistresses whilst we woo them, as soon as we are wedded and enjoy, 'tis we shall be the Masters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case of Greatness; we enter into the Bonds of it, like those of Matrimony; we are bewitcht with the outward and painted Beauty, and take it for Better or worse, before we know its true nature and interiour Incoveniences. A great Fortune (saies *Seneca*) is a great servitude, But many are of that Opinion which *Brutus* imputes (I hope untruly) even to that Patron of Liberty, his Friend *Cicero*, We fear (saies he to *Atticus* Death, and Banishment, and Poverty, a great deal too much. *Cicero*, I am afraid, thinks these to be the worst of evils, and if he have but some persons, from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honorable servitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honorable, in so base and contumelious a condition. This was spoken as became the bravest man who was ever born in the bravest Commonwealth: But with us generally, no condition passes for servitude, that is accompanied with great riches, with honors, and with the service of many Inferiours. This is but a Deception of the sight through a false medium, for if a Groom serve a Gentleman in his chamber, that Gentleman a Lord, and that Lord a Prince; The Groom, the Gentleman, and the Lord, are as much servants one as the other: the circumstantial difference of the ones getting only his Bread and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsical to this matter then the difference between a plain, a rich and gaudy Livery. I do not say, That he who sells his whole time, and his own will for one hundred thousand, is not a wiser Merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds, but I will swear, they are both Merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that estate to which he was born. But this Dependance upon Superiours is but one chain of the Lovers of Power, *Amatorem Trecentæ Peritheam cohibent catenæ.* Let's begin with him by break of day: For by that time he's besieged by

by two or three hundred Suitors; and the Hall and Anticham-bers (all the Outworks) posseſt by the Enemy as soon as his Chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to cor-rupt the Guards, for entrance. This is so essential a part of Great-ness, that whosoever is without it, looks like a Fallen Favorite, like a person disgraced, and condemned to do what he please all the morning. There are some who rather then want this, are contented to have their rooms fild up every day with murmuring and cursing Creditors, and to charge bravely through a Body of them to get to their Coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst duty, that of any one particular person who waits to speak with the Great man, or the Great mans, who waits every day to speak with all the company. *Aliena negotia centum Per caput & circum saliunt latus*, A hundred businesses of other men (many unjust and most impertinent) fly continually about his Head and Ears, and strike him in the Face like Dorres; Let's contemplate him a little at another special Scene of Glory, and that is, his Table. Here he seems to be the Lord of all Nature: The Earth affords him her best Metals for his dishes, her best Ve-getables and Animals for his food; the Air and Sea supply him with their choicest Birds and Fishes: and a great many men who look like Masters, attend upon him, and yet when all this is done, even all this is but Table d'Hoste, 'Tis crowded with people for whom he cares not, for with many Parasites, and some Spies, with the most burdensome sort of Guests, the Endeavourers to be witty.

But every body pays him great respect, every body commends his Meat, that is, his Mony; every body admires the exquisite dres-sing & ordering of it, that is, his Clark of the kitchin, or his Cook; every body loves his Hospitality, that is, his Vanity. But I desire to know why the honest In-keeper who provides a publick Table for his Profit, should be but of a mean profession; and he who does it for his Honour, a munificent Prince, You'l say, Because one sels, and the other gives: Nay, both sell, though for different things, the one for plain Money, the other for I know not what Jewels, whose value is in Custom and in Fancy. If then his Table be made a Snare (as the Scripture speakes) to his Liberty, where can he hope for Freedom, there is alwaies, and every where some restraint upon him. He's guarded with Crowds, and shackled with Formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the Positive parting with a little bow, the Comparative at the middle of the room, the Superlative at the door; and if the person be *Pan huper sebastus*, there's a *Hupersuperlative* ceremony then of conducting him to the bottome of the stairs, or to the very gate: as if there were such Rules set to these *Leviathans* as are to the Sea, *Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further. Perditur hac inter miseros Lux*, Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.

How many impertinent Letters and Visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently? he never sets his

foot beyond his Threshold, unless, like a Funeral, he have a train to follow him, as if, like the dead Corps, he could not stir, till the Bearers were all ready. My life, (sayes *Horace*) speaking to one of these *Magnifico's*) is a great deal more easie and commodious then thine, In that I can go into the Market and cheapen what I please without being wondred at; and take my Horse and ride as far as *Tarentum*, without being mist. 'Tis an unpleasant constraint to be alwayes under the sight and observation, and censure of others; as there may be Vanity in it, so methinks, there should be Vexation too of spirit: And I wonder how Princes can endure to have two or three hundred men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at dinner, and taking notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more Lordly then the multitude of Domestick Servants; but, even this too, if weighed seriously, is a piece of Servitude; unless you will be a Servant to them (as many men are) the trouble and care of yours in the Government of them all, is much more then that of every one of them in their observance of you. I take the Profession of a School-Master to be one of the most usefull, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a Commonwealth, yet certainly all his Fasces and Tyrannical Autority over so many Boys, takes away his own Liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these particulars of the slavery of Greatness: I shake but a few of their outward Chains; their Anger, Hatred, Jealousie, Fear, Envy, Grief, and all the *Etcætera* of their Passions, which are the secret, but constant Tyrants and Torturers of their life, I omit here, because though they be symptomes most frequent and violent in this Disease; yet they are common too in some degree to the Epidemical Disease of Life it self. But, the Ambitious man, though he be so many wayes a slave (*O toties servus!*) yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the Stage; he thinks himself a real Prince in his Masking Habit, and deceives too all the foolish part of his Spectators: He's a slave in *Saturnalibus*. The Covetous Man is a down-right Servant, a Draught Horse without Bells or Feathers; *ad Metalla damnatus*, a man condemned to work in Mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to encrease his Misery, a worker there for he knows not whom: He heapeth up Riches and knows not who shall enjoy them; 'Tis onely sure that he himself neither shall nor can injoy them. He's an indigent needy slave, he will hardly allow himself Cloaths, and Board-Wages; *Unciatim vix demenso de suo suum defraudans Genium comparsit miser*; He defrauds not only other Men, but his own Genius; He cheats himself for Mony. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every mans sight, as well as judgment. It seems a more difficult work to prove that the Voluptuous Man too is but a servant: What can be more the life of a Freeman, or as we say ordinarily, of a Gentleman, then to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I'le tell you

Pherm. Act. 1. Sect. 1.

who

who is that true Freeman, and that true Gentleman; Not he who blindly follows all his pleaſures (the very name of Follower is ſervile) but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindred by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to reſtrain the Beaſt that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet in the truth of the matter I am at that time rather his Man, then he my Horſe. The Voluptuous Men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the Luſtful and Luxurious, who are both ſervants of the Belly; the other whom we ſpoke of before, the Ambitious and the Covetous, were κακὰ θηρία, Evil wilde Beaſts, theſe are ταχεῖς ἀργαὶ, ſlow Bellies, as our Tranſlation renders it; but the word Ἀργαὶ (which is a fantaſtical word, with two directly oppoſite ſignifications) will bear as well the tranſlation of Quick or Diligent Bellies, and both Interpretations may be applyed to theſe men. *Metrodorus* ſaid, That he had learnt Ἀληθῶς γαστρὶ χαρίζεσθαι, to give his Belly juſt thanks for all his pleaſures. This by the Calumniators of *Epicurus* his Philoſophy was objected as one of the moſt ſcandalous of all their ſayings; which, according to my Charitable underſtanding may admit a very virtuous ſence, which is, that he thanked his own Belly for that moderation in the cuſtomary appetites of it, which can only give a Man Liberty and Happineſs in this World. Let this ſuffice at preſent to be ſpoken of thoſe great Triumviri of the World; the Covetous Man, who is a mean villain, like *Lepidus*; the Ambitious, who is a brave one, like *Octavius*, and the Voluptuous, who is a looſe and debauched one, like *Mark Antony*. *Quiſnam igitur Liber? Sapiens, ſibi qui Imperioſus:* Not *Oenomaus*, who commits himſelf wholly to a Chariotteer that may break his Neck, but the Man. *Hor. L. 2. Serm. Sat. 7.*

Who governs his own courſe with ſteddy hand,
Who does Himſelf with Sovereign Pow'r command;
Whom neither Death, nor Poverty does fright,
Who ſtands not aukwardly in his own light
Againſt the Truth: who can when Pleaſures knock
Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock.
Who can though Honour at his gate ſhould ſtay
In all her Masking Cloaths, ſend her away,
And cry, be gone, I have no mind to Play.

This I confeſs is a Freeman: but it may be ſaid, That many perſons are ſo ſhackled by their Fortune, that they are hindred from enjoyment of that Manumiſſion which they have obtained from Virtue. I do both underſtand, and in part feel the weight of this objection: All I can Anſwer to it, is, That we muſt get as much Liberty as we can, we muſt uſe our utmoſt endeavours, and when all that is done, be contented with the Length of that Line which is allow'd us. If you ask me in what condition of Life I think the moſt allow'd; I ſhould pitch upon that

ſort

sort of People whom King *James* was wont to call the Happiest of our Nation, the Men placed in the Countrey by their Fortune above an High-Constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a Justice of Peace, in a moderate plenty, without any just argument for the desire of encreasing it by the care of many relations, and with so much knowledge and love of Piety and Philosophy (that is of the study of Gods Laws, and of his Creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be Idle though without Business, and never to be Melancholy though without Sin or Vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious Discourse with a Prayer of mine in a Copy of Latin Verses, of which I remember no other part, and (*pour faire bonne bouche*) with some other Verses upon the same Subject.

Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
Da mihi, da Panem Libertatemque, nec ultrà
Sollicitas effundo preces, siquid datur ultrà
Accipiam gratus; si non, Contentus abibo.

For the few Houres of Life allotted me,
Give me (great God) but Bread and Liberty,
I'le beg no more; if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
I'le thankfully that Overplus receive:
If beyond this no more be freely sent,
I'le thank for this, and go away content.

Martial: Lib. 2.

Vota tui breviter, &c.

WEll then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
The Prayers and Hopes of your Poetick Friend
He does not Palaces nor Manors crave,
Would be no Lord, but less a Lord would have
The ground he holds, if he his own, can call,
He quarrels not with Heaven because 'tis small:
Let gay and toilsome Greatness others please,
He loves of homely Littleness the Ease.
Can any Man in guilded rooms attend,
And his dear houres in humble visits spend;
When in the fresh and beauteous Fields he may
With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
If there be Man (ye Gods) I ought to Hate
Dependance and Attendance be his Fate.
Still let him Busie be, and in a crowd,
And very much a Slave, and very Proud:

Thus

Thus he perhaps Pow'rful and Rich may grow;
No matter, O ye Gods! that I'le allow.
But let him Peace and Freedome never ſee;
Let him not love this Life, who loves not Me.

Martial. L.

Vis fieri Liber? &c.

WOuld you be Free? 'Tis your chief wiſh, you ſay,
Come on; I'le ſhew thee, Friend, the certain way,
If to no Feaſts abroad thou lov'ſt to go,
Whilſt bounteous God does Bread at home beſtow,
If thou the goodneſs of thy Cloaths doſt prize
By thine own Uſe, and not by others Eyes.
(If onely ſafe from Weathers) thou can'ſt dwell,
I a ſmall Houſe, but a convenient Shell,
If thou without a Sigh, or Golden wiſh,
Canſt look upon thy Beechen Bowl, and Diſh;
If in thy Mind ſuch power and greatneſs be,
The *Perſian* King's a Slave compar'd with Thee.

Mart. L. 2.

Quod te nomine? &c.

THat I do you with humble Bowes no more;
And danger of my naked Head adore.
That I who Lord and Maſter cry'd erewhile,
Salute you in a new and different Stile,
By your own Name, a ſcandal to you now,
Think not that I forget my ſelf or you:
By loſs of all things by all others ſought
This Freedome, and the Freemans Hat is bought.
A Lord and Maſter no man wants but He
Who o're Himſelf has no Autoritie.
Who does for Honours and for Riches ſtrive,
And Follies, without which Lords cannot Live.
If thou from Fortune doſt no Servant crave,
Believe it, thou no Maſter need'ſt to have.

Ode

Ode.

Upon Liberty.

1.

FReedome with Virtue takes her seat,
Her proper place, her onely Scene,
Is in the Golden Mean,
She lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great.
The Wings of those Necessity has clipt,
And they'r in Fortunes Bridewell whipt,
To the laborious task of Bread;
These are by various Tyrants Captive lead.
Now wild Ambition with imperious force
Rides, raines, and spurs them like th' unruly Horse.
And servile Avarice yoakes them now
Like toilsome Oxen to the Plow.
And sometimes Lust, like the Misguiding Light,
Drawes them through all the Labyrinths of Night.
If any Few among the Great there be
From these insulting Passions free,
Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see
By Custom, Business, Crowds, and formal Decency.
And whereso'ere they stay, and whereso'ere they go,
Impertinencies round them flow:
These are the small uneasie things
Which about Greatness still are found,
And rather it Molest then Wound:
Like Gnats which too much heat of summer brings;
But Cares do swarm there too, and those have stings:
As when the Honey does too open lie,
A thousand VVasps about it fly:
Nor will the Master ev'n to share admit;
The Master stands aloof, and dares not Tast of it.

2.

'Tis Morning; well; I fain would yet sleep on;
You cannot now; you must be gone
To Court, or to the noisy Hall:
Besides, the Rooms without are crowded all;
The steam of Business does begin,
And a Spring-Tide of Clients is come in.
Ah cruel Guards, which this poor Prisoner keep!
VVill they not suffer him to sleep?
Make an Escape; out at the Postern flee,
And get some blessed Houres of Libertie,

VVith

VVith a few Friends, and a few Diſhes dine,
And much of Mirth and moderate VVine.
To thy bent Mind ſome relaxation give,
And ſteal one day out of thy Life to Live.
Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven
Has ſuch a Freedome alwayes given!
VVhy, mighty Madman, what ſhould hinder thee
From being every day as Free?

3.

In all the Freeborn Nations of the Air,
Never did Bird a ſpirit ſo mean and ſordid bear,
As to exchange his Native Liberty
Of ſoaring boldly up into the ſky,
His Liberty to Sing, to Perch, or Fly,
VVhen, and where'ver he thought good,
And all his innocent pleaſures of the VVood,
For a more plentiful or conſtant Food.
Nor ever did Ambitious rage
Make him into a painted Cage;
Or the falſe Foreſt of a well-hung Room,
For Honour and Preferment come,
Now, Bleſſings on ye all, ye Heroick Race,
Who keep their Primitive powers and rights ſo well
Though Men and Angels fell.
Of all Material Lives the higheſt place,
To you is juſtly given;
And wayes and walkes the neereſt Heaven.
Whilſt wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boaſt, That we look up to it.
Even to the Univerſal Tyrant Love,
You Homage pay but once a year:
None ſo degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear.
None but a few unhappy Houſhold Foul,
VVhom human Lordſhip does controul;
VVho from their birth corrupted were
By Bondage, and by mans Example here.

4.

He's no ſmall Prince who every day
Thus to himſelf can ſay,
Now will I ſleep, now eat, now ſit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk;
This I will do, here I will ſtay,
(Or if my Fancy call me away,
My Man and I will preſently go ride;
(For we before have nothing to provide,
Nor after are to render an account)
To *Dover*, *Barwick*, or the *Corniſh* Mount,

If thou but a short journey take,
As if thy last thou wert to make,
Business must be dispatch'd e're thou canst part,
Nor canst thou stirr unless there be
A hundred Horse and Men to wait on thee,
And many a Mule, and many a Cart;
What an unwildy man thou art?
The *Rhodian Colossus* so
A Journey too might go.

5.

Where Honour or where Conscience does not bind
No other Law shall shackle me,
Slave to my self I will not be,
Nor shall my future Actions be confin'd
By my own present Mind.
Who by Resolves and Vows engag'd does stand
For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does like an unthrift Morgage his Estate
Before it falls into his Hand,
The Bondman of the Cloister so
All that he does receive does always owe.
And still as Time comes in, it goes away
Not to Enjoy, but Debts to pay.
Unhappy Slave, and Pupil to a Bell!
With his hours work as well as hours does tell!
Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing Knell.

6.

If Life should a well-order'd Poem be
(In which he only hits the white
Who joyns true Profit with the best Delight)
The more Heroique strain let others take,
Mine the Pindarique way I'le make.
The Matter shall be Grave, the Numbers loose and free.
It shall not keep one settled pace of Time,
In the same Tune it shall not always Chime,
Nor shall each day just to his Neighbour Rhime,
A thousand Liberties it shall dispense,
And yet shall mannage all without offence;
Or to the sweetness of the Sound, or greatness of the Sence,
Nor shall it never from one Subject start,
Nor seek Transitions to depart,
Nor its set way o're Stiles and Bridges make,
Nor thorough Lanes a Compass take
As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,
When the wide Air's a Road for it.
So the Imperial Eagle does not stay
Till the whole Carkass he devour
That's fallen into its power.

As if his generous Hunger underſtood
That he can never want plenty of Food,
He only ſucks the taſtful Blood.
And to freſh Game flies cheerfully away;
To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled Prey.

Of Solitude.

NVnquam minus ſolus, quam cum ſolus, is now become a very vulgar ſaying. Every Man and almoſt every Boy for theſe ſeventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at firſt ſpoken by the Excellent *Scipio*, who was without queſtion a moſt Eloquent and Witty perſon, as well as the moſt Wiſe, moſt Worthy, moſt Happy, and the Greateſt of all Mankind. His meaning no doubt was this, That he found more ſatisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it by Solitude then by Company, and to ſhew that he ſpoke not this looſly or out of vanity, after he had made *Rome*, Miſtriſs of almoſt the whole World, he retired himſelf from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private houſe in the middle of a wood neer *Linternum*, paſſed the remainder of his Glorious life no leſs Glorioufly. This Houſe *Seneca* went to ſee ſo long after with great veneration, and among other things deſcribes his Baths to have been of ſo mean a ſtructure, that now, ſays he, the baſeſt of the people would deſpiſe them, and cry out, poor *Scipio* underſtood not how to live. What an Authority is here for the credit of Retreat? and happy had it been for *Hannibal*, if Adverſity could have taught him as much Wiſdom as was learnt by *Scipio* from the higheſt proprieties. This would be no wonder if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily ſaid by Monſieur *de Montagne*. That Ambition it ſelf might teach us to love Solitude; there's nothing does ſo much hate to have Companions. 'Tis true, it loves to have its Elbows free, it deteſts to have Company on either ſide, but it delights above all things in a Train behind, I, and Uſhers too before it. But the greateſt part of men are ſo far from the opinion of that noble *Roman*, that if they chance at any time to be without company, they'r like a becalmed Ship, they never move but by the wind of other mens breath, and have no Oars of their own to ſteer withal. It is very fantaſtical and contradictory in humane Nature, that Men ſhould love themſelves above all the reſt of the world, and yet never endure to be with themſelves. When they are in love with a Miſtriſs, all other perſons are importunate and burdenſome to them. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam Lubens*, They would live and dye with her alone.

Epiſt. 86.

Sic ego ſecretis poſſum benè vivere ſilvis
Quà nulla humano ſit arà trita pedè,
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, & in ſolis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never humane foot the ground has prest,
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
And from a Desart banish Solitude.

And yet our Dear Self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind as *Catullus* expresses towards one of his Mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humour.

Odi & Amo, quanâm id faciam ratione requiris?
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.

I Hate, and yet I Love thee to;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know,
And feel with Torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man sometimes to pittiful shifts in seeking how to avoid Himself.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a Top in the world, is a fit man to be alone; nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding; so that Solitude can be well fitted and set right, but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the World to see the vanity of it, and enough Virtue to despise all Vanity; if the Mind be possest with any Lust or Passions, a man had better be in a Faire, then in a Wood alone. They may like petty Thieves cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets in the midst of company, but like Robbers they use to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men, and fall into the hands of Devils. 'Tis like the punishment of Parricides among the *Romans*, to be sow'd into a Bag with an Ape, a Dog, and a Serpent. The first work therefore that a man must do to make himself capable of the good of Solitude, is, the very Eradication of all Lusts, for how is it possible for a Man to enjoy himself while his Affections are tyed to things without Himself? In the second place, he must learn the Art and get the Habit of Thinking; for this too, no less than well speaking, depends upon much practice, and Cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the Solitude of a God from a wild Beast. Now because the soul of Man is not by its own Nature or observation furnisht with sufficient Materials to work upon; it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to Learning and Books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary Life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve without them; but if once we be throughly engaged in the Love of Letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole Life.

O vita, ſtulto longa, ſapienti brevis!

O Life, long to the Fool, ſhort to the Wiſe!

The firſt Miniſter of State has not ſo much buſineſs in publique, as a wiſe man has in private; if the one have little leaſure to be alone, the other has leſs leaſure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one Nation, the other all the works of God and Nature under his conſideration. There is no ſaying ſhocks me ſo much as that which I hear very often, That a man does not know how to paſs his Time. 'Twould have been but ill ſpoken by *Methuſalem* in the Nine hundred ſixty ninth year of his Life, ſo far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmoſt perfection of any part of any Science, to have cauſe to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this you'l ſay is work only for the Learned, others are not capable either of the employments or divertiſements that arrive from Letters I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend Solitude to a man totally illiterate. But if any man be ſo unlearned as to want entertainment of the little Intervals of accidental Solitude, which frequently occurr in almoſt all conditions (except the very meaneſt of the people, who have buſineſs enough in the neceſſary proviſions for Life) it is truly a great ſhame both to his Parents and Himſelf, for a very ſmall portion of any Ingenious Art will ſtop up all thoſe gaps of our Time, either Muſique, or Painting, or Deſigning, or Chymiſtry, or Hiſtory, or Gardening, or twenty other things will do it uſefully and pleaſantly; and if he happen to ſet his affections upon Poetry (which I do not adviſe him too immoderately) that will over do it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or buſineſs, which would abſtract him from his Beloved.

—O quis me gelidis ſub montibus Æmi
Siſtat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ? *Virg. Georg.*

1.

Hail, old *Patrician* Trees, ſo great and good!
Hail ye *Plebeian* under wood!
Where the Poetique Birds rejoyce,
And for their quiet Neſts and plentious Food,
Pay with their grateful voice.

2.

Hail, the poor Muſes richeſt Mannor Seat!
Ye Countrey Houſes and Retreat,
Which all the happy Gods ſo Love,
That for you oft they quit their Bright and Great
Metropolis above.

3.

Here Nature does a House for me erect,
Nature the wisest Architect,
Who those fond Artists does despise
That can the fair and living Trees neglect;
Yet the Dead Timber prize.

4.

Here let me careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton Boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful Birds to both replying
Nor be my self too Mute.

5.

A Silver stream shall roul his waters neer,
Guilt with the Sun-beams here and there
On whose enamel'd Bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they Smile, and hear
How prettily they Talk.

6.

Ah wretched, and too Solitary Hee
Who loves not his own Company!
He'l feel the weight of't many a day
Unless he call in Sin or Vanity
To help to bear't away.

7.

Oh Solitude, first state of Human-kind!
Which blest remain'd till man did find
Even his own helpers Company.
As soon as two (alas!) together joyn'd,
The Serpent made up Three.

8.

The God himself, through countless Ages Thee
His sole Companion chose to be,
Thee, Sacred Solitude alone,
Before the Branchy head of Numbers Tree
Sprang from the Trunk of One.

9.

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,
Which else would know no setled pace
Making it more, well mannag'd by thy Art,
With Swiftness and with Grace.

10.

Thou the faint beams of Reaſons ſcatter'd Light,
Doſt like a Burning-glaſs unite,
Doſt multiply the feeble Heat,
And fortifie the ſtrength, till thou doſt bright
And noble Fires beget.

11.

Whilſt this hard Truth I teach, methinks, I ſee
The Monſter *London* laugh at me,
I ſhould at thee too, fooliſh City,
If it were fit to laugh at Miſery,
But thy Eſtate I pity.

12.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the Fools that crowd the ſo,
Even thou who doſt thy Millions boaſt,
A Village leſs then *Iſlington* wilt grow,
A Solitude almoſt.

3. *Of Obſcurity.*

NAM neque Divitibus contingunt gaudia ſolis,
Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque Fefellit. Hor. Epiſt. l. 1. 18.

God made not pleaſures only for the Rich,
Nor have thoſe men without their ſhare too liv'd,
Who both in Life and Death the world deceiv'd.

This ſeems a ſtrange Sentence thus literally tranſlated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the men of buſineſs (for who elſe can Deceive the world?) whereas it is in commendation of thoſe who live and dye ſo obſcurely, that the world takes no notice of them. This *Horace* calls deceiving the world, and in another place uſes the ſame phraſe.

Secretum iter & Fallentis ſemita vitæ. Ep. 18.
The ſecret tracks of the Deceiving Life.

It is very elegant in Latine, but our Engliſh word will hardly bear up to that ſence, and therefore Mr. *Broom* tranſlates it very well.

Or from a Life, led as it were by ſtealth.

Yet we ſay in our Language, a thing deceives our ſight, when it paſſes

passes before us unperceived, and we may say well enough out of the same Authour,

Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine we strive,
The cares of Life and troubles to Deceive.

Declam. de Apib. But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive our selves, as *Quintilian* saies, *Vitam fallere*, To draw on still, and amuse, and deceive our Life, till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal Period, and fall into that Pit which Nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more then that most vulgar saying, *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*, He has lived well, who has lain well hidden. Which if it be a truth, the world (I'le swear) is sufficiently deceived: For my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of Life, is *in Incognito*. What a brave Privilege is it to be free from all Contentions, from all Envying or being Envyed, from recieving and from paying all kind of Ceremonies? It is in my mind, a very delightful pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travail up and down together, in places where they are by no body known, nor know any body. It was the case of *Æneas* and his *Achates*, when they walkt invisibly about the fields and streets of *Carthage*; *Venus* her self

Virg. 1. Æn.

A vail of thickned Air around them cast,
That none might know, or see them as they past.

The common story of *Demosthenes's* confession that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a Tanker-woman say as he past; This is that *Demosthenes*, is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an Orator. I my self have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any) but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were out of sight-shot. *Democritus* relates, and in such a manner, as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to *Athens* no body there did so much as take notice of him; and *Epicurus* lived there very well, that is, Lay hid many years in his Gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend *Metrodorus*: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had injoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that in the midst of the most talk-of and Talking Country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without Fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet within a very few years afterward, there were no two Names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large Acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the Invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a *Quotidian Ague* of frigid impertinencies, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour

that

that lies in that: Whatsoever it be, every Mountebank has it more then the best Doctor, and the Hangman more then the Lord Chief Justice of a City. Every creature has it both of Nature and Art if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, This is that *Bucephalus*, or, This is that *Incitatus*, when they were led prancing through the streets, as, this is that *Alexander*, or this is that *Domitian*; and truly for the latter, I take *Incitatus* to have bin a much more Honourable Beast then his Master, and more deserving the Consulship, then he the Empire. I love and commend a true good Fame, because it is the shadow of Virtue, not that it doth any good to the Body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. *Peter* cures the Diseases of others. The best kinde of Glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from Honesty, such as was the Glory of *Cato* and *Aristides*, but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives, what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because, I love not *Philosophy* merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the Experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate Minde and Fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body, and so after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniencies of old age, goes more silently out of it then he came in, (for I would not have him so much as Cry in the *Exit*). This Innocent Deceiver of the world, as *Horace* calls him, this *Muta persona*, I take to have been more happy in his Part, then the greatest Actors that fill the Stage with show and noise, nay, even then *Augustus* himself, who askt with his last breath, Whether he had not played his *Farce* very well.

Seneca, ex Thyeste,
Act. 2. Chor.

Stet quicunque volet, potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

Upon the slippery tops of humane State,
The guilded Pinnacles of Fate,
Let others proudly stand, and for a while
The giddy danger to beguile,
With Joy, and with disdain look down on all;
Till their Heads turn, and down they fall.
Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near
That I no Fall to Earth may fear,
And, O ye gods, at a good distance seat
From the long Ruines of the Great.
Here wrapt in th' Arms of Quiet let me ly;
Quiet, Companion of Obscurity.

Here let my Life, with as much silence slide,
As Time that measures it does glide.
Nor let the Breath of Infamy or Fame,
From town to town Eccho about my Name.
Nor let my homely Death embroidered be
With Scutcheon or with Elegie.
An old *Plebean* let me Dy,
Alas, all then are such as well as I.
To him, alas, to him, I fear,
The face of Death will terrible appear:
Who in his life flattering his senceless pride
By being known to all the world beside,
Does not himself, when he is Dying know
Nor what he is, nor Whither hee's to go.

4. *Of Agriculture.*

THE first wish of *Virgil* (as you will find anon by his Verses) was to be a good Philosopher; the second, a good Husbandman; and God (whom he seem'd to understand better then most of the most learned Heathens) dealt with him just as he did with *Solomon*; because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else which were subordinately to be desir'd. He made him one of the best Philosophers, and best Husbandmen, and to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best Poet: He made him besides all this a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer. *O Fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit:* To be a Husbandman, is but a retreat from the City; to be a Philosopher, from the world, or rather, a Retreat from the world, as it is mans; into the world, as it is Gods. But since Nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and Fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility of applying themselves wholy to Philosophy, the best mixture of humane affairs that we can make, are the employments of a Country life. It is, as *Columella* calls it, *Res sine dubitatione proxima, & quasi Consanguinea Sapientiæ,* The nearest Neighbour, or rather next in Kindred to Philosophy. *Varro* sayes, the Principles of it are the same which *Ennius* made to be the Principles of all Nature: Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of Philosophy then any one Profession, Art or Science in the world besides: and therefore *Cicero* saies, The pleasures of a Husbandman, *Mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere,* Come very nigh to those of a Philosopher. There is no other sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a Panegyrist: The Utility of it to a mans self: The Usefulness, or rather Necessity of it to all the rest of Mankind: The Innocence, the Pleasure, the Antiquity, the Dignity. The

lib. 1. c. 1.

De senect.

Utility

Utility (I mean plainly the Lucre of it) is not ſo great now in our Nation as ariſes from Merchandiſe and the trading of the City, from whence many of the beſt Eſtates and chief Honours of the Kingdom are derived: we have no men now fetcht from the Plow to be made Lords, as they were in *Rome* to be made Conſuls and Dictators, the reaſon of which I conceive to be from an evil Cuſtom, now grown as ſtrong among us, as if it were a Law, which is, that no men put their Children to be bred up Apprentices in Agriculture, as in other Trades, but ſuch who are ſo poor, that when they come to be men, they have not wherewithall to ſet up in it, and ſo can only Farm ſome ſmall parcel of ground, the Rent of which devours all but the bare Subſiſtence of the Tenant: Whilſt they who are Proprietors of the Land, are either too proud, or, for want of that kind of Education, too ignorant to improve their Eſtates, though the means of doing it be as eaſie and certain in this as in any other track of Commerce: If there were alwaies two or three thouſand youths, for ſeven or eight years bound to this Profeſſion, that they might learn the whole Art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be Maſters in it, by a moderate ſtock: I cannot doubt but that we ſhould ſee as many Aldermens Eſtates made in the Country, as now we do out of all kind of Merchandizing in the City. There are as many wayes to be Rich, and which is better, there is no Poſſibility to be poor, without ſuch negligence as can neither have excuſe nor Pity; for a little ground will without queſtion feed a little family, and the ſuperfluities of Life (which are now in ſome caſes by cuſtome made almoſt neceſſary) muſt be ſupplyed out of the ſuperabundance of Art and Induſtry, or contemned by as great a Degree of Philoſophy. As for the Neceſſity of this Art, it is evident enough, ſince this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like Speech, without which the Society of men cannot be preſerved; the others like Figures and Tropes of Speech which ſerve only to adorn it. Many Nations have lived, and ſome do ſtill, without any Art but this; not ſo Elegantly, I confeſs, but ſtill they Live, and almoſt all the other Arts which are here practiſed, are beholding to this for moſt of their Materials. The Innocence of this Life is the next thing for which I commend it, and if Husbandmen preſerve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are ſo free from the Temptations of Iniquity. They live by what they can get by Induſtry from the Earth, and others by what they can catch by Craft from men. They live upon an Eſtate given them by their Mother, and others upon an Eſtate cheated from their Brethren. They live like Sheep and Kine, by the allowances of Nature, and others like Wolves and Foxes by the acquiſitions of Rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any offence to the Great) that Sheep and Kine are very uſeful, and that Wolves and Foxes are pernicious creatures. They are without diſpute of all men the moſt quiet and leaſt apt to be inflamed to the diſturbance of the Common-wealth: their manner of Life inclines them,

and Interest binds them to love Peace: In our late mad and miserable Civil Wars, all other Trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole Troopes, and raised up some great Commanders, who became famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done: But, I do not remember the Name of any one Husbandman who had so considerable a share in the twenty years ruine of his Country, as to deserve the Curses of his Country-men: And if great delights be joyn'd with so much Innocence, I think it is ill done of men not to take them here where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather then hunt for them in Courts and Cities, where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble Scenes of Nature; we are there among the pitiful shifts of Policy: We walk here in the light and open wayes of the Divine Bounty; we grope there in the dark and confused Labyrinths of Human Malice: Our Senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their Objects, which are all Sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here Pleasure looks (methinks) like a beautiful, constant, and modest Wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted Harlot. Here is harmless and cheap Plenty, there guilty and expensful Luxury.

I shall onely instance in one Delight more, the most natural and best natur'd of all others, a perpetual companion of the Husbandman; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own Art and Diligence; to be alwayes gathering of some Fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding: to see all his Fields and Gardens covered with the beauteous Creatures of his own Industry; and to see, like God, that all his Works are Good.

——— *Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; ipsi*
Agricolæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.

On his heart-strings a secret Joy does strike;

The Antiquity of his Art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first Men in the World, were a Gardner, a Ploughman, and a Grazier; and if any man object, That the second of these was a Murtherer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our Profession, and turn'd Builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that *Ecclesiasticus* forbids us to hate Husbandry; because (sayes he) the most High has created it. We were all Born to this Art, and taught by Nature to nourish our Bodies by the same Earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance. Cap. 7.

Behold the Original and Primitive Nobility of all those great Persons, who are too proud now, not onely to till the Ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talke what we please of Lilies, and Lions Rampant, and Spread-Eagles in Fields d' Or, or d' Argent;

gent; but if Heraldry were guided by Reason, a Plough in a Field Arable, would be the most Noble and Antient Armes.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of *Columella*, How it should come to pass that all Arts or Sciences, (for the dispute, which is an Art, and which a Science, does not belong to the curiosity of us Husbandmen) *Metaphysick*, *Physick*, *Morality*, *Mathematicks*, *Logick*, *Rhetorick*, &c. which are all, I grant, good and usefull faculties, (except onely *Metaphysick* which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even *Vaulting*, *Fencing*, *Dancing*, *Attiring*, *Cookery*, *Carving*, and such like Vanities, should all have publick Schools and Masters; and yet that we should never see or hear of any man who took upon him the Profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary Art.

A man would think, when he's in serious humour, that it were but a vain, irrational and ridiculous thing, for a great company of Men and Women to run up and down in a Room together, in a hundred several postures and figures, to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore Dancing was invented first, and onely practised anciently in the Ceremonies of the Heathen Religion, which consisted all in Mommery and Madness; the latter being the chief glory of the Worship, and accounted Divine Inspiration: This, I say, a severe Man would think, though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part now of good breeding. And yet, who is there among our Gentry, that does not entertain a Dancing Master for his Children as soon as they are able to walk? But, Did ever any Father provide a Tutor for his Son to instruct him betimes in the Nature and Improvements of that Land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a Defect in our manner of Education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one Colledge in each University were erected, and appropriated to this study, as well as there are to Medecin, and the Civil Law: There would be no need of making a Body of Scholars and Fellowes, with certain endowments, as in other Colledges; it would suffice, if after the manner of Halls in *Oxford*, there were only four Professors constituted (for it would be too much work for onely one Master, or Principal, as they call him there) to teach these four parts of it. First, *Aration*, and all things relating to it. Secondly, *Pasturage*. Thirdly, *Gardens*, *Orchards*, *Vineyards* and *Woods*. Fourthly, All parts of *Rural Oeconomy*, which would contain the Government of *Bees*, *Swine*, *Poultry*, *Decoys*, *Ponds*, &c. and all that which *Varro* calls *Villaticas Pastiones*, together with the Sports of the Field (which ought to be looked upon not onely as Pleasures, but as parts of House-keeping) and the Domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by Industry abroad. The business of these Professors should not be, as is commonly practised in other Arts, onely to read Pompous and Superficial Lectures out of *Virgils Georgickes*, *Pliny*, *Varro*, or *Columella*, but to instruct their Pupils in the whole

Method

Method and course of this study, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual succession of Scholars upon a moderate taxation for their Diet, Lodging, and Learning, would be a sufficient constant revenue for Maintenance of the House and the Professors, who should be men not chosen for the Ostentation of Critical Literature, but for solid and experimental Knowledge of the things they teach such Men; so industrious and publick-spirited as I conceive Mr. *Hartlib* to be, if the Gentleman be yet alive: But it is needless to speak farther of my thoughts of this Design, unless the present Disposition of the Age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have further to say of the Country Life, shall be borrowed from the Poets, who were alwayes the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was Born among the Shepherds.

Nescio qua Natale solum dulcedine Musas
Ducit, & immemores non sinit esse sui.

The Muses still love their own Native place,
T'has secret Charms which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their work; one might as well undertake to Dance in a Crowd, as to make good Verses in the midst of Noise and Tumult.

As well might Corn as Verse in Cities grow;
In vain the thankless Glebe we Plow and Sow,
Against th' unnatural Soil in vain we strive;
'Tis not a Ground in which these Plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the Nettles or Thornes of *Satyre*, which grow most naturally in the worst Earth; And therefore almost all Poets, except those who were not able to eat Bread without the bounty of Great men, that is, without what they could get by Flattering of them, have not onely withdrawn themselves from the Vices and Vanities of the Grand World (*Pariter vitiisque Fociisque Altius humanis exeruere caput*) into the innocent happiness of a retired Life; but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their Ever-living Poems. *Hesiod* was the first or second Poet in the World that remaines yet extant (if *Homer*, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were Contemporaries) and he is the first Writer too of the Art of Husbandry: He has contributed (sayes *Columella*) not a little to our Profession; I suppose he means not a little Honour, for the matter of his Instructions is not very important: His great Antiquity is visible through the Gravity and Simplicity of his Stile. The most Acute of all his sayings concerns our purpose very much, and is couched in the reverend

obscurity

obſcurity of an Oracle. Πλεῖον ἥμισυ παντός. The half is more then the whole. The occaſion of the ſpeech is this; His Brother *Perſes* had by corrupting ſome great men (Βασιλῆας δεκοφάγους, Great Bribe-eaters he calls them) gotten from him the half of his Eſtate. It is no Matter, (ſays he) they have not done me ſo much prejudice, as they imagine.

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλείη τε καὶ ἀμείνων
Παντὸς ἥμισυ πέλλεται, οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ,
Κρύπτουσιν γὰρ ἔχουσι θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

Unhappy they to whom God has not reveal'd
By a ſtrong Light which muſt their ſence controle,
That halfe a great Eſtate's more then the whole:
Unhappy, from whom ſtill conceal'd does lie
Of Roots and Herbs, the wholeſome Luxurie.

This I conceive to have been Honeſt *Heſiods* meaning. From *Homer* we muſt not expect much concerning our affairs. He was Blind and could neither work in the Countrey, nor enjoy the pleaſures of it, his helpleſs Poverty was likelieſt to be ſuſtained in the richeſt places, he was to delight the *Grecians* with fine tales of the Wars and adventures of their Anceſtors; his Subject removed him from all Commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a ſhift to ſhow his good will a little. For though he could do us no Honour in the perſon of his *Hero Ulyſſes* (much leſs of *Achilles*) becauſe his whole time was conſumed in Wars and Voyages, yet he makes his Father *Laertes* a Gardener all that while, and ſeeking his Conſolation for the abſence of his ſon in the pleaſure of Planting and even Dunging his own grounds. Ye ſee he did not contemn us Peaſants, nay, ſo far was he from that inſolence, that he always ſtiles *Eumæus*, who kept the Hogs with wonderful reſpect δῖον ὑφορβὸν. The Divine Swine-herd he could ha' done no more for *Menelaus* or *Agamemnon*. And *Theocritus* (a very ancient Poet, but he was one of our own Tribe, for he wrote nothing but Paſtorals) gave the ſame Epithete to an Husbandman Ἐκτίσατο δῖος ἀγρώτης. The Divine Husbandman replyed to *Hercules*, who was but δῖος Himſelf. Theſe were Civil *Greeks*! and who underſtood the Dignity of our Calling! among the *Romans* we have in the firſt place, our truly Divine *Virgil*, who, though by the favour of *Mecænas* and *Auguſtus*, he might have been one of the chief men of *Rome*, yet choſe rather to employ much of his time in the exerciſe, and much of his immortal wit in the praiſe and inſtructions of a Ruſtique Life, who though he had written before whole Books of Paſtorals and *Georgiques* could not abſtain in his great and Imperial Poem from deſcribing *Evander*, one of his beſt Princes, as living juſt after the homely manner of an ordinary Countrey-man. He ſeats him in a Throne of Maple, and lays him but upon a Bears

skin

skin, the Kine and Oxen are lowing in his Court yard, the Birds under the Eeves of his Window call him up in the morning, and when he goes abroad, only two Dogs go along with him for his guard: at last when he brings *Æneas* into his Royal Cottage, he makes him say this memorable complement, greater then ever yet was spoken at the *Escurial*, the *Louvre*, or our *Whitehall*.

——— *Hæc (inquit) limina victor*
Alcides subiit, hæc illum Regia cepit,
Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.

This humble Roof, this rustique Court (said He)
Receiv'd *Alcides* crown'd with victory.
Scorn not (Great Guest) the steps where he has trod,
But contemn Wealth, and imitate a God.

The next Man whom we are much obliged to, both for his Doctrine and Example, is the next best Poet in the world to *Virgil*; his dear friend *Horace*, who when *Augustus* had desired *Mecænas* to perswade him to come and live domestically, and at the same Table with him, and to be Secretary of State of the whole World under him, or rather joyntly with him, for he says, *ut nos in Epistolis scribendis adjuvet*, could not be tempted to forsake his *Sabin*, or *Tiburtin* Mannor, for so rich and so glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, such an example as this in the world, that he should have so much moderation and courage as to refuse an offer of such greatness, and the Emperour so much generosity and good Nature as not to be at all offended with his refusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar Letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the passages of this excellent Author upon the several Subjects which I treat of in this Book, I must be obliged to translate half his works; of which I may say more truly than in my opinion he did of *Homer*, *Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid Turpe, quid utile, quid non plenius, & melius Chrysippo, & Crantore dicit.* I shall content my self upon this particular Theme with three only, one out of his *Odes*, the other out of his *Satyrs*, the third out of his *Epistles*, and shall forbear to collect the suffrages of all other Poets, which may be found scattered up and down through all their writings, and especially in *Martials*. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful Pencil upon the beauties of a Face that has been drawn before by so many great Masters, especially, that I should dare to do it in *Latine* verses (though of another kind) and have the confidence to Translate them. I can only say that I love the Matter, and that ought to cover many faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

Virg. Georg.

O fortunatus nimium, &c.

A Translation out of *Virgil.*

OH happy, (if his Happiness he knows)
The Country Swain, on whom kind Heav'n bestows
At home all Riches that wise Nature needs;
Whom the just earth with easie plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no morning Tide of Clients comes,
And fills the painted Chanels of his rooms,
Adoring the rich Figures, as they pass,
In Tap'stry wrought, or cut in living brass;
Nor is his Wooll superfluously dy'd
With the dear Poyson of *Assyrian* pride:
Not do *Arabian* Perfumes vainly spoil
The Native Use, and Sweetness of his Oyl.
In stead of these, his calm and harmless life
Free from th' Alarms of Fear, and storms of Strife,
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of Peace cover him round:
Through artless Grots the murmuring waters glide;
Thick Trees both against Heat and Cold provide,
From whence the Birds salute him; and his ground
With lowing Herds, and bleeting Sheep does sound;
And all the Rivers, and the Forests nigh,
Both Food and Game, and Exercise supply.
Here a well hard'ned active youth we see,
Taught the great Art of chearful Poverty.
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
Some streaks of Love, both humane and Divine;
From hence *Astræa* took her flight, and here
Still her last Foot-steps upon Earth appear.
'Tis true, the first desire which does controul
All the inferiour wheels that move my Soul,
Is, that the Muse me her high Priest would make;
Into her holyest Scenes of Myst'ry take,
And open there to my mind's purged eye
Those wonders which to Sense the Gods deny;
How in the Moon such change of shapes is found:
The Moon, the changing VVorlds eternal bound.
VVhat shakes the solid Earth, what strong disease
Dares trouble the firm Centre's antient ease;
VVhat makes the Sea retreat, and what advance:
Varieties too regular for chance.
VVhat drives the Chariot on of VVinters light,
And stops the lazy VVaggon of the night.
But if my dull and frozen Blood deny,
To send forth Sp'rits that raise a Soul so high;

In the next place, let Woods and Rivers be
My quiet, though unglorious deſtiny.
In Life's cool vale let my low Scene be laid;
Cover me Gods, with *Tempe's* thickeſt ſhade.
Happy the Man, I grant, thrice happy he
Who can through groſs effects their cauſes ſee:
Whoſe courage from the deeps of knowledg ſprings,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things;
But does his walk of virtue calmly go,
Through all th' allarms of Death and Hell below.
Happy! but next ſuch Conquerours, happy they,
Whoſe humble Life lies not in fortunes way.
They unconcern'd from their ſafe diſtant ſeat,
Behold the Rods and Scepters of the great.
The quarrels of the mighty without fear,
And the deſcent of forein Troops they hear.
Nor can even *Rome* their ſteddy courſe miſguide,
With all the luſtre of her periſhing Pride.
Them never yet did ſtrife or avarice draw,
Into the noiſy markets of the Law,
The Camps of Gowned War, nor do they live
By rules or forms that many mad men give.
Duty for Natures Bounty they repay,
And her ſole Laws religiouſly obey.
Some with bold Labour plow the faithleſs main,
Some rougher ſtorms in Princes Courts ſuſtain.
Some ſwell up their ſleight ſails with pop'ular fame,
Charm'd with the fooliſh whiſtlings of a Name.
Some their vain wealth to Earth again commit;
VVith endleſs cares ſome brooding o're it ſit.
Country and Friends are by ſome VVretches ſold,
To lie on *Tyrian* Beds and drink in Gold;
No price too high for profit can be ſhown;
Not Brothers blood, nor hazards of their own.
Around the VVorld in ſearch of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their Antipodes their home;
Mean while, the prudent Husbandman is found,
In mutual duties ſtriving with his ground,
And half the year he care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make.
Each fertil moneth does ſome new gifts preſent,
And with new work his induſtry content.
This, the young Lamb, that the ſoft Fleece doth yield,
This, loads with Hay, and that, with Corn the Field:
All ſorts of Fruit crown the rich *Autumns* Pride:
And on a ſwelling Hill's warm ſtony ſide,
The powerful Princely Purple of the Vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does ſhine.
In th' Evening to a fair enſuing day,
With joy he ſees his Flocks and Kids to play;

And

And loaded Kyne about his Cottage ſtand,
Inviting with known ſound the Milkers hand;
And when from wholſom labour he doth come,
With wiſhes to be there, and wiſh't for home,
He meets at door the ſofteſt humane bliſſes,
His chaſt Wives welcom, and dear Childrens kiſſes.
When any Rural Holy dayes invite
His Genius forth to innocent delight,
On Earths fair bed beneath ſome ſacred ſhade,
Amidſt his equal friends careleſly laid,
He ſings thee *Bacchus* Patron of the Vine,
The Beechen Boul fomes with a floud of Wine,
Not to the loſs of reaſon or of ſtrength:
To active games and manly ſport at length,
Their mirth aſcends, and with fill'd veins they ſee,
Who can the beſt at better trials be.
Such was the Life the prudent *Sabins* choſe,
From ſuch the old *Hetrurian* virtue roſe.
Such, *Remus* and the God his Brother led,
From ſuch firm footing *Rome* grew the World's head.
Such was the Life that ev'n till now does raiſe
The honour of poor *Saturns* golden dayes:
Before Men born of Earth and buried there,
Let in the Sea their mortal fate to ſhare.
Before new wayes of periſhing were ſought,
Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought.
Before thoſe Beaſts which humane Life ſuſtain,
By Men, unleſs to the Gods uſe were ſlain.

Horat? Epodon.

Beatus ille qui procul, &c.

HAppy the Man whom bounteous Gods allow
With his own Hands Paternal Grounds to plough!
Like the firſt golden Mortals Happy he
From Buſineſs and the cares of Money free!
No humane ſtorms break off at Land his ſleep.
No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep,
From all the cheats of Law he lives ſecure,
Nor does th' affronts of Palaces endure;
Sometimes the beauteous Marriagable Vine
He to the luſty Bridegroom Elm does joyn;
Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,
And grafts new Life into the fruitful wound;
Sometimes he ſheers his Flock, and ſometimes he
Stores up the Golden Treaſures of the Bee.
He ſees his lowing Herds walk o're the Plain,
Whilſt neighbouring Hills low back to them again:

And when the Season Rich as well as Gay,
All her Autumnal Bounty does display.
How is he pleas'd th' encreasing Use to see,
Of his well trusted Labours bend the tree?
Of which large shares, on the glad sacred daies
He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.
With how much joy do's he beneath some shade
By aged trees rev'rend embraces made,
His careless head on the fresh Green recline,
His head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design.
By him a River constantly complaines,
The Birds above rejoyce with various strains
And in the solemn Scene their *Orgies* keep
Like Dreams mixt with the Gravity of sleep,
Sleep which does alwaies there for entrance wait
And nought within against it shuts the gate.
Nor does the roughest season of the sky,
Or sullen *Jove* all sports to him deny,
He runs the *Mazes* of the nimble Hare,
His well-mouth'd Dogs glad concert rends the air,
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a Toil, the foaming Bore,
Here flies the Hawk t' assault, and there the Net
To intercept the travailing foul is set.
And all his malice, all his craft is shown
In innocent wars, on beasts and birds alone.
This is the life from all misfortunes free,
From thee the Great one, Tyrant Love, from Thee;
And if a chaste and clean, though homely wife
Be added to the blessings of this Life,
Such as the antient Sun-burnt *Sabins* were,
Such as *Apulia*, frugal still, does bear,
Who makes her Children and the house her care,
And joyfully the work of Life does share,
Nor thinks her self too noble or too fine
To pin the sheepfold or to milch the Kine,
VVho waits at door against her Husband come
From rural duties, late, and wearied home,
VVhere she receives him with a kind embrace,
A chearful Fire, and a more chearful Face:
And fills the Boul up to her homely Lord,
And with domestique plenty loads the board.
Not all the lustful shel-fish of the Sea,
Drest by the wanton hand of Luxurie,
Nor *Ortalans* nor *Godwits* nor the rest
Of costly names that glorify a Feast,
Are at the Princely tables better cheer,
Then Lamb and Kid, Lettice and Olives here.

The

The Country Mouſe.

A Paraphraſe upon Horace 2 *Book*, Satyr. 6.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
Cloſe to plow'd ground, ſeated commodiouſly,
His antient and Hereditary Houſe,
There dwelt a good ſubſtantial Country-Mouſe:
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet, one, who once did nobly entertain
A City Mouſe well coated, ſleek, and gay,
A Mouſe of high degree, which loſt his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the Air,
And arriv'd early, and belighte dthere,
For a days lodging: the good hearty Hoaſt,
(The antient plenty of his hall to boaſt)
Did all the ſtores produce, that might excite,
With various taſts, the Courtiers appetite.
Fitches and Beans, Peaſon, and Oats, and Wheat,
And a large Cheſnut, the delicious meat
Which *Jove* himſelf, were he a Mouſe, would eat.
And for a *Haut gouſt* there was mixt with theſe
The ſwerd of Bacon, and the coat of Cheeſe.
The precious Reliques, which at Harveſt, he
Had gather'd from the Reapers luxurie.
Freely (ſaid he) fall on and never ſpare,
The bounteous Gods will for to morrow care.
And thus at eaſe on beds of ſtraw they lay,
And to their Genius ſacrific'd the day.
Yet the nice gueſt's Epicurean mind,
(Though breeding made him civil ſeem and kind)
Deſpis'd this Country feaſt, and ſtill his thought
Upon the Cakes and Pies of *London* wrought.
Your bounty and civility (ſaid he)
Which I'm ſurpriz'd in theſe rude parts to ſee,
Shews that the Gods have given you a mind,
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why ſhould a Soul, ſo virtuous, and ſo great,
Loſe it ſelf thus in an Obſcure retreat?
Let ſavage Beaſts lodg in a Country Den,
You ſhould ſee Towns, and Manners know, and men:
And taſte the generous Lux'ury of the Court,
Where all the Mice of quality reſort;
Where thouſand beauteous ſhees about you move,
And by high fare, are plyant made to love.
We all e're long muſt render up our breath,
No cave or hole can ſhelter us from death,

Since

Since Life is ſo uncertain, and ſo ſhort,
Let's ſpend it all in feaſting and in ſport.
Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and partake,
All the great things that mortals happy make.
Alas, what virtue hath ſufficient Arms,
T'oppoſe bright Honour, and ſoft Pleaſures charms?
What wiſdom can their magick force repel?
It draws this reverend Hermit from his Cel.
It was the time, when witty Poets tell,
That Phœbus *into* Thetis *boſom fell:*
She bluſht at firſt, and then put out the light,
And drew the modeſt Curtains of the night.
Plainly, the troth to tell, the Sun was ſet,
When to the Town our wearied Travellers get,
To a Lords houſe, as Lordly as can be
Made for the uſe of Pride and Luxury;
They come; the gentle Courtier at the door
Stops and will hardly enter in before;
But 'tis, Sir, your command, and being ſo,
I'm ſworn t'obedience, and ſo in they go.
Behind a hanging in a ſpacious room,
(The richeſt work of *Mortclakes* noble Loom)
They wait awhile their wearied limbs to reſt,
Till ſilence ſhould invite them to their feaſt.
About the hour that Cynthia's *Silver light,*
Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the night;
At laſt the various Supper being done,
It happened that the Company was gone,
Into a room remote, Servants and all,
To pleaſe their noble fancies with a Ball.
Our hoſt leads forth his ſtranger, and do's find,
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the Table half fill'd diſhes ſtood,
And with delicious bits the floor was ſtrow'd.
The courteous mouſe preſents him with the beſt,
And both with fat varieties are bleſt,
Th'induſtrious Peaſant every where does range,
And thanks the gods for his Life's happy change.
Loe, in the midſt of a well fraited Pye,
They both at laſt glutted and wanton lye.
When ſee the ſad Reverſe of proſperous fate,
And what fierce ſtorms on mortal glories wait.
With hideous noiſe, down the rude ſervants come,
Six dogs before run barking into th'room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fulneſs which retards their flight.
Our tremb'ing Peaſant wiſhes now in vain,
That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.
Oh how the change of his poor life he curſt!
This, of all lives (ſaid he) is ſure the worſt.

Give

Give me again, *ye gods*, my Cave and wood;
With peace, let tares and acorns be my food.

A Paraphraſe upon the 10th *Epiſtle of the firſt Book of* Horace.

Horace *to* Fuſcus Ariſtius.

HEalth, from the lover of the Country me;
Health, to the lover of the City thee,
A difference in our ſouls, this only proves,
In all things elſe, w' agree like marryed doves.
But the warm neſt, and crowded dove-houſe thou
Doſt like; I looſly fly from bough to bough,
And Rivers drink, and all the ſhining day,
Upon fair Trees, or moſſy Rocks I play;
In fine, I live and reign when I retire
From all that you equal with Heaven admire.
Like one at laſt from the Prieſts ſervice fled,
Loathing the honie'd Cakes, I long for Bread.
Would I a houſe for happines erect,
Nature alone ſhould be the Architect.
She'd build it more convenient, then great,
And doubtleſs in the Country chooſe her ſeat.
Is there a place, doth better helps ſupply,
Againſt the wounds of Winters cruelty?
Is there an Ayr that gentl'er does aſſwage
The mad Celeſtial Dogs, or Lyons rage?
Is it not there that ſleep (and only there)
Nor noiſe without, nor cares within does fear?
Does art through pipes, a purer water bring,
Then that which nature ſtraines into a ſpring?
Can all your Tap'ſtries, or your Pictures ſhow
More beauties then in herbs and flowers do grow?
Fountains and trees our wearied Pride do pleaſe,
Even in the midſt of gilded Palaces.
And in your towns that proſpect gives delight,
Which opens round the country to our ſight.
Men to the good, from which they raſhly fly,
Return at laſt, and their wild Luxury
Does but in vain with thoſe true joyes contend,
Which Nature did to mankind recommend.
The man who changes gold for burniſht Braſs,
Or ſmall right Gems, for larger ones of glaſs:
Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,

Than he, who sells a solid good, to buy
The painted goods of Pride and Vanity.
If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,
Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to loose.
For, when we place even trifles, in the heart,
With trifles too, unwillingly we part.
An humble Roof, plain bed, and homely board,
More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,
Then all the Tumult of vain greatness brings
To Kings, or to the favorites of Kings.
The horned Deer by Nature arm'd so well,
Did with the Horse in common pasture dwell;
And when they fought, the field it always wan;
Till the ambitious Horse begg'd help of Man;
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as Lord of all the plain:
But never after could the Rider get
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear;
That they might Pow'r above their equals have,
To cruel Masters they themselves enslave.
For Gold, their Liberty exchang'd we see,
That fairest flow'r, which crowns Humanity.
And all this mischief does upon them light,
Only, because they know not how, aright,
That great, but secret, happiness to prize,
That's laid up in a Little, for the Wise:
That is the best, and easiest Estate,
Which to a man sits close, but not too strait;
'Tis like a shooe; it pinches, and it burns,
Too narrow; and too large it overturns.
My dearest friend, stop thy desires at last,
And chearfully enjoy the wealth thou hast.
And, if me still seeking for more you see,
Chide, and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
Money was made, not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil.
Shame and wo to us, if we our wealth obey;
The Horse doth with the Horse-man run away.

The

The Country Life.

Libr.4. Plantarum.

BLeſt be the man (and bleſt he is) whom 'ere
(Plac'd far out of the roads of Hope or Fear)
A little Field, and little Garden feeds;
The Field gives all that Frugal Nature needs,
The wealthy Garden liberally beſtows
All ſhe can ask, when ſhe luxurious grows.
The ſpecious inconveniences that wait
Upon a life of Buſineſs, and of State,
He ſees (nor does the ſight diſturb his reſt)
By Fools deſcribed, by wicked men poſſeſt.
Thus, thus (and this deſerv'd great *Virgils* praiſe)
The old *Corycian* Yeomen paſt his daies,
Thus his wiſe life *Abdolonymus* ſpent:
Th' Ambaſſadours which the great Emp'rour ſent
To offer him a Crown, with wonder found
The reverend Gard'ner howing of his Ground,
Unwillingly and ſlow and diſcontent,
From his lov'd Cottage, to a Throne he went:
And oft he ſtopt in his tryumphant way,
And oft lookt back, and oft was heard to ſay
Not without ſighs, Alas, I there forſake
A happier Kingdom then I go to take.
Thus *Aglaüs* (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew and therefore lov'd him Then)
Thus liv'd obſcurely then without a Name,
Aglaüs now conſign'd t'eternal Fame.
For *Gyges*, the rich King, wicked and great,
Preſum'd at wiſe *Apollos Delphick* ſeat
Preſum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole Worlds Eye,
See'ſt thou a Man, that Happier is then I?
The God, who ſcorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
Aglaüs Happier is. But *Gyges cry'd*,
In a proud rage, Who can that *Aglaüs* be?
We have heard as yet of no ſuch King as Hee.
And true it was through the whole Earth around
No King of ſuch a Name was to be found.
Is ſome old *Hero* of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the Gods derive?
Is it ſome mighty General that has done,
Wonders in fight, and God-like honours wone?
Is it ſome men of endleſs wealth, ſaid he?
None, none of theſe; who can this *Aglaüs* bee?

After long search and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure *Arcadian* Vale at last,
(The *Arcadian* life has always shady been.
Near *Sopho's* Town (which he but once had seen)
This *Aglaus* who Monarchs Envy drew,
Whose Happiness the Gods stood witness too,
This mighty *Aglaus* was labouring found,
With his own Hands in his own little ground.
So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish gods to mention Thee)
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull Scenes of my declining Age;
After long toiles and Voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my tost Vessel gain,
Of Heavenly rest, this Earnest to me lend,
Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.

The Garden.

To J. Evelyn *Esquire.*

I Never had any other desire so strong, and so like to Covetousness as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniencies joyned to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of Nature,

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole and intire to lye,
In no unactive Ease, and no unglorious Poverty.

Or as *Virgil* has said, Shorter and Better for me, that I might there *Studiis florere ignobilis otii* (though I could wish that he had rather said, *Nobilis otii*, when he spoke of his own) But several accidents of my ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this World, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the Inn of a hired House and Garden, among Weeds and Rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of Human Industry, the Improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) Our Own. I am gone out from *Sodom*, but I am not yet arrived at my Little *Zoar*. *O let me escape thither (Is it not a Little one?) and my Soul shall live.* I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for *Prose*) what I mean

mean by all this Preface; It is to let you know, That though I have miſt, like a Chymiſt, my great End, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by ſomething that I have met with by the By; which is, that they have procured to me ſome part in their kindneſs and eſteem; and thereby the honour of having my Name ſo advantagiouſly recommended to Poſterity, by the *Epiſtle* you are pleaſed to prefix to the moſt uſeful Book that has been written in that kind, and which is to laſt as long as Moneths and Years.

Among many other *Arts* and *Excellencies* which you enjoy, I am glad to find this Favourite of mine the moſt predominant, That you chooſe this for your Wife, though you have hundreds of other Arts for your Concubines; Though you know them, and beget Sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great Legacies) yet the iſſue of this ſeemes to be deſigned by you to the main of the Eſtate; you have taken moſt pleaſure in it, and beſtow'd moſt charges upon its Education: and I doubt not to ſee that Book, which you are pleaſed to Promiſe to the World, and of which you have given us a Large Earneſt in your Calendar, as Accompliſht, as any thing can be expected from an *Extraordinary Wit*, and no ordinary Expences, and a long Experience. I know no body that poſſeſſes more private happineſs then you do in your Garden; and yet no man who makes his happineſs more publick, by a free communication of the Art and Knowledge of it to others. All that I my ſelf am able yet to do, is onely to recommend to Mankind the ſearch of that Felicity, which you Inſtruct them how to Find and to Enjoy.

1.

Happy art Thou, whom God does bleſs
With the full choice of thine own Happineſs;
And happier yet, becauſe thou'rt bleſt
With prudence, how to chooſe the beſt:
In Books and Gardens thou haſt plac'd aright
(Things which thou well doſt underſtand;
And both doſt make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight:
And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again doſt meet
Both pleaſures more refin'd and ſweet:
The faireſt Garden in her Looks,
And in her Mind the wiſeſt Books.
Oh, Who would change theſe ſoft, yet ſolid joys,
For empty ſhows and ſenceleſs noys;
And all which rank Ambition breeds,
Which ſeem ſuch beauteous Flowers, and are ſuch poiſonous Weeds?

2.

VVhen God did Man to his own Likeneſs make,
As much as Clay, though of the pureſt kind,

By the great Potters art refin'd;
Could the Divine Impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of Heaven too did appear,
As far as Earth could such a Likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which Earth to her first Master could afford;
He did a Garden for him plant
By the quick Hand of his Omnipotent Word.
As the chief Help and Joy of human life,
He gave him the first Gift; first, ev'n before a Wife.

3.

For God, the universal Architect,
T'had been as easie to erect
A Louure or Escurial, or a Tower
That might with Heav'n communication hold,
As *Babel* vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the skill or power,
In the Worlds Fabrick those were shown,
And the Materials were all his own.
But well he knew what place would best agree
With Innocence, and with Felicity:
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,
If any part of either yet remain;
If any part of either we expect,
This may our Judgment in the search direct;
God the first Garden made, and the first City, *Cain*.

4.

Oh blessed shades! O gentle cool retreat
From all th' immoderate Heat,
In which the frantick World does Burn and Sweat!
This does the Lion-Star, Ambitions rage;
This Avarice, the Dogstars Thirst assuage;
Every where else their fatal power we see,
They make and rule Mans wretched Destiny:
They neither Set, nor Disappear,
But tyrannize o're all the Year;
Whilst we ne're feel their Flame or Influence here.
The Birds that dance from Bough to Bough,
And Sing above in every Tree,
Are not from Fears and Cares more free,
Then we who Lie, or Sit, or Walk below,
And should by right be Singers too.
What Princes Quire of Musick can excell
That which within this shade does dwell?
To which we nothing Pay or Give,
They like all other Poets live,
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging pains;

'Tis

'Tis well if they become not Prey:
The whisling VVinds add their less artfull strains,
And a grave Base the murmuring Fountains play;
Nature does all this Harmony bestow,
But to our Plants, Arts Musick too,
The Pipe, Theorbo, and Guitarr we owe;
The Lute it self, which once was Green and Mute,
VVhen *Orpheus* strook th' inspired Lute,
The Trees danc'd round, and understood
By Sympathy the Voice of VVood.

5.

These are the Spels that to kind Sleep invite,
And nothing does within resistance make,
VVhich yet we moderately take;
VVho would not choose to be awake,
VVhile he's encompast round with such delight,
To th' Ear, the Nose, the Touch, the Tast & Sight?
VVhen *Venus* would her dear *Ascanius* keep
A Prisoner in the Downy Bands of Sleep,
She Od'rous Herbs and Flowers beneath him spread
As the most soft and sweetest Bed;
Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his Head.
VVho, that has Reason, and his Smell,
VVould not among Roses and Jasmin dwell,
Rather then all his Spirits choak
VVith Exhalations of Durt and Smoak?
And all th' uncleanness which does drown
In Pestilential Clouds a populous Town?
The Earth it self breaths better Perfumes here,
Then all the Femal Men or Women there,
Not without cause, about them bear.

6.

VVhen *Epicurus* to the VVorld had taught,
That Pleasure was the chiefest Good,
(And was perhaps i'th' right, if rightly understood)
His Life he to his Doctrine brought,
And in a Gardens shade that Sovereign Pleasure sought:
VVhoever a true Epicure would be,
May there find cheap and vertuous Luxurie.
Vitellius his Table, which did hold
As many Creatures as the Ark of old:
That Fiscal Table, to which every day
All Countries did a constant Tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford,
Then Natures Liberalitie,
Helpt with a little Art and Industry,
Allows the meanest Gard'ners board.

The wanton Taſt no Fiſh, or Fowl can chooſe,
For which the Grape or Melon ſhe would loſe,
Though all th' Inhabitants of Sea and Air
Be liſted in the Gluttons bill of Fare;
Yet ſtill the Fruits of Earth we ſee
Plac'd the Third Story high in all her Luxury.

7.

But with no Sence the Garden does comply;
None courts, or flatters, as it does the Eye:
When the great *Hebrew* King did almoſt ſtrain
The wond'rous Treaſures of his Wealth and Brain,
His Royal Southern Gueſt to entertain;
Though ſhe on Silver Floores did tread,
With bright *Aſſyrian* Carpets on them ſpread,
To hide the Metals Poverty.
Though ſhe look'd up to Roofs of Gold,
And nought around her could behold
But Silk and rich Embrodery,
And *Babylonian* Tapeſtry,
And wealthy *Hirams* Princely Dy:
Though *Ophirs* Starry Stones met every where her Eye;
Though She her ſelf, and her gay Hoſt were dreſt
With all the ſhining glories of the Eaſt;
When laviſh Art her coſtly work had done,
The honour and the Prize of Bravery
VVas by the Garden from the Palace won;
And every Roſe and Lilly there did ſtand
Better attir'd by Natures hand:
The caſe thus judg'd againſt the King we ſee,
By one that would not be ſo Rich, though Wiſer far
(then He.

8.

Nor does this happy place onely diſpence
Such various Pleaſures to the Sence;
Here Health it ſelf does live,
That Salt of Life, which does to all a reliſh give,
Its ſtanding Pleaſure, and Intrinſick Wealth,
The Bodies Virtue, and the Souls good Fortune Health.
The Tree of Life, when it in *Eden* ſtood,
Did its immortal Head to Heaven rear;
It laſted a tall Cedar till the Flood;
Now a ſmall thorny Shrub it does appear;
Nor will it thrive too every where:
It alwayes here is freſheſt ſeen;
'Tis onely here an Ever-green.
If through the ſtrong and beauteous Fence
Of Temperance and Innocence,
And wholſome Labours, and a quiet Mind,
Any Diſeaſes paſſage find,

They

They must not think here to assail
A Land unarm'd, or without a Guard;
They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any Plant is growing here
Which against Death some Weapon does not bear.
Let Cities boast, That they provide
For Life the Ornaments of Pride;
But 'tis the Country and the Field,
That furnish it with Staffe and Shield.

9.

VVhere does the VVisdom and the Power Divine
In a more bright and sweet Reflection shine?
VVhere do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creators Real Poetry,
Then when we with attention look
Upon the Third Dayes Volume of the Book?
If we could open and intend our Eye,
VVe all like *Moses* should espy
Ev'n in a Bush the radiant Deitie.
But we despise these his Inferiour wayes,
(Though no less full of Miracle and Praise)
Upon the Flowers of Heaven we gaze;
The Stars of Earth no wonder in us raise,
Though these perhaps do more then they,
The life of Mankind sway.
Although no part of mighty Nature be
More stor'd with Beauty, Power, and Mysterie;
Yet to encourage human Industrie,
God has so ordered, that no other part
Such Space, and such Dominion leaves for Art.

10.

VVe no where Art do so triumphant see,
As when it Grafs or Buds the Tree:
In other things we count it to excell,
If it a Docile Schollar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It over-rules, and is her Master here.
It imitates her Makers Power Divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine:
It does, like Grace, the Fallen Tree restore
To its blest state of Paradise before:
VVho would not joy to see his conquering hand
Ore all the Vegetable World command?
And the wild Giants of the VVood receive
What Law he's pleas'd to give?
He bids th' il-natur'd Crab produce
The gentler Apples VViny Juice;

The

The golden fruit that worthy is
Of *Galatea*'s purple kiss;
He does the savage Hawthorn teach
To bear the Medlar and the Pear,
He bids the rustick Plum to rear
A noble Trunk, and be a Peach.
Even *Daphnes* coyness he does mock,
And weds the Cherry to her stock,
Though she refus'd *Apolloes* suit;
Even she, that chast and Virgin Tree,
Now wonders at her self, to see
That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

II.

Methinks I see great *Diocletian* walk
In the *Salonian* Gardens noble shade,
Which by his own Imperial hands was made:
I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk
With the Ambassadors, who come in vain,
T' entice him to a throne again.
If I, my Friends (said he) should to you show
All the delights, which in these Gardens grow;
'Tis likelier much, that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away:
And trust me not, my Friends, if every day,
I walk not here with more delight,
Then ever after the most happy fight,
In Triumph, to the Capitol, I rod,
To thank the gods, & to be thought, my self almost a god.

6. *Of Greatness.*

SInce we cannot attain to Greatness, (saies the *Sieur de Montagn*) let's have our revenge by railing at it: this he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more then I do, and had less reason, for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent Country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, seperated and purged from the Incommodities. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestred from it and made one of the Principal Officers of State. But the Reader may think that what I now say, is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be put to the tryal: I can therefore only make my Protestation,

If ever I more Riches did desire
Then Cleanliness and Quiet do require.

If

If e're Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any wish, so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The Humble Blessings of that Life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor spirited fellow; but I'me content, and like *Horace* thank God for being so. *Dii bene fecerunt inopis me quodque pusilli Finxerunt animi.* I confess, I love Littleness almost in all things. A little convenient Estate, a little chearful House, a little Company, and a very little Feast, and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great Passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with Prettiness, rather than with Majestical Beauty. I would neither wish that my Mistress, nor my Fortune, should be a *Bona Roba*, nor as *Homer* uses to describe his Beauties, like a Daughter of great *Jupiter* for the statelineſs and largeness of her person, but as *Lucretius* saies,

Parvula, pumilio, χαριτων μια, *tota merum sal.*

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of *Senecio's* mind, whose ridiculous affectation of Grandeur, *Seneca* the Elder describes to this effect. *Senecio* was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humour grew at last into so notorious a Habit, or rather Disease, as became the sport of the whole Town: he would have no servants, but huge, massy fellows, no plate or houshold-stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion: you may believe me, for I speak it without Railery, his extravagancy came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shooes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any Fruit but Horse-plums and Pound-pears: he kept a Concubine that was a very Gyanteſs, and made her walk too alwaies in *Chiopins*, till at last, he got the Surname of *Senecio Grandio*, which, *Messala* said, was not his *Cognomen*, but his *Cognomentum*: when he declamed for the three hundred *Lacedæmonians*, who alone opposed *Xerxes* his Army of above three hundred thousand, he stretch'd out his armes, and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cryed out, in a very loud voice; I rejoyce, I rejoyce— We wondred, I remember, what new great fortune had befaln his Eminence. *Xerxes* (saies he) is All mine own. He who took away the sight of the Sea, with the Canvas Vailes of so many ships— and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whither it be the fault of the Edition, or the Orators own burly way of Non-sence.

This is the character that *Seneca* gives of this *Hyperbolical* Fop, whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are very few men who are not in some things, and to some degrees *Grandio's*. Is any thing more common, then to see our Ladies of quality wear such high shooes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them?

and a Gown as long again as their Body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a Page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, That all the ostentation of our Grandees is just like a Train of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio*? how tædious would this be, if we were always bound to it? I do believe there is no King, who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his Reign all the Ceremonies of his Coronation. The mightiest Princes are glad to fly often from these Majestique pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them) as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible divertisements, and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of Children. One of the most powerful and fortunate Princes of the world, of late, could finde out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing Birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the Emperours of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all humane Greatness (nay that would not suffice, for they would be gods too) they certainly possest it: and yet, one of them who stiled himself Lord and God of the Earth; could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constant two or three hours in catching of Flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his Godship had been *Beelzebub*. One of his Predecessors, *Nero* (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his Appetite) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: This was one of his Imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day, was to sing and play upon a Fiddle, in the habit of a Minstril, upon the publick stage: he was prouder of the Garlands that were given to his Divine voice (as they called it then) in those kinde of Prizes, than all his Forefathers were, of their Triumphs over nations: He did not at his death complain, that so mighty an Emperour and the last of all the *Cæsarian* race of Deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end, but only cryed out, Alas, what pity 'tis that so excellent a Musician should perish in this manner! His Uncle *Claudius* spent half his time at playing at Dice, that was the main fruit of his Soveraignty. I omit the madnesses of *Caligula*'s delights, and the execrable sordidness of those of *Tiberius*. Would one think that *Augustus* himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of Nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at Nuts and bounding stones, with little *Syrian* and *Mooriſh* Boyes, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this, that *Romes* best blood he spilt,
With so much Falshood, so much guilt?

Was

VVas it for this that his Ambition strove,
To æqual *Cæsar* first, and after *Jove?*
Greatness is barren sure of solid joyes;
Her Merchandize (I fear) is all in toyes,
She could not else sure so uncivil be,
To treat his universal Majesty,
His new-created Deity,
VVith Nuts and Bounding-stones and Boys.

But we must excuse her for this meager entertainment, she has not really wherewithall to make such Feasts as we imagine, her Guests must be contented sometimes with but slender Cates, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become Nauseous. VVhen you have pared away all the Vanity what solid and natural contentment does there remain which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well: not so many choice dishes at every meal, but at several meals, all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant: not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes, but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the Master, though not for the Tailor, or *Valet de chamber*: not such a stately Palace, nor guilt rooms, or the costliest sorts of Tapestry; but a convenient brick house, with decent Wainscot, and pretty Forest-work hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions) not whole Woods cut in walks, nor vast Parks, nor Fountain, or Cascade-Gardens; but herb, and flower, and fruit-Gardens which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble Nymph, or the Urn of a River-God. If for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of Life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: Servitude, Disquiet, Danger, and most commonly Guilt, Inherent in the one; in the other Liberty, Tranquility, Security and Innocence, and when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you before, but a ridiculous *Paradox*, that a low Fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one, If indeed we look only upon the flourishing Head of the Tree, it appears a most beautiful object,

——— *Sed quantum vertice ad auras*
Ætheria tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.

As far as up to'wards He'ven the Branches grow,
So far the Root sinks down to Hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress: what a wonderful thing is this? unless it degenerate into Avarice, and so cease to be Greatness:

It falls perpetually into such Necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of Borrowing, Cousinage, and Robbery, *Mancipiis locuples eget aris Cappadocum Rex*. This is the case of almost all Great men, as well as of the poor King of *Cappadocia*. They abound with slaves, but are indigent of Money. The ancient Roman Emperours, who had the Riches of the whole world for their Revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extream Poverty. But yet with most of them, it was much otherwise, and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their Provinces. This fashion of Imperial Grandeur, is imitated by all inferiour and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of Honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their Estates, two other thirds they must expend in Vanity, so that they remain Debtors for all the Necessary Provisions of life, and have no way to satisfie those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of Rapine, as Riches encreases (says Solomon) so do the Moaths that devour it. The Master Moath has no more than before. The Owner, methinks, is like *Ocnus* in the Table, who is perpetually winding a Rope of Hay and an Ass at the end perpetually eating it. Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no Greatness can be satisfied or contented with it self: still if it could mount up a little higher, it would be Happy, if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all it's desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the Pic of Tenarif, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of Tranquility above the Moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old Gyants are said to have made an Heroical attempt of scaling Heaven in despight of the gods, and they cast *Ossa* upon *Olympus* and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*: two or three mountains more they thought would have done their Business, but the Thunder spoild all the work, when they were come up to the third story.

And what a noble plot was croſt,
And what a brave deſign was loſt.

A famous person of their Off-spring, the late Gyant of our Nation, when from the condition of a very inconsiderable Captain, he had made himself Lieutenant General of an Army of little *Titans*, which was his first Mountain, and afterwards General, which was his second, and after that, absolute Tyrant of three Kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touch'd the Heaven which he affected, is believed to have dyed with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a King, and the old formality of a Crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked Usurpation. If he could have compast that, he

he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the Title of an Emperour or a God. The reason of this is, that Greatness has no reality in Nature, but a Creature of the Fancy, a Notion that consists onely in Relation and Comparison: It is indeed an Idol; but St. *Paul* teaches us, *That an Idol is nothing in the World.* There is in truth no Rising or Meridian of the Sun but onely in respect to several places: there is no Right or Left, no Upper-Hand in Nature; every thing is Little, and every thing is Great, according as it is diversly compared. There may be perhaps some Village in *Scotland* or *Ireland* where I might be a Great Man; and in that case I should be like *Cæsar*. (you would wonder how *Cæsar* and I, should be like one another in any thing) and choose rather to be the First man of the Village, then Second at *Rome*. Our Country is called *Great Britany*, in regard onely of a Lesser of the same Name; it would be but a ridiculous Epithete for it, when we consider it together with the Kingdom of *China*. That too, is, but a pitifull Rood of ground in comparison of the whole Earth besides: and this whole Globe of Earth, which we account so immense a Body is but one Point or Atome in relation to those numberless Worlds that are scattered up and down in the Infinite Space of the Skie which we behold. The other many Inconveniences of grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several Chapters, and shall end this with an *Ode* of *Horace*, not exactly copyed, but rudely imitated.

Horace. L. 3. Ode 1.

Odi profanum vulgus, &c.

1.

HEnce, ye Profane; I hate ye all;
Both the Great, Vulgar, and the small.
To Virgin Minds, which yet their Native whiteness hold,
Not yet Discolour'd with the Love of Gold,
(That Jaundice of the Soul,
Which makes it look so Guilded and so Foul)
To you, ye very Few, these truths I tell;
The Muse inspires my Song, Heark, and observe it well.

2.

We look on Men, and wonder at such odds
'Twixt things that were the same by Birth;
We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth,
These Giants are but Pigmeys to the Gods.

The

The humblest Bush and proudest Oak,
Are but of equal proof against the Thunder-stroke.
Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Power
Have their short flourishing hour;
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their Preeminence a while;
Even so in the same Land,
Poor VVeeds, rich Corn, gay Flowers together stand;
Alas, Death Mowes down all with an impartial Hand.

3.

And all you Men, whom Greatness does so please,
Ye feast (I fear) like *Damocles*:
If you your eyes could upwards move,
(But you (I fear) think nothing is above)
You would perceive by what a little thread
The Sword still hangs over your head.
No Title of VVine would drown your cares;
No Mirth or Musick over-noise your feares.
The fear of Death would you so watchfull keep,
As not t' admit the Image of it, sleep.

4.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces;
And yet so humble too as not to scorn
The meanest Country Cottages;
His Poppey grows among the Corn.
The Halcyon sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and Darkness in their Mind;
Darkness but half his work will do.
'Tis not enough; he must find Quiet too.

5.

The man, who in all wishes he does make,
Does onely Natures Counsel take.
That wise and happy man will never fear
The evil Aspects of the Year;
Nor tremble, though two Comets should appear;
He does not look in Almanacks to see,
Whether he Fortunate shall be;
Let *Mars* and *Saturn* in th' Heavens conjoyn,
And what they please against the VVorld design,
So *Jupiter* within him shine.

6.

If of their pleasures and desires no end be found,
God to their Cares and Fears will set no bound.

VVhat

VVhat would content you? VVho can tell?
Ye fear ſo much to loſe what you have got,
As if you lik'd it well.
Ye ſtrive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
Go, level Hills, and fill up Seas,
Spare nought that may your wanton Fancy pleaſe
But truſt Me, when you 'have done all this,
Much will be Miſſing ſtill, and much will be Amiſs.

7. *Of Avarice.*

THere are two ſorts of *Avarice*, the one is but of a Baſtard kind, and that is, the rapacious Appetite of Gain; not for its own ſake, but for the pleaſure of refunding it immediately through all the Channels of Pride and Luxury. The other is the true kind, and properly ſo called; which is a reſtleſs and unſatiable deſire of Riches, not for any farther end or uſe, but onely to hoard, and preſerve, and perpetually encreaſe them. The Covetous Man, of the firſt kind, is like a greedy *Oſtrich*, which devours any Metall, but 'tis with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect it makes a ſhift to digeſt and excern it. The ſecond is like the fooliſh Chough, which loves to ſteal Money onely to hide it. The firſt does much harm to Mankind, and a little good too to ſome few: The ſecond does good to none; no, not to himſelf. The firſt can make no excuſe to God, or Angels, or Rational Men for his actions: The ſecond can give no Reaſon or colour, not to the Devil himſelf for what he does; He is a ſlave to Mammon without wages. The firſt makes a ſhift to be beloved; I, and envyed too by ſome People: The ſecond is the univerſal Object of Hatred and Contempt. There is no Vice has been ſo pelted with good Sentences, and eſpecially by the Poets, who have purſued it with Stories and Fables, and Allegories, and Alluſions; and moved, as we ſay, every Stone to fling at it: Among all which, I do not remember a more fine and Gentleman-like Correction, then that which was given it by one Line of *Ovids*.

Deſunt Luxuriæ multa, Avaritiæ Omnia.

Much is wanting to Luxury, All to Avarice.

To which ſaying, I have a mind to add one Member, and render it thus,

Poverty wants ſome, Luxury Many, Avarice
All Things.

Some body ſayes of a virtuous and wiſe Man, That having nothing, he has all: This is juſt his Antipode, Who, having

having All things, yet has Nothing. He's a Guardian Eunuch to his beloved Gold; *Audivi eos Amatores esse maximos sed nil potesse.* They'r the fondest Lovers, but impotent to Enjoy.

And, oh, What Mans condition can be worse
Then his, whom Plenty starves, and Blessings curse;
The Beggars but a common Fate deplore,
The Rich poor Man's Emphatically Poor,

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never been any Law made against him: Against him, do I say? I mean, For him; as there are publick Provisions made for all other Madmen: It is very reasonable that the King should appoint some persons (and I think the Courtiers would not be against this proposition) to manage his Estate during his Life (for his Heires commonly need not that care) and out of it to make it their business to see, that he should not want Alimony befitting his condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel fingers. We relieve idle Vagrants, and counterfeit Beggars, but have no care at all of these really Poor men, who are (methinks) to be respectfully treated in regard of their quality. I might be endless against them, but I am almost choakt with the super-abundance of the Matter; Too much Plenty impoverishes me as it does Them. I will conclude this odious Subject with part of *Horace's* first *Satyre*, which take in his own familiar stile.

I 'dmire, *Mecænas*, how it comes to pass,
That no man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be with that state
In which his own choice plants him or his Fate
Happy their Merchant, the old Soldier cries;
The Merchant beaten with tempestuous skies,
Happy the Soldier one half hour to thee
Gives speedy Death or Glorious victory.
The Lawyer, knockt up early from his rest
By restless Clyents, calls the Peasant blest,
The Peasant when his Labours ill succeed,
Envys the Mouth which only Talk does feed,
'Tis not (I think you'l say) that I want store
Of Instances, if here I add no more,
They are enough to reach at least a mile
Beyond long *Orator Fabias* his Stile,
But, hold, you whom no Fortune e're endears
Gentlemen, Malecontents, and Mutineers,
Who bounteous *Jove* so often cruel call,
Behold, *Jove's* now resolv'd to please you all.
Thou Souldier be a Merchant, Merchant, Thou
A Souldier be; and, Lawyer, to the Plow.
Change all their stations strait, why do they stay?
The Devil a man will change, now when he may,

Were

Were I in General *Jove*'s abused case,
By *Jove* I'de cudgel this rebellious race:
But he's too good; Be all then as you were,
However make the best of what you are,
And in that state be chearful and rejoyce,
Which either was your Fate, or was your Choice.
No, they must labour yet, and sweat and toil,
And very miserable be a while.
But 'tis with a Design only to gain
What may their Age with plenteous ease maintain.
The prudent Pismire does this Lesson teach
And industry to Lazy Mankind preach.
The little Drudge does trot about and sweat,
Nor does he strait devour all he can get,
But in his temperate Mouth carries it home
A stock for Winter which he knows must come.
And when the rowling World to Creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong side of the Year,
And shuts him in, with storms, and cold, and wet,
He chearfully does his past labours eat:
O, does he so? your wise example, th' Ant,
Does not at all times Rest, and Plenty want.
But weighing justly 'a mortal Ants condition
Divides his Life 'twixt Labour and Fruition.
Thee neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold
From thy unnatural diligence can withhold,
To th' *Indies* thou wouldst run rather then see
Another, though a Friend, Richer then Thee.
Fond man! what Good or Beauty can be found
In heaps of Treasure buried under ground?
Which rather then diminisht e're to see
Thou wouldst thy self too buried with them be:
And what's the difference, is't not quite as bad
Never to Use, as never to have Had?
In thy vast Barns millions of Quarters store,
Thy Belly for all that will hold no more
Then Mine does; every Baker makes much Bread,
What then? He's with no more then others fed.
Do you within the bounds of Nature Live,
And to augment your own you need not strive,
One hundred Acres will no less for you
Your Life's whole business then ten thousand do.
But pleasant 'tis to take from a great store;
What, Man? though you'r resolv'd to take no more
Then I do from a small one? if your Will
Be but a Pitcher or a Pot to fill,
To some great River for it must you go,
When a clear spring just at your feet does flow?
Give me the Spring which does to humane use
Safe, easie, and untroubled stores produce,
He who scorns these, and needs will drink at *Nile*

Muſt run the danger of the Crocodile,
And of the rapid ſtream it ſelf which may
At unawares bear him perhaps away.
In a full Flood *Tantalus* ſtands, his skin
Waſht o're in vain, for ever dry within;
He catches at the Stream with greedy lips,
From his toucht Mouth the wanton Torment ſlips:
You laugh now, and expand your careful brow;
Tis finely ſaid, but what's all this to you?
Change but the Name, this Fable is thy ſtory,
Thou in a Flood of uſeleſs Wealth doſt Glory,
Which thou canſt only touch but never taſte;
Th' abundance ſtill, and ſtill the want does laſt.
The Treaſures of the Gods thou wouldſt not ſpare,
But when they'r made thine own, they Sacred are,
And muſt be kept with reverence, as if thou
No other uſe of precious Gold didſt know,
But that of curious Pictures to delight
With the fair ſtamp thy *Virtuoſo* ſight.
The only true, and genuine uſe is this,
To buy the things which *Nature* cannot miſs
Without diſcomfort, Oyl, and vital Bread,
And Wine by which the Life of Life is fed.
And all thoſe few things elſe by which we live;
All that remains is Giv'n for thee to Give;
If Cares and Troubles, Envy, Grief and Fear,
The bitter Fruits be, which fair Riches bear,
If a new Poverty grow out of ſtore;
The old plain way, ye Gods, let me be Poor.

A Paraphraſe on an Ode in Horace's *third Book, beginning thus,* Incluſam Danaen turris ahenea.

A Tower of Braſs, one would have ſaid,
And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron bars,
And Guards, as ſtrict as in the heat of wars,
Might have preſerv'd one Innocent Maiden-head.
The jealous Father thought he well might ſpare,
All further jealous Care,
And as he walkt, t'himſelf alone he ſmil'd,
To think how *Venus* Arts he had beguil'd;
And when he ſlept, his reſt was deep,
But *Venus* laugh'd to ſee and hear him ſleep.
She taught the Amorous *Jove*
A Magical receit in Love,
Which arm'd him ſtronger, and which help'd him more,
Than all his Thunder did, and his Almighty-ſhip before.

2.

She taught him Loves Elixar, by which Art,
His Godhead into Gold he did convert,
No Guards did then his paſſage ſtay,
He paſs'd with eaſe; Gold was the Word;

Subtle

Subtle as Lightning, bright and quick and fierce,
Gold through Doors and VValls did pierce;
And as that works sometimes upon the sword,
Melted the Maiden-head away,
Even in the secret scabbard where it lay.
The Prudent *Macedonian* King,
To blow up Towns, a Golden Mine did spring.
He broke through Gates with this *Petar*,
'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 'tis of VVar;
And Fleets and Armies follow it afar,
The Ensign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seamans Star.

3.

Let all the VVorld, slave to this Tyrant be,
Creature to this Disguised Deitie,
Yet it shall never conquer me.
A Guard of Virtues will not let it pass,
And wisdom is a Tower of stronger brass.
The Muses Lawrel round my Temples spread,
T does from this Lightnings force secure my head.
Nor will I lift it up so high,
As in the violent Meteors way to lye.
VVealth for its power do we honour and adore?
The things we hate, ill Fate, and Death, have more.

4.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great,
The vast *Xerxean* Army I retreat,
And to the small Laconick forces fly,
VVhich hold the straights of Poverty.
Sellars and Granaries in vain we fill,
With all the bounteous Summers store,
If the Mind thirst and hunger still.
The poor rich Man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the things we too much prize,
VVe Masters grow of all that we despise.

5.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain and a VVood,
Is all the VVealth by Nature understood.
The Monarch on whom fertile *Nile* bestows
All which that grateful Earth can bear,
Deceives himself, if he suppose
That more than this falls to his share.
VVhatever an Estate does beyond this afford,
Is not a rent paid to the Lord;
But is a Tax illegal and unjust,
Exacted from it by the Tyrant Lust.
Much will always wanting be,
To him who much desires. Thrice happy He

To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
VVith sparing hand, but just enough has given.

The dangers of an Honest man in much Company.

IF twenty thousand naked *Americans* were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed *Spaniards*, I see little possibility for one Honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand Knaves, who are all furnisht *Cap a pe*, with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in humane affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him, is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open Campagn, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all Avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an Enemy. The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a Knave, or else the world will make him a Fool: and if the injury went no farther then the being laught at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil *Cannibals* too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves, 'tis not unpleasant only, but dangerous to him. Do ye wonder that a vertuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand: neither is the Solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone, in the midst of wild Beasts. Man is to man all kinde of Beasts, a fauning Dog, a roaring Lion, a theiving Fox, a robbing Wolf, a dissembling Crocodile, a treacherous Decoy, and a rapacious Vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all Nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous, there is some moderation and good Nature in the *Toupinambaltians* who eat no men but their Enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian *Europeans*, like so many Pikes and Sharks prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great boast of Eloquence and Philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into Societies, and built up the Houses and the walls of Cities. I wish they could unravel all they had wooven; that we might have our Woods and our Innocence again instead of our Castles and our Policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body: 'tis true, they have done so, they have brought them together into Cities, to cozen, and into Armies to murder one another: They found them Hun-

ters

ters and Fishers of wild creatures, they have made them Hunters and Fishers of their Brethren; they boast to have reduced them to a State of Peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an Art of War; they have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of Vice, but they rais'd first that Devil which now they Conjure and cannot Bind; though there were before no punishments for wickednes, yet there was less committed because there were no Rewards for it. But the men who praise Philosophy from this Topick are much deceived; let Oratory answer for it self, the tinckling perhaps of that may unite a Swarm: it never was the work of Philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate onely, and govern them when they were assembled, to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to Unity again. Avarice and Ambition only were the first Builders of Towns and Founders of Empire; They said, *Go to, let us build us a City and a Tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, least we be scattered abroad upon the face of the Earth.* What was the beginning of *Rome*, the *Metropolis* of all the World? what was it, but a concourse of Theives, and a Sanctuary of Criminals? it was justly named by the *Augury* of no less then twelve Vultures, and the Founder cimented his walls with the blood of his Brother: not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first Town too in the world, and such is the Original sin of most Cities: their Actual encrease daily with their Age and growth; the more people, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to enflame the contagion, which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no Precepts can be sufficient Preservatives, nor any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the Infected. We ought in the choice of a Scituation to regard above all things the Healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the Mind rather than for the Body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had Antidote enough against this Poison; nay, suppose farther, we were alwaies and at all pieces armed and provided both against the Assaults of Hostility, and the Mines of Treachery, 'twill yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in Alarms, though we were compast round with Fire, to defend ourselves from wild Beasts, the Lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our Guard, then the diligences of our Enemy. The summe of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his Contraries, nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them, and that 'tis impossible to escape both these inconveniences without so much caution, as will take away the whole Quiet, that is, the Happiness of his Life. Ye see then, what he may lose, but, I pray, What can he get there? *Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.* What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? he can neither understand, nor speak the Language of the place; a naked man may swim in the Sea, but 'tis not the way to catch Fish

Gen. 11. 4.

Juv. Sat. 3.

Fish there; they are likelier to devour him, then he them, if he bring no Nets, and use no Deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly advice which *Martial* gave to *Fabian*, when he met him newly arrived at *Rome*.

Mart. L. 3.

Honest and Poor, faithful in word and thought;
What has thee, *Fabian*, to the City brought?
Thou neither the Buffoon, nor Bawd canst play,
Nor with false whispers th' Innocent betray:
Nor corrupt Wives, nor from rich Beldams get
A living by thy industry and sweat;
Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,
Nor Bribe or Flatter any of the Great.
But you'r a Man of Learning, prudent, just;
A Man of Courage, firm, and fit for trust.
Why you may stay, and live unenvyed here;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very sight of Uncleanness is loathsome to the Cleanly; the sight of Folly and Impiety vexatious to the Wise and Pious.

Lucr. Lib. 2.

Lucretius, by his favour, though a good Poet; was but an ill-natur'd Man, when he said, It was delightful to see other Men in a great storm: And no less ill-natur'd should I think *Democritus*, who laught at all the World, but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in that kind of Mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to *Bedlam*, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagancie of so many various madnesses, which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I alwayes returned, not onely melancholy, but ev'n sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand Madmen abroad, without any perturbation; though, to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of Reason is less deplorable then the total depravation of it. An exact Judge of human blessings, of Riches, Honours, Beauty, even of Wit it self, should pity the abuse of them more then the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great Roads of human Life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that) that he had better strike into some private path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, *Ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum*; that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the Sons of *Adam*. But, Whither shall we flye then? into the Deserts, like the antient Hermites?

Metam. 1.

Quia terra patet fera regnat Erynnis,
In facinus jurasse putes.

One

One would think that all Mankind had bound themselves by an Oath to do all the wickedness they can; that they had all (as the Scripture speaks) sold themselves to Sin: the difference onely is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought when I went first to dwell in the Country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old Poetical Golden Age: I thought to have found no Inhabitants there, but such as the Shepherds of Sir *Phil. Sydney* in *Arcadia*, or of *Monsieur d' Urfe* upon the Banks of *Lignon*; and began to consider with my self, which way I might recommend no less to Posterity the Happiness and Innocence of the Men of *Chertsea*: but to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in old *England*, and not in *Arcadia*, or *La Forrest*; that if I could not content my self with any thing less then exact Fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court or the Exchange, or Westminster-Hall. I ask again then Whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The World may so come in a Mans way, that he cannot choose but Salute it, he must take heed though not to go a whoring after it. If by any lawful Vocation, or just neceſſity men happen to be Married to it, I can onely give them St. *Pauls* advice. *Brethren, the time is short, it remaines that they that have Wives be as though they had none. But I would that all Men were even as I my self.* 1 Cor. 7. 29. Verse 7.

In all cases they must be sure that they do *Mundum ducere*, and not *Mundo nubere*. They must retain the Superiority and Headship over it: Happy are they who can get out of the sight of this Deceitful Beauty, that they may not be led so much as into Temptation; who have not onely quitted the Metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next Market Town of their Country.

Claudian's Old Man of *Verona*.

HAppy the Man, who his whole time doth bound
Within th' encloſure of his little ground.
Happy the Man, whom the same humble place,
(Th' hereditary Cottage of his Race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension to that Earth
Which both preserv'd his Life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wandrings get.
He never dangers either saw, or fear'd:
The dreadful stormes at Sea he never heard.

He

He never heard the shrill allarms of War,
Or the worse noises of the Lawyers Bar.
No change of Consuls marks to him the year,
The change of seasons is his Calendar.
The Cold and Heat, Winter and Summer shows,
Autumn by Fruits, and Spring by Flow'rs he knows.
He measures Time by Land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the Dial of his ground.
A neighbouring Wood born with himself he sees,
And loves his old contemporary Trees.
H'as only heard of near *Verona's* Name,
And knows it like the *Indies*, but by Fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red-Sea, and of *Benacus* Lake.
Thus Health and Strength he to a third age enjoyes,
And sees a long Posterity of Boys.
About the spacious World let others roam,
The Voyage Life is longest made at home.

9. *The shortness of Life and uncertainty of Riches.*

IF you should see a man who were to cross from *Dover* to *Calais*, run about very busie and sollicitous, and trouble himselfe many weeks before in making provisions for his voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a timerous and impertinent Coxcomb? A man who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all conveniencies and even superfluities, is to Angels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a streight betwixt the Womb and the Grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*. We are all Ἐφήμεροι (as *Pindar* calls us) Creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space; as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even Bread for no longer a time. The Sun ought not to set upon our Covetousness no more then upon our Anger, but as to God Almighty a thousand years are as one day, so in direct opposition, one day to the covetous man is as a thousand years; *Tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa*, so far he shoots beyond his Butt: One would think he were of the opinion of the *Millenaries*, and hoped for so long a Reign upon Earth. The Patriarchs before the Flood, who enjoy'd almost such a Life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it; they who lived Nine hundred

dred years ſcarcely provided for a few days; we who live but a few days, provide at leaſt for Nine hundred years; what a ſtrange alteration is this of Humane Life and Manners? and yet we ſee an imitation of it in every mans particular experience, for we begin not the cares of Life till it be half ſpent, and ſtill encreaſe them as that decreaſes. What is there among the actions of Beaſts ſo illogical and repugnant to Reaſon? when they do any thing which ſeems to proceed from that which we call Reaſon, we diſdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a Natural Inſtinct; and are not we Fools too by the ſame kind of Inſtinct? If we could but learn to number our days (as we are taught to pray that we might) we ſhould adjuſt much better our other accounts, but whilſt we never conſider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end too. *Horace* adviſes very wiſely, and in excellent good words, *ſpacio brevi ſpem longam reſeces*, From a ſhort Life cut off all Hopes that grow too long. They muſt be pruned away like ſuckers that choak the Mother-Plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place to the ſame ſence, *Vita ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat incoare longam*, which *Seneca* does not mend when he ſays, *Oh quanta dementia eſt ſpes longas inchoantium!* but he gives an example there of an acquaintance of his named *Senecio*, who from a very mean beginning by great induſtry in turning about of Money through all ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary Riches but died on a ſuddain after, having ſupped merrily, *In ipſo actu bené cedentium rerum, in ipſo procurrentis fortunæ impetu*, In the full courſe of his good Fortune, when ſhe had a high Tide and a ſtiff Gale and all her Sails on; upon which occaſion he cries, out of *Virgil*

Inſere nunc Melibæe pyros, pone ordine vites,

Go *Melibæus*, now,
Go graff thy Orchards and thy Vineyards plant;
Behold the Fruit!

For this *Senecio* I have no compaſſion, becauſe he was taken as we ſay, in *ipſo facto*, ſtill labouring in the work of Avarice, but the poor rich man in St. *Luke* (whoſe caſe was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me, for he ſeems to have been ſatisfied at laſt, he confeſſes he had enough for many years, he bids his ſoul take its eaſe, and yet for all that, God ſays to him. *Thou Fool, this night thy ſoul ſhall be required of thee*, and the things thou haſt laid up, whom ſhall they belong to? where ſhall we find the cauſes of this bitter Reproach and terrible Judgement? we may find, I think, Two, and God perhaps ſaw more. Firſt, that he did not intend true Reſt to his Soul, but only to change the employments of it from Avarice to Luxury, his deſign is to eat and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he Luk. 12. 20

thought of resting; the fulness of his old Barns had not sufficed him, he would stay till he was forced to build new ones; and God meeted out to him in the same measure; Since he would have more Riches then his Life could contain, God destroy'd his Life and gave the Fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away sometimes the Man from his Riches, and no less frequently Riches from the Man; what hope can there be of such a Marriage, where both parties are so fickle and uncertain? by what Bonds can such a couple be kept long together?

1.

Why dost thou heap up Wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thy self, when thou'rt to flie,
Oh Man ordain'd to die?

2.

VVhy dost thou build up stately Rooms on high,
Thou who art under Ground to lie?
Thou Sow'st and Plantest, but no Fruit must see,
For Death, alas! is sowing Thee.

3.

Suppose, thou Fortune couldst to tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose thou couldst on Fate so far prevail
As not to cut off thy Entail.

4.

Yet Death at all that subtilty will laugh,
Death will your foolish Gardner mock,
VVho does a slight and annual Plant engraff,
Upon a lasting stock.

5.

Thou dost thy self Wise and Industrious deem;
A mighty Husband thou wouldst seem;
Fond Man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others Sweat and Toil.

6.

Officious Fool! that needs must medling be
In business that concerns not thee!
For when to Future years thou' extendst thy cares
Thou deal'st in other mens affairs.

7. Even

7.

Even aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for Age prepare,
Provisions for long travail they design,
In the last point of their short Line.

8.

VVisely the Ant against poor VVinter hoords
The stock which Summers wealth affords,
In Grashoppers that must at Autumn die,
How vain were such an Industry?

9.

Of Power and Honour the deceitful Light
Might halfe excuse our cheated sight,
If it of Life the whole small time would stay,
And be our Sun-shine all the day,

10.

Like Lightning that, begot but in a Cloud
(Though shining bright, and speaking loud)
VVhilst it begins, concludes its violent Race,
And where it Guilds, it wounds the place.

11.

Oh Scene of Fortune, which dost fair appear,
Only to men that stand not near!
Proud Poverty, that Tinsel brav'ry wears!
And, like a Rainbow, Painted Tears!

12.

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep,
In a weak Boat trust not the deep.
Plac'd beneath Envy, above envying rise;
Pity Great Men, Great Things despise.

13.

The wise example of the Heavenly Lark,
Thy Fellow-Poet, *Cowley* mark,
Above the Clouds let thy proud Musique sound,
Thy humble Nest build on the Ground.

10. The danger of Procrastination.

A Letter to Mr. S. L.

I Am glad that you approve and applaud my design, of withdrawing my self from all tumult and business of the world; and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which Nature had so Motherly inclined me, and from which Fortune, like a Step-mother has so long detained me. But nevertheless (you say, which, *But*, is *Ærugo mera*, a rust which spoils the good Metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an Estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) *Cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent advice to *Josua*, who could bid the Sun stay too. But there's no fooling with Life when it is once turn'd beyond Forty. The seeking for a Fortune then, is but a desperate After-game, 'tis a hundred to one, if a man fling two Sixes and recover all; especially, if his hand be no luckier than mine. There is some help for all the defects of Fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his Remedy by cutting of them shorter. *Epicurus* writes a Letter to *Idomeneus*, (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and (it seems) bountiful person) to recommend to Him who had made so many men Rich, one *Pythocles*, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too. But I intreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most Gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is not to adde any thing to his Estate, but to take something from his desires. The summ of this is, That for the uncertain hopes of some Conveniences we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is Necessary, especially, when the use of those things which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplyed, but the loss of time, never recovered: Nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the Game, yet when the light of Life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandele*, The play is not worth the expence of the Candle: after having been long tost in a Tempest, if our Masts be standing, and we have still Sail and Tackling enough to carry us to our Port, it is no matter for the want of Streamers and Top-Gallants; *Utere velis, Totos pande sinus*. A Gentleman in our late Civil Wars, when his Quarters were beaten up by the Enemy, was taken Prisoner, and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a Band, and adjust his Periwig: He would escape like a person of

Horat.

quali-

quality, or not at all, and dyed the noble Martyr of Ceremony, and Gentility. I think your counsel of *Festina lente* is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate wel-bred Gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his Enemies, and therefore I prefer *Horace's* advice before yours.

—*Sapere Aude, Incipe* —

Begin; the Getting out of doors is the greatest part of the Journey. *Varro* teaches us that *Latin* Proverb, *Portam itineri longissimam esse:* But to return to *Horace*, *Lib. 1. Agric.*

—— *Sapere aude,*

Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam
Rusticus expectat dum labitur Amnis, at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a Rivers Bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream, which stopt him, should be gon,
That runs, and as it runs, forever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of Expedition above all others) was so far from this Folly, that whensoever, in a journey he was to cross any River, he never went one foot out of his way for a Bridge, or a Foord, or a Ferry, but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over; and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to Happiness. Stay till the waters are low, stay till some Boats come by to transport you, stay till a Bridge be built for you; You had even as good stay till the River be quite past. *Persius* (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore (I say) I know to be not a good Poet) has an odd expression of these Procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of Fancy.

Pers. Satyr. 5.

Jam Cras Hesternum consumpsimus, Ecce aliud Cras
Egerit hos annos,

Our Yesterdays To morrow now is gone,
And still a new Tomorrow does come on,
We by Tomorrows draw up all our store,
Till the exhausted Well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your *Otium cum dignitate*, and *Festina lente*, and three or four other more of your New Latine Sentences: if I should draw upon you all my forces

forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this subject, I should overwhelm you, but I leave those as Triary for your next charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an Epigrammatist, your special good Friend, and so, *Vale.*

Mart. Lib. 5. Epigr. 59.

To morrow you will Live, you always cry;
In what far Country does this morrow lye,
That 'tis so mighty long 'ere it arrive?
Beyond the *Indies* does this Morrow live?
'Tis so far fetcht this Morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very Old and very Dear.
To morrow I will live, the Fool does say;
To Day it self's too Late, the wise liv'd Yesterday.

Mart. Lib. 2. Ep. 90.

Wonder not, Sir (you who instruct the Town
In the true Wisdom of the Sacred Gown)
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out, till I grow Rich and Old.
Life for Delays and Doubts no time does give,
None ever yet, made Haste enough to Live.
Let him defer it, whose preposterous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his Heir,
Who does his Fathers bounded stores despise,
And whom his own too never can suffice:
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or Rooms that shine with ought but constant Fire.
I well content the Avarice of my sight
With the fair guildings of reflected Light:
Pleasures abroad, the sport of Nature yeilds
Her living Fountains, and her smiling Fields:
And then at home, wha pleasure is't to see
A little cleanly chearful Familie?
Which if a chast Wife crown, no less in Her
Then Fortune, I the Golden Mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
No, not too Rich, too Fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my life slide silently away,
With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

10. *Of My self.*

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a man to write of himself, it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the Readers Eares to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my Mind, nor my Body, nor my Fortune, allow me any materials for that Vanity. It is sufficient, for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself, only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, then rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my Memory can return back into my past Life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some Plants are said to turn away from others, by an Antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to mans understanding. Even when I was a very young Boy at School, instead of running about on Holy-daies and playing with my fellows; I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a Book, or with some one Companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then too, so much an Enemy to all constraint, that my Masters could never prevail on me, by any perswasions or encouragements, to learn without Book the common rules of Grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess, I wonder at my self) may appear by the latter end of an Ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other Verses. The Beginning of it is Boyish, but of this part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

9.

This only grant me, that my means may lye
Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high.
Some Honor I would have
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known.
Rumour can ope' the Grave,
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of Friends.

10.

Books should, not business entertain the Light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as Death, the Night.

My

My House a Cottage, more
Then Palace, and should fitting be
For all my Use, no Luxury.
My Garden painted o're
With Natures hand, not Arts; and pleasures yeild,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

II.

Thus would I double my Lifes fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy State,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To morrow let my Sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to Day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the Poets (for the Conclusion is taken out of *Horace*;) and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stampt first, or rather engraved these Characters in me: They were like Letters cut into the Bark of a young Tree, which with the Tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such Chimes of Verse, as have never since left ringing there: For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my Mothers Parlour (I know not by what accident, for she her self never in her life read any Book but of Devotion) but there was wont to lie *Spencers* VVorks; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Giants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found every where there: (Though my understanding had little to do with all this) and by degrees with the tinckling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a Poet as irremediably as a Child is made an Eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon Letters, I went to the University; But was soon torn from thence by that violent Publick storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every Plant, even from the Princely Cedars to Me, the Hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a Tempest; for I was cast by it into the Family of one of the best Persons, and into the Court of one of the best Princesses of the World. Now though I was here engaged in wayes most contrary to the Original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of Greatness, both Militant and Triumphant (for that was the state then of the *English* and *French* Courts) yet all this was so far from altering my Opinion, that it onely added the confirmation of Reason to that which was before but

but Natural Inclination. I saw plainly all the Paint of that kind of Life, the nearer I came to it; and that Beauty which I did not fall in Love with, when, for ought I knew, it was reall, was not like to bewitch, or intice me, when I saw that it was Adulterate. I met with several great Persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their Greatness was to be liked or desired, no more then I would be glad, or content to be in a Storm, though I saw many Ships which rid safely and bravely in it: A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my Courage. Though I was in a croud of as good company as could be found any where, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I eate at the best Table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistance that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and publick distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old School-boys Wish in a Copy of Verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see
This busie World and I shall ne're agree, *&c.*

And I never then proposed to my self any other advantage from His Majesties Happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient Retreat in the Country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences have arrived to extraordinary fortunes: But I had before written a shrewd Propheſie against my self, and I think *Apollo* inspired me in the Truth, though not in the Elegance of it.

Thou, neither great at Court nor in the War, *Pindar. Od. Destiny.*
Nor at th' Exchange shal't be, nor at the wrangling Barr;
Content thy self with the small barren praise
Which neglected Verse does raise, *&c.*

However by the failing of the Forces which I had expected, I did not quit the Design which I had resolved on, I cast my self into it *A Corps perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of Fortune. But God laughs at a Man, who sayes to his Soul, *Take thy ease:* I met presently not onely with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an Emperour as well as Mine: Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum Dixi Sacramentum*; Nothing shall separate me from a Mistress, which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich Portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from Her.

——*Nec vos, dulcissima mundi*
Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
Hortique Sylvæq; animâ remanente relinquam.

Nor by me ere shall you,
You of all Names the sweetest, and the best,
You Muses, Books, and Liberty and Rest;
You Gardens, Fields, and Woods forsaken be,
As long as Life it self forsakes not Me.

But this is a very petty Ejaculation; because I have concluded all the other Chapters with a Copy of Verses, I will maintain the Humour to the last.

Martial. L. 10. Ep. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beationem, &c.

SInce, dearest Friend, 'tis your desire to see
A true Receipt of Happiness from Me;
These are the chief Ingredients, if not all;
Take an Estate neither too great nor small,
Which *Quantum Sufficit* the Doctors call.
Let this Estate from Parents care descend;
The getting it too much of Life does spend.
Take such a Ground, whose gratitude may be
A fair Encouragement for Industry.
Let constant Fires the Winters fury tame;
And let thy Kitchens be a Vestal Flame.
Thee to the Town let never Suit at Law;
And rarely, very rarely Business draw.
Thy active Mind in equal Temper keep,
In undisturbed Peace, yet not in sleep.
Let Exercise a vigorous Health maintain,
Without which all the Composition's vain.
In the same weight Prudence and Innocence take,
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
But a few Friendships wear, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.
In stead of Art and Luxury in food,
Let Mirth and Freedome make thy Table good.
If any cares into thy Day-time creep,
At night, without Wines Opium, let them sleep.
Let rest, which Nature does to Darkness wed,
And not Lust, recommend to thee thy Bed,

Be

Be ſatisfi'd, and pleas'd with what thou art
Act chearfully and well th' alotted part,
Enjoy the preſent Hour, be thankful for the Paſt,
And neither fear, nor wiſh th' approaches of the laſt.

Martial Book 10. *Epigram* 96.

ME who have liv'd ſo long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a Retreat:
And a retreat ſo diſtant, as may ſhow
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a Country, how remote ſo e're,
Where happineſs a mod'rate rate does bear,
Where poverty it ſelf in plenty flowes,
And all the ſolid uſe of Riches knowes.
The ground about the houſe maintains it there,
The Houſe maintains the ground about it here.
Here even Hunger's dear, and a full board,
Devours the vital ſubſtance of the Lord.
The Land it ſelf does there the feaſt beſtow,
The Land it ſelf muſt here to Market go.
Three or four ſuits one Winter here does waſt,
One ſuit does there three or four winters laſt.
Here every frugal Man muſt oft be cold,
And little Luke-warm-fires are to you ſold.
There Fire's an Element as cheap and free.
Almoſt as any of the other Three.
Stay you then here, and live among the Great,
Attend their ſports, and at their tables eat.
When all the bounties here of Men you ſcore:
The Places bounty there, ſhall give me more.

Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris.

Hic, O Viator, ſub Lare parvulo
Couleius *Hic eſt Conditus, Hic Jacet;*
Defunctus humani Laboris
Sorte, ſupervacuâque vitâ.
Non Indecorâ pauperie *Nitens,*
Et Non inerti *nobilis* otio,
Vanóque dilectis popello
Divitiis animoſus hoſtis.

Poſsis

Possis ut illum dicere mortuum;
En Terra jam nunc Quantula *sufficit*:
Exempta sit Curis, viator,
Terra sit illa Levis, *precare*.
Hic sparge Flores, *sparge breves* Rosas,
Nam vita gaudet Mortua Floribus,
Herbisque Odoratis Corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem.

FINIS.

BRITISH 4 OC 71 MUSEUM

The Reader himself will be able to correct the faults, which are in those parts of this Book that were formerly printed. Those therefore that are here set down, are only such as are to be mended in the *Discourses* and *Life*.

ERRATA in the *Life*.

PAge 12. l. 10. for intimately, r. *inimitably*; p. 16. l. 2. for dissertions, r. *dissections*; p. 17. for Politles, r. *Politicks*.

ERRATA in the *Discourse*.

PAge 79. l. 35. r. *Servitium*. p. 83 l. 24. leave out *for*. l. 46. r. *misero*. p. 90. l. 24. for with, r. *which*. p. 91. l. 25, r. *Prosperities*. l. 43. for ars, r. *vis*. p. 92. l. 18. for Top, r. *Fop*. p. 94. l. 26. for the, r. *though*, l. 34. for more, r. *move*. p. 96. l. 38. r. *Talk'd*. p. 104. l. 12. r. *Crownd*. p. 113. l. 12. r. *Desir'd*. p. 115. l. 5. for their, r. *your*, p. 123. l. 41. r. *auras*. l. 42. r. *Etherias*. p. 124. l. 20. for moaths, r. *mouths*. l. 21. for Table, r. *Fable*. p. 126. l. 16. for Title, r. *Tide*. p. 128. l. 28. for their, r. *the*. l. 39. r. *fabias*. l. 46. for their r. *your*. p. 130. l. 8. for you, r. *your*. p. 134. l. 7. r. *Buffoon*. p. 144. l. 34. r. *immediately*. p. 145. l. 33. r. *Perdue*.